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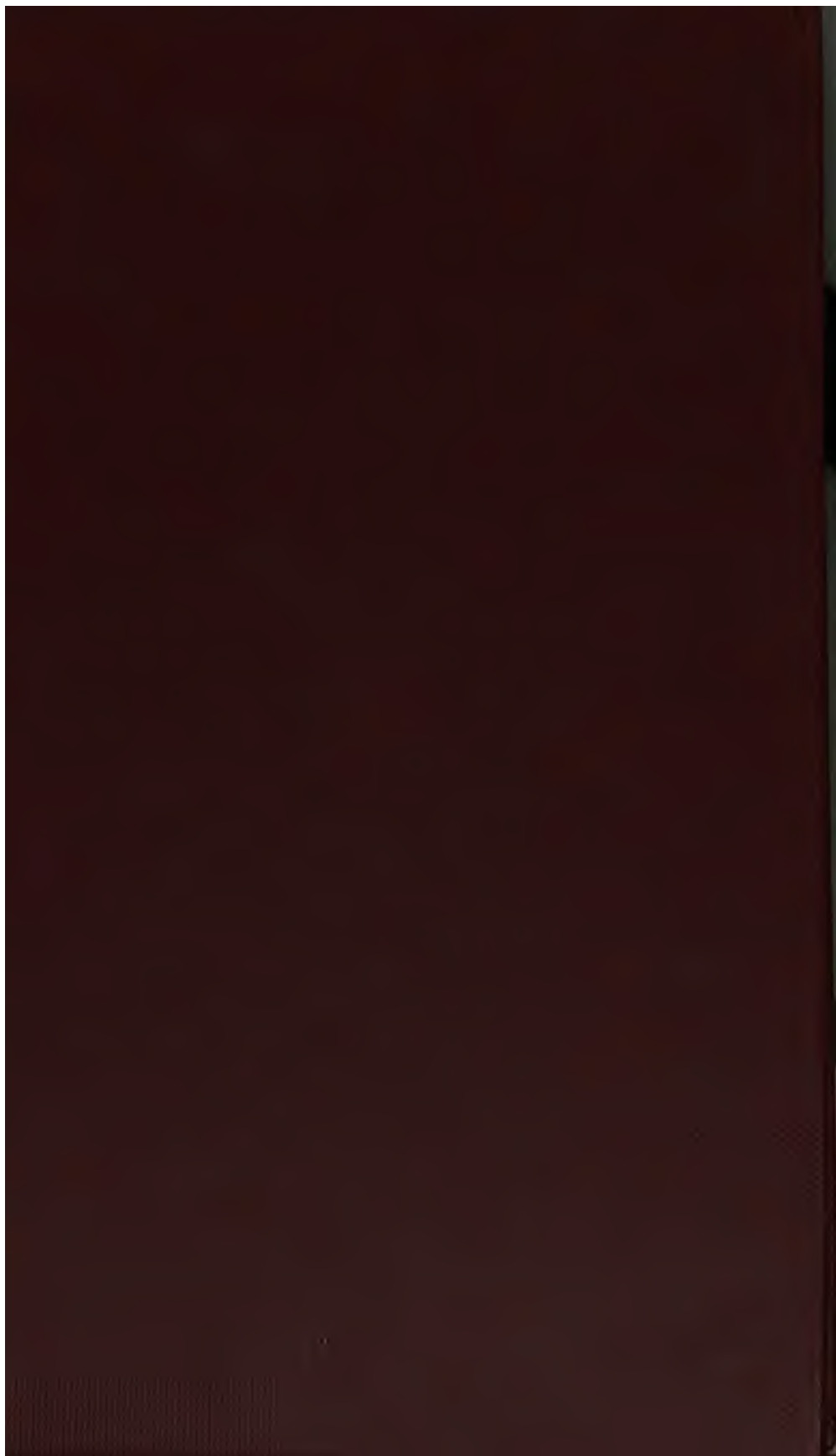
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RECORDS
OF
PATRIOTISM
AND
Love of Country.

BY WILLIAM BAILEY,
AUTHOR OF CRIMALDI, A TRAGEDY.

But Jesus said unto them, a prophet is not without honour, but in his own country, and among his own kin, and in his own house.—MARK VI. 4.

C
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1881
1882

PREFACE.

THESE Records embrace the period of the American struggle with the King and Court and Oligarchy of England, from the year 1775 to that of 1783. An American officer, Major Garden, aid-de-camp to General Green and of Lee's Partizan ion, published at Charleston, in the year 1822, a most interesting volume of the heroes and worthies, and most distinguished events and achievements, of that war, which ended in the dismemberment from the British Crown and Kingdom of the finest Colonies in the world. One copy only, I believe, of the publication found its way to this country, and that was presented by a gentleman of Charleston to the Reverend Mr. Rogers, the patriotic rector of Sproughton in Suffolk. This divine in every sense of the word, favoured me with a few days' perusal of it. Struck with the manner of the work, the excellence of its principles, and its apparent tone of strict veracity, I felt desirous of rendering it available to the cause of Freedom here at home, by making my countrymen as much acquainted with its contents as circumstances would permit. At this moment, to the great disgust of every man with the

heart in his breast of those ancestors who wrenched our rights and liberties from the blood-stained grasp of the Stuarts, Mr. John Hunt was prosecuted by the Attorney-general for citing in the Examiner a few passages from Lord Byron's Vision of Judgment, one among which declared of George the Third, that

‘ He ever warred with Freedom and the Free,
Nations as men, home subjects, foreign foes,
So that they uttered the word Liberty.’

The reason assigned in the indictment for this proceeding was, that such sentiments went to disturb and disquiet the happiness and peace of mind of his present majesty. It became, with the London booksellers, honest men and true as they are, to every argument against the Freedom of the Press, which emanates from the Mint or the Bank of England,—it became immediately with these gentlemen, the commonest of common prudence, not to let any of their names appear in the title page of these Records. Out of the metropolis, however, a man was found who never yet flinched from his duty to the country which gave him birth, and the cause from which that country derives all her real greatness. He gave the spare hours of his press to print it for exportation, reserving a few copies for subscribers at home. This accounts for the great lapse of time from the earliest proposal to the completion of the work.

Verily it is of the last importance with George the Fourth and those about him, that the characters of Kings defunct be held sacred, and that the old-fashioned maxim of *de mortuis nil nisi bonum* remain unimpeached. Doctor Johnson, who could be gloomy enough in all conscience upon the subject of death and after death, was here, however, himself again in moral excellence. He ventured to substitute the word *verum* in the place of *bonum*, saying, speak nothing but truth of the dead. I will not tell why in this case the doctor's emendation becomes so unpalatable at court; posterity will speak that plain enough, and nothing will avail against it. The political conduct of his majesty's royal father is fair and lawful matter of disquisition, whatsoever the crown lawyers may opine to the contrary. It is the public property of his surviving subjects,

PREFACE.

as also will be that of his own, when it shall please God to put an end to his reign. If this be not correct, we of a certainty live under a despotism, such as was not contemplated by our forefathers when they settled the crown in the Brunswick line. In this deep feeling of the rectitude of the thing, I will advance, and to my dying day maintain, that George the Third, as a private English gentleman, through life exhibited a beautiful personification of Addison's ideal Sir Roger de Coverley,—but as a King, God have mercy upon us all, and preserve and keep us from such another. In violation of every principle which enthroned his family, he dashed from the British crown his vast colonial territory of America, the brightest jewel in it; and in rage and remorse, he warred at home and abroad against Freedom ever after.

The Declaration of the Independence of America was one of the noblest efforts of a united people extant in history; it was not only a declaration, but was fought out of the fire and wrath of fierce and powerful enemies. Reasons of adamant strength are there given to the world in language most astonishingly manly and becoming. 'I ask,' exclaimed Mirabeau, in his emphatic manner, 'I ask if the powers who have formed alliances with the states have dared to read that Manifesto, or to interrogate their consciences after the perusal? I ask, whether there be at this day one government in Europe, the Helvetic and Batavian confederations and the British isles excepted, which, judged after the principles of the Declaration of Congress of the fourth of July, 1776, is not divested of its rights?' Mirabeau's question is equally applicable at this day to the despot governments of Europe, and I fear to some of those which he then thought had grounds of exception,—thanks to the crusade against the French Revolution, and the impious Holy Alliance which hath grown out of it. Even in England, there are but few remains of substantial Freedom. The House of Commons, as now returned and constituted, I regard collectively as a callous, blushless despotism; and where such usurpation hath gradually obtained, that there can be but few remains, very few indeed, of substantial Freedom.

It is the cant of knaves who play the game of loaves and

fishes, who seek the good things of this world at the hands of those who have the disposal of them, to affirm that our acquisitions in India, are more than commensurate with our losses in America; while fools follow in full cry and loyal belief of the affirmation. There is not the least relevancy in the two countries. Our Indian empire is little else than a freebooting conquest, a delinquent invasion of provinces and nations, accompanied with the dethronement of Kings and Princes, as bad, if not worse, in principle and action, than the like exploits of Napoleon, so loudly reprobated by the whole host of legitimacy:—whereas the Colonies of America became our own by plantation, which our forefathers chartered in Liberty and just and equal law, in mutual protection and security. To the last hour of Tory infringement of these laws and charters, the Colonists were our natural allies and real friends, and were at all times a mighty arm against our enemies in that quarter of the world. Our government of India is an Asiatic despotism, where English laws are declared to be inadmissible, and there is no help for the millions so governed. It is supposed, that not having ever known any other, they are contented; it may, or it may not be so, time will determine that. In America things were otherwise;—when the King and his ministers attempted to break through all chartered restraints, the people petitioned, but to no purpose; they remonstrated, yet were equally disregarded,—when, indignantly out of all patience, they revolted, set up the standard of Independence, allied with our bitterest enemies, and finally defeated the armies sent to subdue them to obedience, compelling them to re-embark and sail home in shame and disgrace. The native East Indians can get but little by rebelling, for having no just notions of Liberty, they will not unite into a great republic, and their change will only be from one tyranny to another, and at all events they will be plundered. Such a country, so far from being as America was, a strong arm against our enemies, cannot even defend itself; and, provided it were open in free trade to all the world, we should be better without it.

Even as Napoleon lost his immense acquisitions in Europe, so shall we lose our conquests in Asia. Napoleon fell with

his turn of fortune never to rise again, but it would not be so with us ; for, provided no other power monopolized the trade and commerce of India, we should prosper in our defeat and profit by our loss : not so is it in the case of America, of which country we have never recovered from the loss, nor even yet paid the debt contracted in losing it. As Colonies, America relieved us of our redundant population,—every man and woman we had to spare enriched us in their emigration, and tended to draw the knot of unity the closer. We are now, for want of this resource, seeking to colonize elsewhere, but in vain ; and America, though she will receive every pauper, does not take many steps to encourage such recruits to her population. America wants emigrants of some property and much industry to settle in her Republic, but the idle and depraved pauperism of Europe she declines to have spued upon her shores.

Of the numerous possessions of the British Crown, not one of them can our redundant population be prevailed upon to colonize. We may ship a few starving mechanics and labourers to Canada, and induce others to cross the Pacific to New South Wales, but Botany Bay is there, and disgrace is there also. The veriest indigence at home is considered as preferable to the first, while persons of decent education and respectable character will not sit down beside the convicted felon, and that not unfrequently in the person of the blasting irclaimable prostitute. Now, with a most alarming increase of pauperism, and an audacious combination of mendicity, each attributable in their extreme to the lack of timely colonization, our hopeful Tory rulers and governors, and all their clan and family, begin to feel and see that the loss of America may ultimately be the ruin of them all. Perchance, on other accounts they have occasion to feel and see the same, but these not having yet come so entirely home to their business and bosoms, they have not cared to dwell minutely upon them.

It is the wish of the Tories that the diabolical events of this their Holy War be allowed to sink into oblivion, lest to the latest posterity they rise up in judgment against their doctrines and maxims and pestilent principles altogether.

Nevertheless, they shall not be so indulged, but, on the contrary, it shall be endeavoured to transmit, from generation to generation, every one of their atrocities. Major Garden has collected a precious sample of them, and I have, from our own historians and other sources of information, recorded some in addition, and trust that others, who hate and detest the principles of the Tories as much as I do, will bring yet more of their transactions to light. To have made mention of all the bloodstained acts and deeds of their Intolerable War,—another Tory name for the devastation and butchery of it,—had swelled this volume to an unsuitable size, or, in the chapter on the Employment of the Savages, might have been related the night attack of these demons upon the Americans under General Wayne, headed by a British officer, a Colonel Browne; the same who so brutally caused the son of Mrs. M'Koy to be hanged,—permitting his savages to scalp him before his mother's face. Happily for Wayne, his troops, and his cause, he defeated the infernals. I might have dwelt upon the fact of no less than three thousand savages who were in the last war brought by General Procter against the Americans at the battle on the Thames river, all of which were killed, wounded, or dispersed. Twelve hundred were present in the expedition of the British against Fort Meigs, which number not being deemed sufficient, an agent of the name of Dickson, to fill up the measure of the iniquities of this second Holy War, induced eighteen hundred more to take up the hatchet as our allies, which completed the infernal brigade so happily annihilated at Thames river.

In like manner, under the head of British atrocities, might have been detailed Lord Rawdon's work of destruction when evacuating Camden; where, after reducing the town to little else than a heap of ruins, burning the greater portion of his own baggage and stores, and even the effects belonging to the inhabitants, he set fire to the prison, the mill, and several other buildings; and, to crown all, left behind him, to the mercy of an enemy thus exasperated, fifty-eight of his own wounded men. This last piece of generalship was in the true spirit of aristocratic insolence, scorn, and arrogance, which at that period so prevailed in the British army. It was disdain-

fully presumed, that the Americans were to take care of these wounded in preference to their own,—thirty-one in number left with them,—and, not so doing, hanging was to have been the consequence, whenever the events of the campaign brought Lord Rawdon and his army again that way.

These were the deeds of British officers, employed by what a Reverend Divine insured pluralities in designating the most amiable government in the world. These were the deeds of British officers, some of whom, as Burgoyne confessed, were personally instructed to do them by him the Tories continually hailed as the father of his people. Other most wanton instances might have been adduced, the recital of which had gone to shock the feelings of every Briton possessing a spark of the humanity which should ever warm the breast of a brave warrior. In Charles the First's war with his subjects, when the yoke of slavery was fiercely endeavoured to be rivetted round their necks, the conduct of the King and his cavaliers, bad as it was, becomes mild and moderate, when placed side by side with that of George the Third and his commanders in America. Napoleon, some of whose friends have confessed that he let human blood run like dishwater, would never have disgraced the civilized warrior's fair fame, in associating him with the ruthless savages. It may be said that he never was tried,—perhaps not, but his indignant sentiments were well known upon the fact of George the Third sanctioning his generals in the employment of them.

At the commencement of the contest it became the practice of British officers in command, when they met the Americans in hostile array, to halt their own troops, and with a few attendants advance within bawling distance of the rebels, as they styled them, and in the coarse unsoldierly language of execration, to demand that they laid down their arms and submitted, or that military execution should be immediately done upon them. This atrocity did not last long; always a refusal and sometimes a volley was the answer, and in some instances utter defeat followed upon that. Nothing more betrayed the badness of the British cause than these threats and execrations. The knightly demeanour and dignified courtesies of arms being thus dispensed with, plainly spake

that wisdom and justice were not consulted, that the angry passions had become lords paramount, and that their strongest arguments were to be enforced from the cannon's mouth. At Lexington this malignancy began, but hard blows in no long period of time corrected these hard words into better language ; while the arrogance of requiring the Americans to lay down their arms, or no quarter should be given, was not finally brought to a close until the day of Red Bank.

Although I may have made mention of the cavaliers of Charles with a sort of subdued indignation, it was only in comparison with the Intolerables of George. It is much to be regretted, that the names and exploits of the heroes and worthies of that glorious conflict in the cause of Freedom, had been recorded in the manner of Major Garden, and that the malignancies of the royalists were handed down with equal perspicuity. They had become an exemplar for the people of England in after time of trouble, perchance not now very far in the distance ; while, in the reverse of the portraiture, would be seen the rancour, hatred, and raging-for vengeance on the part of the cavaliers, such as only was exceeded in the American Revolutionary War against the resisting people there. If such record were, it must of necessity have been published before the Restoration, or if after that event, have been done very quietly indeed, or not at all in England. Had such a work been printed and circulated anywhere upon the Continent, it must have come down to us, even though legitimate power had been daily and yearly employed in its suppression, as it is in these our own times employed, whensoever a work appears, wherein Liberty and equal justice, from the highest to the lowest, are the deathless and immortal contents. All the legitimates and despots and slaves in the world united, cannot destroy every copy of such a work. God, whose service, as read our clergy from the Liturgy every Sunday—God, whose service is perfect freedom, will preserve it for the good of all mankind that dare be free ; and as a check upon that portion whose hearts are as hard as iron and stones, and who are clothed in adventitious power to torment their fellow-creatures.

If God were, as the clergy would fain inculcate into men's



minds, an enemy to a people resisting their unjust and tyrannical rulers, how comes it that British and Spanish America have been permitted to successfully resist and throw off the yoke of their crowned and coroneted masters. The case is plain,—these same masters were tyrants, and therefore the Almighty raised up the arm of their oppressed people, who smote them and renounced their feudality. How are the mighty fallen! The Kings of England and Spain have now not a subject nor an acre in America, cold and comfortless Canada alone excepted. The Spanish dominions, in the reign of Philip the Second, were so infinitely extended over all parts of the world, that it was the remark of a quaint old cosmographer, ‘that they beheld both the rising and the setting of the sun, which before no monarch ever could say.’ Political justice cometh to pass in due time for every evil done unto the great body of the people. Foul oppression, sooner or later, meets with its exceeding great reward, blessed be God. The callous, unfeeling despotism of Philip the Second, refined upon in arrogance by his General, the Duke of Alva, drove the Flemings into resistance, out of which was achieved their Independence. Our Elizabeth, notwithstanding her abhorrence of the least disobedience to the sovereign will and ‘all in authority’ under it, could not forbear, in her enmity to Philip, to secretly assist with money and troops the revolting Flemings. She did the same in France against the House of Guise, pretending fear for the safety of her throne. When charged by the powers of Europe with being the stirrer up of Rebellion against crowned heads and legitimate governments, she became much perplexed. It could not be denied, but it must be extenuated,—but how, and who so able and willing as to do it? At length was found, of all men in the world to undertake the ungracious task, a Bishop,—who, under the eye of the wily Caill, the crafty Burleigh, manufactured, in learned argument and Machiavelian policy, a book in justification of her mischievous conduct.

This extraordinary book hath been ever since held as good authority for revolt, insurrection, rebellion, resistance, or whatever is the word expressive of, ‘We the people will endure tyranny and oppression no longer.’ Bishop Bilson’s argu-

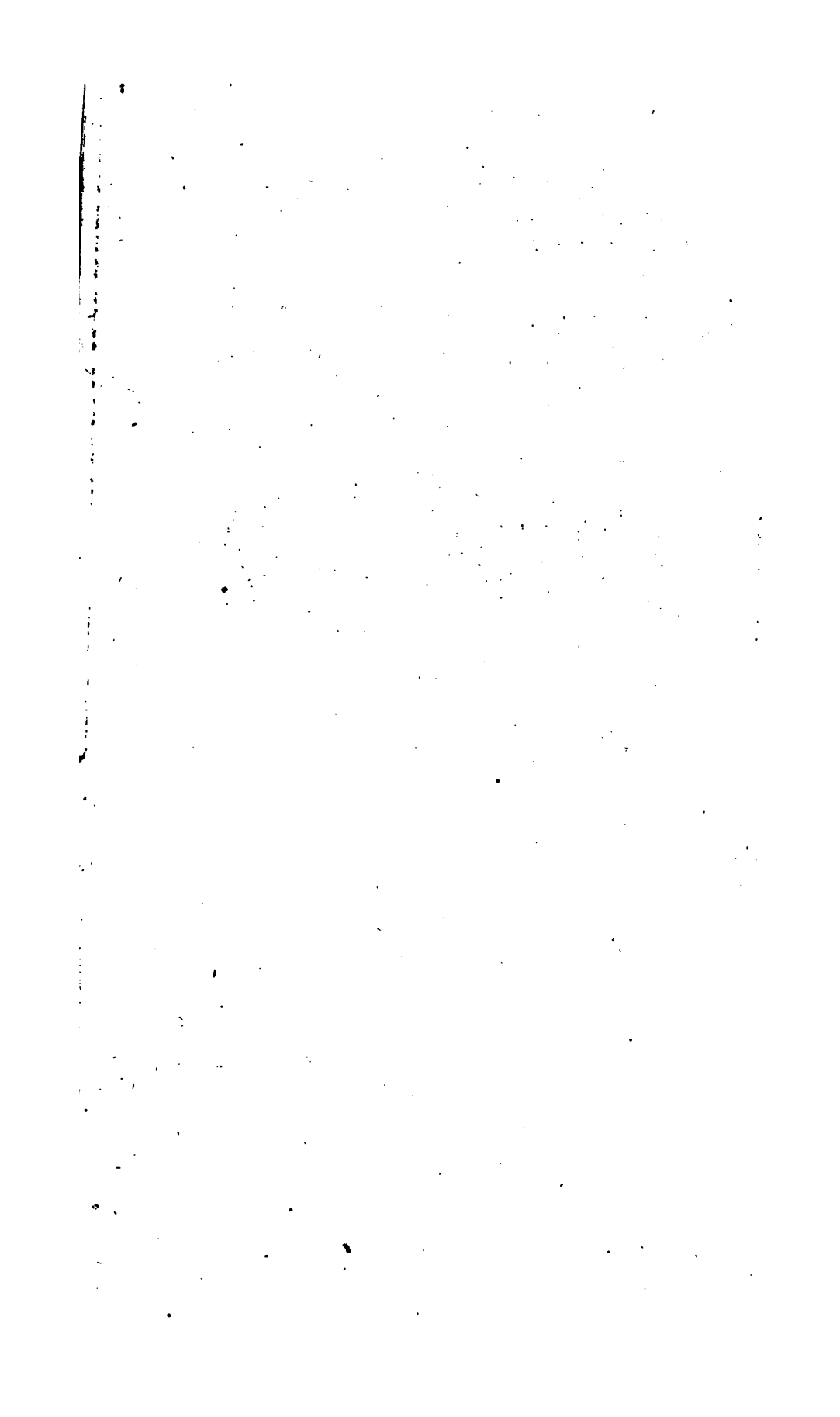
ments have been cited to that effect, to the grief, vexation, and chagrin of 'crowned fortune proud,' in either hemisphere. It hath been the sedulous endeavour of every legitimate power, from then to now, to annihilate and rid the world of this eternal book, but without entire success. Be it never so scarce, a copy is always 'forthcoming on great occasions. Doctor Dibdin shut it out of a gentleman's library as unfit, which he cleverly effects by not mentioning or even alluding to it at all,—so far as I can gather from what I have seen of his numerous ponderous tomes, devoted to the Bibliomania of the Roxburg Club;—yet doubtless, he knows right well where the few scarce copies of it are to be found.

It should seem that Spain, in her latter day, remembered the intrigues of Queen Elizabeth, and visited them in vengeance upon the head of George the Third, when embroiled with his American Colonies, even at the hazard of her own following out their example, and profiting by its results. It is the boon of Providence to the people, that Kings and their councillors are, generally speaking, as great fools as they are knaves, or all the world would be enthralled in despotism. Their treacherous dealings with each other continually open a door into the temple of Freedom, and their folly keeps it long enough ajar to let us see just so much of the inside as to make us long for its possession ever after; to sometimes fight for it, and in that event to almost always gain it: the last fifty years have advanced these simple facts to men's minds, and all history, in all time recorded, confirms them true.

England, false to the principles of her Revolution in 1688, in conformity with which, a royal family was unappeasably shut out from the throne,—breaks the charters of her American Colonies, and goads them into resistance. A Declaration of Independence follows upon this, and, after a sanguinary contention of eight years, Victory declares against the legitimate tyrants and charter-breakers. Spain, possessing also in America most valuable Colonies, in the spirit of envy, hatred, and malice, commercial rivalry, and the hope of Gibraltar, must forsooth render assistance to the British Colonies, in the assertion of their Independence, throwing off the monarchical yoke of the mother country, and finally establishing a mighty

Republic in lieu of it. No feeling of Freedom and Toleration, the unalienable rights of man, free trade, and all that belongs to wisdom and good government, influenced the Spanish councils in this measure; positively none, but the bad and angry passions and false calculations hereinmentioned.

It was the congratulatory cant of the Tories, in talk among themselves, that Spain liked her own Colonies much too well, to aid and abet those of the British in rebellion against England. Notwithstanding this sapient twaddle, well knowing the treachery and bad faith of Kings and Courts in all their dealings with each other, they secretly trembled, lest such aiding and abetting would be; and for once, in their atrocious career, foresaw in the distance, the evil thereof. In the result of this policy, every friend of freedom exclaims,—How are the mighty fallen! Spain has seen the example of the British American Colonies followed out to the utmost in the loss of her own, at which the people of all Europe rejoice and are glad, repeating the remarkable expression of Napoleon on other occasions:—The finger of God was there!



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RECORDS

OF

PATRIOTISM AND LOVE OF COUNTRY.

GENERAL MARION.

A British officer was sent from the garrison at George Town, to negotiate a business interesting to both armies. When this was concluded, and the officer was about to return, General Marion said, 'If it suits your convenience, sir, to remain for a short period, I shall be glad of your company to dinner.' The mild and dignified simplicity of Marion's manners had already produced their effect; and, to prolong so interesting an interview, the invitation was accepted. The entertainment was served up on dishes of bark, and consisted entirely of roasted potatoes, of which the general eat heartily, requesting his guest to profit by his example;—repeating the old adage, that 'hunger was an excellent sauce.' Surely, general, said the officer, this cannot be your ordinary fare. Indeed it is, sir, he replied, and we are fortunate on this occasion, entertaining company, to have more than our usual allowance. It is said, that on the return of this officer to George Town, he immediately declared his conviction that men who could, without a murmur, endure the difficulties and dangers of the field, and contentedly relish such simple and scanty fare, were not to be subdued: and, resigning his commission, immediately retired from the service.—MAJOR GARDEN.

GENERAL MARION, with his brigade, not only galled the phalanx, and dealt death through the ranks of the British, but not a little wounded their pride. To drive the Americans, like sheep, from one end of the States to the other, was the favourite taunt and boast of

the court of England, and the loyal response of the army appointed to carry it into execution; whose regular chess-board movements were believed to be irresistible. So, indeed, they were, in the earlier period of the contest, and therefore Marion confined himself to defensive operations, affairs of posts, momentary attacks by day, and nightly alarms, which soon made his enterprising and martial spirit respected, if not feared, by his late disdainful enemy.

Base-minded, time-serving Tory Americans were now employed to meet, and, if possible, repel this irregular, sleepless warrior: and most legitimately atrocious were all their acts and deeds against him and their countrymen, armed and unarmed. Marion, for some politic reasons, entered into a truce, or armistice, with one of these of the name of Garney. His principal officers remonstrated, being impressed with the opinion that he had committed his dignity in personally treating with one whom they regarded in no better light than a leader of banditti. He silenced their scruples by asserting — 'that the only dignity he aspired to was that of essentially serving his country.'

Nothing is less surprising than that the dignified demeanour of General Marion should have dispelled the prejudices with which the British officer walked into his presence,—and whether he resigned his commission in consequence of what he had witnessed, is here indifferent; the gist lies in his remark. The fact adduced was but an earnest of what such brave and zealous men were prepared to endure in a cause so good as that of Resistance to Taxation without Representation. To be sure, the privation was not very distressing, when a good meal of roasted potatoes was comeatable. It might be a finesse for the occasion, a ruse, and pardonable stratagem of war, or it might not. It served to impress upon the mind of the British officer, that General Marion and his men would not easily be beaten. His suffering in this case, was but as a fleabite to the sacrifices which some gallant fellows have made, and to the miseries they have endured, in the genuine spirit of honour and duty. Hundreds of instances, throughout all history, sacred and profane, might be given, but I will content myself with only two.

Josephus relates, that 'when Jehoram was besieged in the city of Samaria, by Adad, King of Syria, his garrison was so reduced for want of provisions, that the head of an ass was sold for eighty pieces of silver, and five pieces was the price of a pint of pigeons' dung, as the sauce for it.'

In such extremity, perhaps worse things have been eaten than an ass's head; but, surely, before or since, such sauce was never resorted to. Marion's old English proverb of hunger being the best sauce, did not, it appears, obtain with these hapless Israelites, by the same token that it was not one of the proverbs of Solomon; or of a certainty they would not have gone to a further expense to procure so pungent an excitement to appetite. From the Jews of Samaria, I will turn for my second instance of generous suffering and devoted loyalty to the cavaliers of England, in the time of Charles the First. So little was required to excite their gallant

feelings to the cause they had embraced, that the pure element was sufficient, not only to exhilarate their spirits to imaginary festivity, but absolutely intoxicated them.

During the second siege of Pontefract Castle, under Governor Lowther, in 1645, by the Parliamentarians, it is impossible, saith the historian, to ascertain what human nature can endure, when supported by the pleasing delusion of hope, or animated by the energy of party spirit. The more men suffer in the cause they have espoused, the stronger their attachment frequently becomes. The importance or glory of the cause is thought sufficient to justify all the sacrifices they make, or all the sufferings they endure in its support. The truth of this remark is established by the spirit of the garrison on the evening of the 12th. While recounting their deeds of valour, and conversing on the cause they hitherto had maintained, a general enthusiasm was enkindled, and, not having any more reviving liquors, they drew water from the new well, and drank the health of the King, and of all his good friends. They pledged one another, and engaged to be faithful and hold out to the last extremity. On receiving these pledges, they rent the air with shouts and halloos.

Never, surely, did the polished steel of feudal chivalry beam more bright, than in this knightly effusion of valiant loyalty. Nothing but a bad cause could weigh such prowess down, and defeat such high-mindedness. Patriotism and Love of Country can only prevail against such undepressed heroism. Equal valour in a better cause, only can rise up from the warp and the woof, and the tail of the plough, full of Patriotism and Love of Country, with the blessing of God, and utterly defeat it. Marion's cause was a good one, and he won it in the end: that of the valiant men at Pontefract Castle was a bad one, and they ultimately lost it.

Patriotism and Love of Country sustained Napoleon almost to the last, but, when become drunk with power, he began to play the military despot, from that moment his decline from the prodigious elevation he had risen to commenced. The wanton war upon Spain brought him in contact with his bravest enemy, who wrested the palm of victory from his armies, and presented a rallying point to the conquered nations of Europe. The unprovoked invasion of Russia was met by the arm of God, and he fell. The myriads of the north whom he yesterday defeated with comparative ease, to-day chased him home in disgrace, and he never looked up more: for a military despotism becomes the worst cause on earth when brought into question by an indignant people; and wanton warfare for conquest only, never fails, sooner or later, to call down the curse of God and the vengeance of man. By both of these was Napoleon visited, which he tacitly confessed at St. Helena, when lamenting that the frost set in that year at Moscow twenty days sooner than it had done at any period for fifty years preceding.

In every other act and deed of all his life, was Napoleon influenced by Patriotism and Love of Country; and he did that for France which will carry down his name with admiration and grati-

tude to the latest posterity: and millions weep his fall. Millions condemn, with abhorrence, the treatment he experienced, the misery he underwent, at our hands, from the hour which he threw himself upon our generosity and protection, as his bravest enemy and the only nation he had not conquered, to the day of his death.

COLONEL LAURENS.

The post of danger was Lieutenant-colonel John Laurens's favourite station. Some indeed may style his display of intrepidity at every risk, the height of rashness. Strictly speaking, it was so; but, at the commencement of the war, when the British officers were persuaded that every American was a coward, such total disregard of personal safety on the part of Laurens, such display of chivalric intrepidity that equally excited their surprise and admiration, was essentially beneficial to our cause. To deny that his anxiety to meet the foe led him too often into unnecessary peril, is impossible. I had too often cause to see and to lament it. Let one instance suffice to prove it. A sentinel on the bank of Ashley river, opposite to Dorchester, perceiving a red coat moving through the brushwood on the other shore, gave the alarm that the enemy were without their lines. This being communicated to Lieutenant-colonel Laurens, a troop of dragoons and a company of infantry of the Legion, were ordered to cross the river and reconnoitre. The rapidity determined Captain O'Neal, who commanded, to wait till a boat which had been sent for, should arrive. In the interim, Lieutenant-colonel Laurens galloped up and demanded with warmth, 'Why this halt, captain? Were not orders given to cross?' 'Yes, colonel, but look to the current, and judge if it be practicable.' 'This is no time for argument,' rejoined Laurens, 'you who are brave men, follow me.' Saying this, he plunged into the river, but was instantaneously obliged to quit his horse, and with extreme difficulty reached the opposite shore. O'Neal, than whom a braver man did not exist, indignant at the speech of Laurens, replied, 'You shall see, sir, that there are men here as courageous as yourself,' and at the head of his troop entered the river. I cannot do justice to the scene that followed. All was tumult and confusion; for although no life was lost, several of the men were so nearly drowned, that it became necessary to use every means to make them disgorge the water they had swallowed; and all were so much exhausted, that a temporary halt was indispensibly necessary. The infantry, by the aid of a plank, and large doors torn from a neighbouring warehouse, passed over with less difficulty. In the meantime, Lieutenant-colonel Laurens, attended by Messrs. Ralph and Walter Izard, his aids, hastened to the spot where the British regimental had been seen. It then was found that a military coat had been hung upon a tree by a soldier who had been whipped, and drummed out of the 64th regiment, for drunkenness, and whose lacerated back would admit of no covering.

The exposure of so many valuable lives, connected with other causes, induced the officers of the Legion, at an after period, to resign their commissions, rather than serve under Laurens.—GARDEN.

In just reprobation of that fierce and brainless courage which some men are given to, even with the best intentions, Major Garden has related with much judgment and impartiality, the foregoing incident. He has recorded, for the benefit of others in the like situation, an act of gross foolhardiness. Excellent motives and ardent zeal are here exhibited to view, as useless for want of prudence, as inadequate from too much fierceness, and as disgusting in the extreme, —being noisy and overdone and destructive of that confidence

which a brave soldier must ever have in the conduct of his officer, or he cannot fight under him. Such was the nature of the contest, that Colonel Laurens was altogether right in ascertaining the cause of the alarm, and with force sufficient to cope with any he might probably meet with and encounter; but he owed it to himself, to the lives of his brethren in arms, and to his country, to have crossed the river in a regular and soldierly manner, and not like a harum-scarum boy, or a confirmed lunatic. Nothing is more true, than that the most active and undaunted courage was required to do away the impression on the part of the British, that the Americans were cowards, and in so far let Laurens take his meed of praise, and welcome. Shall it be the vengeful and diabolical intention of the oligarchy of this kingdom to compel us, as they did the Americans, to resist Taxation without Representation, I am persuaded that it will be endeavoured to impress upon their adherents, that the people will run before them like sheep, and that they need but show themselves to confirm it true. To speak contemptuously of the prowess of the Americans, before it was tried, became a sort of loyalty very pleasing at court and in the House of Commons, at the commencement of the war. General Grant, an Alexandrian senator of the day, declared in the house, 'that at the head of five regiments of infantry, he would undertake to traverse the whole country, and drive the inhabitants from one end of the continent to the other.' The same bravado will be the cant of the Alexandrians of the present day, and the like results will also grow out of it, if put to the test. At all events, we will endeavour to profit by the mistaken temerity of Laurens, and cross our rivers with equal resolution and more circumspection, as shall be seen, if forced into the field.

Courage of every kind is most attractive; even to rashness it carries that with it which must be rebuked with gentleness, unless accompanied with brutality. As this is not laid to the charge of Colonel Laurens, we will forbearingly hope that it did not exist; but as, by the last part of the statement, he appears to have taken no warning by his narrow escape at Ashley river, his gallant followers forsook him as a dangerous and unskilful leader. It would have read better, had Mr. Garden recorded, that in so good a cause, they enlisted under the banners of Marion, or of those like Marion; and perhaps they did so.

The British army in Spain experienced the fatal effects of this sort of foolhardiness in a man of precisely the same kidney of Colonel Laurens in America. It was at Talavera that his stupid rashness placed a wing of Wellington's army in so perilous a predicament, that nothing but the gallant, though fatal charge of the twenty-third Light Dragoons, could have saved it. This consummate blockhead was afterwards sent to Canada, where he had his full swing of cant loyalty, martinetism, and all its absurdities. This man's want of discretion is much to be lamented, for a braver soldier never wore a sword.

Altogether as brave and ten times as noisy,—for the afore-men-

tioned is rather a silent man,—was an ignoramus at the storming of the Helder Point in Holland. He did not command the party, but fought as furiously as a wild beast or an Indian savage. A shot from the battery cut off half the feather from his hat. Almost any other warrior would have been thankful that half the head did not accompany it; but this man dismounted, and replacing the severed plume in his heaver, swore three or four such tremendous oaths against the republican enemy that defended the fort, as doth not become me to repeat. When it is considered, that at such a time, the next bullet might have taken him into the presence of his God,—whose name he had so impiously taken in vain,—the language he used was in nothing short of blasphemy of the deepest dye, and which, if visited by legitimate coercion, as ruled by our learned judges of the law, would have shown to the people a scarce and rare example of equal justice. Even the reprobate swearers of the army shrank from and condemned the blackguardism of it.

The curses and execrations of this man were in unison with the feelings of the Antijacobins of that period. Malignant hatred to the Revolutions of America and France, was not to be contained by the greater portion of them within the bounds prescribed by chivalry, good manners, and decorum. The same spirit is yet alive, and undiminished in acrimony, as the Reformers would right well know, if they could hear all that is said of and against them, by the malignant Tories. Contempt for an enemy is ever the forerunner of disgraceful defeat. Flushed with this bad spirit, the Duke of York and his army in 1793 commenced the war against the French Republicans. Such was the rashness, ignorance, and arrogance of those spiteful campaigns, that the allies—the Coburgs and Clairfauts—stood aside and laughed at it. The first action in which the British troops were engaged, they behaved with all their accustomed intrepidity, but by the inexperience of the Duke of York,—for, saith the historian, recording the fact, there is no royal road to knowledge,—being ordered to the attack of a strong post in the wood, they were exposed to the fire of some masked batteries, and suffered so much, that it was not thought expedient to make any official return of the killed and wounded.

This sanguinary temerity was the life and soul of George the Third's eventful, ruinous, and protracted reign. It lost America; it accumulated the hideous public debt; and ultimately estranged the affections of the people of England from his system of rule and governance. Neither himself nor his councillors ever took warning by their misfortunes and inutility of measures; and their successors are worse, having everything before their eyes but the fear of consequences. If the simple and unaffected Welch adage could in the least obtain, of 'Learn to be wise by others' harm, and thou shalt do full well,' a small ray of hope might yet gleam through the mist of perdition: but no, that cannot be, for it savours of Reform, the scourge and curse of all legitimacy. There is an English proverb, which, if true, and being in character, might leave a little room for hope; but it is not. Old women, and men like old women, are

given to say, that 'Experience makes fools wise.' Now this is what experience never yet did, nor ever will do, by fools. 'Fools go on,' saith a learned sage, 'in their old trammels: they have neither sense to see, nor docility to rectify, their absurdities.'

AMERICAN CLERGY.

'Of all the Tories in that there time,' was Doctor SAMUEL JOHNSON. His spirit of the thing was a legitimate fire, that knew no bounds when blazing. The bare mention of Patriot kindled his disdain; and the meekest defence of the American cause in his presence, was the precursor of anger, from which the boldest of his associates commonly shrank. Boswell, who led this learned monster about as his showman, and who was perpetually in fear that his beast would play the savage too furiously, instead of entertaining and instructing them, informs us, that Patriotism having become one of the topics of conversation, Johnson uttered, in a strong and determined tone, an apothegm at which many will start: 'Patriotism is the refuge of a scoundrel.'

After so fine a bear-garden expression of order and good government, is it not very surprising that the doctor's pitiful pension of £200. a year was not doubled,—nay, tripled,—nay, quadrupled,—by the King and his friends of 'that there time?' Southey the apostate, the reviling Southey, receives not less in these triumphant days than £1500. a year, for only repeating such loyal sentiment; and, from his diligence in the promulgation of it, it may be justly said that the labourer is worthy of his hire. A very few years since, one of the disciples of this apostate was holding loudly forth at the hospitable board of a friend of mine, upon the constitutional beauties of Unlimited Taxation and Kingly Power. From one dogma to another, he came bounce upon the justice of the war against the colonies, and cantingly lamented the loss the Americans had sustained in their obstinate revolt from the merciful and fatherly rule and governance of the King of England. Two young clergymen were present, and patiently heard everything but of the fatherly mercy of George the Third towards his American subjects. Highly to their honour, they attributed their falling away in the ultimate to atrocious cruelty and unsoldierly vengeance on the part of the commanders and ruffian partizans of the forces employed to reduce the colonies to obedience. They instanced the employment of the Indian savages, with their tomahawk and scalping knife, as revolting to the feelings of christian humanity, and consequently disgraceful to the British name and nation. They declared it to be an impious offence towards God above, and the outrage of barbarians towards man below. The disciple of the renegade, the apostate Southey,—that Southey who has dared, after becoming the poet of Wat Tyler, to designate the people of England as half Luddite, half Lazaroni,—

that Southey, the legitimate descendant of that Johnson who declared Patriotism to be the refuge of a scoundrel;—the disciple of that wretched Southey, replied to these reverend gentlemen in terms so indecent and so degrading, that the hospitable host was compelled to interfere, and make as good a peace as any other man could make so critically situate.

I augur, from this clerical remonstrance, and some other little incidents of the like complexion, which have come under my notice, that, when the day of retribution overtakes the Tories,—when the Trumpet of Freedom is sounding in blast terrific through the land, in concert with that of ‘Resistance to Taxation without Representation,’—that numbers of our clergy, now so trammelled by political creeds and obsolete articles, will recoil from the barbarians of legitimacy, and stand forth for the rights and liberties of their country, as did the clergy of America in the like emergency.

The touchstone of Patriotism and Love of Country is not only comprised in the sacrifice of life in the field, but of rank and fortune at home, and sometimes there, God knows, of daily bread. In all these the majority of the clergy of America stood the test, to their immortal honour and reputation. I speak not of the dissenting clergy, whose services were invaluable, but of the episcopal, five only of which, in the state of South Carolina, out of twenty, adhered to the British cause. Major Garden, my author, shall speak for himself, when perhaps those who think for themselves may give credit to his unassuming chapter and verse.

This gentleman, who was an eye-witness of the facts he gives, relates, that Bishop Smith shouldered his musket, and, amidst scenes of the greatest danger, both by precept and example, stimulated to intrepid resistance. Made a prisoner at the surrender of Charleston, immediate banishment followed his captivity.

The Rev. Dr. Percy was the first orator who addressed the people on the anniversary of our Independence. His conduct being highly offensive to the British authorities, he was ordered to relinquish his clerical duties as soon as Charleston fell, under the penalty of a dungeon; and, to avoid persecution, retired to Europe. The Rev. Mr. Lewis was a firm advocate for Independence, and an indefatigable agent in promoting its accomplishment. Delivering a patriotic discourse on the text, ‘The Lord forbid that I should give the inheritance of my fathers unto thee,’ he became particularly obnoxious to the British commanders,—was exiled to St. Augustine with many other patriots, but was speedily separated from them and shut up in the castle, and, till the period of his exchange, condemned to solitary confinement.

The Rev. Samuel Warren, called by interesting concerns to Europe at the commencement of the revolution, was tempted, by all the arts of persuasion, and offers of liberal preferment by a brother, a dignitary in the established church, to remain in England; but, with a soul superior to all selfish considerations, he thought only of the good that might flow from his exertions in the cause of liberty, and returned to America. Mr. Garden makes honourable mention

of several other reverend gentlemen of the church of England in America at that eventful period, who prized the Freedom of their native land above all price.

In commenting upon these pleasing facts and instances of Patriotism and Love of Country, a more than usual tribute of praise is due to Mr. Warren; for his temptations were great. The brother who made him those liberal offers of preferment, was then a bishop, and I believe of Bangor. The affectionate arguments of so near and dear a relative as a brother is or ought to be, when tending to our worldly welfare as commonly understood; and, combined with this, the inward yearning of almost every ecclesiastical heart for preferment, demands a firmness of mind and unbiassed resolution, that are indeed but very seldom met with in this our frail and selfish nature: more particularly in politics, where so many evasive, ambiguous, and Machiavelian arguments are continually adduced in justification of iniquitous things.

Our own historians have recorded a noble instance of American Patriotism and Love of Country in the person of Mr. Reed, a member of Congress, to whom an offer of £10,000. was made by Governor Johnstone, to secure his good offices. This gentleman replied, 'that he was not worth purchasing; but, such as he was, the King of Great Britain was not rich enough to do it!' A British minister, it seems, can gain his ends in no easier way than by bribery and corruption. The dishonour of the mode is purified through the legitimate mean of state necessity; and the knaves and slaves in loyal unity applaud such doing! Though England is brought to 'the very verge and brink of ruin' by this baseness, yet is the evil in as full force and favour at this hour, as at that in which Mr. Reed was so grossly insulted. The execution of this hopeful measure of attempting to bribe the principal members of Congress, was entrusted to Lord Carlisle, who was sent out to America as one of the commissioners to conciliate the colonists and adjust all differences. His lordship not liking the bribing part of his instructions, handed it over to Governor Johnstone, who had as little delicacy in these matters as hath the rottenest agent of the rottenest borough in England: all the difference was, that he met with men—not selfish, worthless, needy, greedy animals, that, because they walk upon two legs, believe that they are men.

It is well known, that a great portion of the Quakers, during the struggle, were not backward in betraying their country whenever they could twist a text of the gospel to be as subservient to their views as themselves were inclined to be to those of the enemy. Under pretence of compulsion,—and St. Paul tells every knave and slave that kicking against the pricks is unprofitable in this world,—under pretence of compulsion of General Howe's army, a Quaker pointed out a road on the Schuylkill for their advance to Philadelphia; and, through the treason of this fellow, Philadelphia, the seat of government, and at the time the metropolis, was taken by General Howe's army. Will any Tory tell me that this scoundrel did not deserve hanging? Yes, I have a Tory now before me to

justify the deed ; and where is the black deed of state that a Tory has not justified ? Mr. Reed, in the same patriotic spirit which impelled him to spurn Johnstone's bribe, determined to have this Quaker hanged ; and Aminalab was hanged therefore. When Mr. Reed became the head of the province of Pennsylvania, he exerted every effort in the prosecution of this person, and brought him to the gallows. The Tory account tells us that twelve hundred respectable citizens evinced their respect to his memory and unblemished character by attending his funeral. It might be so, for what will not Tories do in such cases ? It is Tories that have buried Castle-reagh in Westminster Abbey.

SERGEANT JASPER.

The gallantry displayed by the heroic Sergeant Jasper, of the second regiment, during the battle of Sullivan's Island, cannot be passed over in silence. It has been frequently recorded ; but while I notice the achievements of superior grade, his intrepidity, enhanced by his extreme modesty, demands my warmest encomium. The flag-staff of the Fort having been shot away very early in the action, Jasper leaped down upon the beach, took up the flag, fixed it to a sponge-staff, and, regardless of the incessant firing of the shipping, mounted and planted it on the rampart.

Governor Rutledge, in testimony of his admiration of so distinguished an act of heroism, presented him a sword, and offered him a commission. The first he gratefully accepted, but declined the last. ' Were I made an officer,' he modestly said, ' my comrades would be constantly blushing for my ignorance, and I should be unhappy ; feeling my own inferiority I have no ambition for higher rank than that of a sergeant.'

During the attack at Savannah, he appeared at the head of the assailants, he seized the colours of his regiment, which had fallen from the hands of the lieutenant who bore them ; but receiving himself a mortal wound, returned them, and retiring, but reached the American encampment to expire.—GARDEN.

Thus has Major Garden recorded the virtues of a brave man, to the honour of himself and his country ; for, as he said in the preface to his patriotic work, that the worthies who fought the Independence of America out of the fire and wrath of her enemies, were fast falling into the grave, and the rising generation were as fast forgetting them.

How many valiant men of lofty spirit in obscure situations, neglected and unknown, there are in all armies, more especially those of England and other oligarchical nations. The individual achievements of these are lost in the continuity of passing events, combined with the legitimate neglect of unassuming worth in humble station. The intrepid exploits of private soldiers and non-commissioned officers, if honestly recorded, would as richly merit the laureate's courtly ode, and the harper's rural lay, as those of their gallant superiors ; whilst the freezing indifference with which the patriotic prowess of the peasant soldier is consigned to oblivion by the arrogant general in chief, is one cause of defeat, when opposed to ar-

mies governed with equal justice from the highest to the lowest, and where merit is promoted from the lowest to the highest.

Napoleon, after every battle, demanded of his chefs du battalions, 'Which are the brave?' and, when made acquainted with the feats of arms performed individually by the private centinel, the corporal, or the sergeant, reward immediately followed. Wellington in a few instances did the like; but his power in this matter was so limited by bloated pride and narrow-mindedness, that not more than one or two in as many campaigns, of these undaunted warriors, were made happy in a commission. In the American contest against Great Britain, which was that of peril and distress,—the almost assured guarantees of equal justice, where, to a certainty, if life allow, merit in rags will become merit in lace,—very many gallant soldiers rose from the ranks, without in the least galling the pride of those who were officers from the beginning of the war. The aristocrats of the British army confirmed the fact in their many disdainful anecdotes of the awkward, blunt, and sometimes coarse manners of the American patriots thus preferred; for as captors or captives they daily witnessed the republican plainness of these well-deservers. Their loyal witticisms embraced no deeds of valour, or devotion to the defence of country against the invader, but unhappily went to designate the officers and men of the American army as 'hail, fellow, well met,' in raff and blackguardism.

We have all heard of the artillery man throwing the bomb over the wall, which fell with the fuze alight into the magazine at the siege of Gibraltar. Another half minute had produced consequences so incalculably destructive to the brave garrison, that even old Elliot could have scarcely devised means to repair them in time to prevent surrender. We all have heard of this happy instance of presence of mind and courageous alacrity, but we never heard of it being rewarded beyond a miserable pension for life, not exceeding one shilling a day, while round dozens of meritless men of quality, as then they were called,—and of a vile quality they were, God save the mark—were enjoying their pensions of thousands a year for doing nothing but mischief. As a private soldier of the Duke of Wellington's army in Spain was working in the trenches, a lighted shell fell among the party of not less than a hundred men and officers, when he, with equal coolness of the artillery man, and with wit and humour to boot, exclaimed, 'Damn you, you shan't smoke your pipe here,' and instantly threw it out of harm's way, and saved the lives and limbs perhaps of more than half the party present; yet never has the anecdote been happily finished with assuring us that the good fellow was rewarded; no, not even with thanks,—not even with muttering, cold, economical thanks.

Why is not constituted a corps of honour, something resembling the mousquetaires of old France, and not much unlike the Legion of Honour of new France, save the admission of officers, further than to command it. This corps, to be considered as a promotion to the soldier that individually distinguishes himself, would become invaluable; but such an one will never be seen under a Tory govern-

ment. Such a corps might be always held in reserve for a daring service, forlorn hope always excepted, which should only be the chance of life to the convicted felons, cowards, and drunkards of an army. Any of this gentlemanly cadetship, this community of approved valour, who should a second time outdo his usual gallant outdoings, an immediate commission should not fail to be his well-earned meed of honour. In the navy also this institution is equally expedient, and nothing but the lack of common sense and common decency, to say nothing of generosity, is the reason that the army and navy are without it: yet I predict that both army and navy will have it ere long, but not at the hands of the Tories.

The good and excellence that must grow out of such an institution, would soon become an assurance, as it were, of victory over all our enemies; but Tories do abhor the thought of merit rising by merit only: family influence, base subserviency, and foul corruption, belong only to their ideas of preferment and promotion. God mend or damn them all, for great will be the good thereof in either case.

What is it that high-wrought courage will not nobly dare, and continually accomplish? In 1377 the castle of Berwick upon Tweed was surprized by seven Scotchmen, who held it eight days against seven thousand archers and three thousand cavalry; so devoted were these brave fellows to the cause in which they were engaged.

There was a fine fellow of the name of Graham, the sergeant-major of a Scotch regiment in the East Indies. He was killed at the storming of Seringapatam, but not before he had displayed prodigies of valour, and in the moment of victory was shot by a coward behind him. It has always been understood, that, had Graham survived, he would not only have been promoted, but pushed forward in the army to high and confidential command: it is gratifying to hear of such good intention, and nothing more can be said of it.

The relation of one act of heroism commonly leads to another and another and another. I am reminded of the high sense of honour in two noble instances in the British army in Spain. During the hottest of the action at Albuera, an officer, Ensign Thompson, was called upon to surrender the colours which he held; but he declared that he would give them up only with his life, and he fell a victim to his bravery. Another, Ensign Walsh, had the colours he held broken by a cannon-ball, and was severely wounded: having fallen on the field, he tore the colours from the staff, and thrust them into his bosom, where they were found after his death.

In one of the many bloody battles of the Vendean war, two French noblemen were left wounded in the field among the dead. One complained loudly of his pains, the other, after long silence, thus offered him consolation. 'My friend, whomsoever you are, remember that our God died on the cross, our King on the scaffold;—and if you have strength to look at him who now speaks to you, you will see that both his legs are shot away.'

One other instance of enthusiastic devotion to a cause, and I have done. Captain Moulon commanded the *Cleopatra* French frigate, which fought the first naval battle of the revolutionary war, with the British frigate *La Nymphé*, commanded by Captain Pellew, and was beaten. He died by a shot which tore open his back, and carried away the greatest part of his left hip. During his short agonies, he displayed the most heroic attention to his duty. The list of coast-signals adopted by the French was in one of his pockets; and from that he drew a paper, which, imagining it to contain this list, he died biting it to pieces. The real one was afterwards found.

Sergeant Jasper, the Gibraltar artillery man, the bold soldier of the Peninsula, the Graeme, Ensigns Thompson and Walsh, the seven heroes of Berwick Castle, the French nobleman of *La Vendée*, and Captain Moulon, were all of one noble family; not made so by kings, but by God, the king of kings. Among the assembled people at Manchester were as many of their brethren, who, had they for a moment suspected the atrocious charge about to be made upon them by the beastly, brutal, drunken yeomanry, would of themselves have set the battle in array, and have read the murderers a lesson never to have been forgotten. Thanks, indeed, would have followed upon this, not in undignified and breathless haste, but in high consideration of the service done; these gladdening thanks would have emanated from a far greater sovereign than him that sent them to the slaughtering troop ever was, or is, or ever will be.

MR. WINDHAM.

MR. GARDEN has remarked, with every satisfaction and the most undeniable truth, that—It was the peculiar characteristic of the American Revolution, that the men the most distinguished for genius and virtue were its advocates. In the ranks of the Rebels, as the English delighted to call them, were found almost all the orators, statesmen, and philosophers, of whom the country could boast. Lawyers who had attained the highest distinction in the legislature and at the bar; physicians who had become eminent for their science and professional skill; merchants who had acquired wealth and honour by commercial enterprize; and even ministers of the gospel who, by their learning and piety, had endeared themselves to the people; all united their efforts in the common cause. Thus, says the gallant patriot, was dignity given to the contest, and the public feeling was excited to a state of the most noble enthusiasm.

Not only in his own country has this gentleman rejoiced in her cause being glorified in the association of men of worth and genius, but in the decided approval of those brilliants of mankind in other nations; and dwells with delight upon those of England, the mother country, whose King and government were then waging unnatural war against her, and audaciously taking God to witness

that it was unprovoked,—was just and necessary. He singles out one of those luminaries in the person of the late Mr. WINDHAM, whose heart was with the long-oppressed, and at last resisting colonies. He has published but two of his many letters, written from England during the war to a gentleman of South Carolina in America; and from them I will extract a few paragraphs.

‘To Paul Trapier, esq., jun., South Carolina—dated 1777.

‘Be assured, that, through the whole of this business, my fears and hopes have kept exact pace with yours. I have exulted at your success, and repined at your miscarriage; have heard with as much grief any advantage of Howe, and triumphed as much at the success of Washington, as any man on your side of the water.’

‘The mischievous designs of a corrupt court, operating in the midst of universal luxury and depravity, have spread rancour and devastation through millions of people that ought to have been united in the ties of brotherly love; and have shaken an empire to pieces that was the greatest and might have been the happiest on earth.’

‘For the fate of us here, I am much less solicitous than for the general interests of mankind, the preservation of freedom in some part of the globe, and the success of a people engaged in so righteous a cause; and these, I am happy to say, are the sentiments of numbers of the people, whom I rank among my friends.’

‘I am fully persuaded that there is a fund of candour and honest good sense among the people here, that would have made three-fourths of them partizans of America, if the merits of the cause had been properly made known to them. But the higher orders of society are lost in vice and dissipation, and the nation has been left to itself, abandoned to the wicked industry of the court. Nothing will save US, lost as we are, but a general INSURRECTION of the LOWER ORDERS of the PEOPLE, purging off the contaminating spume that has mantled over the top of the spring, and threatened to choke it up.’

Lo, lo, and behold, ye calumniated, vilified, and abused Radicals. Listen to the man whom the Anti-jacobins of the last century, and all their breed, the legitimates of this, have held up among men, as truly great among the greatest. Listen to the man who, within ten or twelve years from the date of this immortal epistle, became the associate in rule, oppression, and unparalleled corruption, with Pitt, Dundas, and Grenville; and with them raged and raved in all the insane terrors of apostate guilt and alarm, which characterized the tried and collective wisdom of Anti-jacobinism at the time of the French Revolution. What fools we all are to year after year endure ourselves to be attorney-generalled, to be imprisoned, and to be slaughtered, at the instance, and to further the schemes and ambitions, of such devils in robes as these.

At the hour of Mr. Windham's writing the above letter to Mr. Trapier, he was in close confidence and intimacy with Dr. Samuel Johnson, the fiercest of all the fierce and enraged Tories of his day. The doctor's humorous reply to Windham, who had consulted with him upon a point of political conscience, which shall in due time be mentioned, has frequently been repeated. ‘Don't be afraid, sir, you will in time make a pretty rascal.’ Good God! had the doctor been aware of this letter to Mr. Trapier, where he not only rejoices in the insuccess of his majesty's arms abroad, but declares, in language remarkably energetic, his persuasion of the necessity of insurrection at home, what would have been the uproar? All the

bulls of Basan had not bellowed so loud, the opprobrious epithets of revile and abuse which our language affords, as would the furious old Jacobite, instead of smiling—pretty rascal. At the hour of Mr. Windham thus unbending himself with Mr. Trapier, was Dr. Johnson writing that frequently quoted letter to Dr. Brocklesby, wherein he expresses his admiration and esteem of him in the most unqualified terms. Dr. Johnson, the author of *Taxation no Tyranny*, to have looked over the shoulder of Mr. Windham when writing to Trapier, would have furnished a never-dying subject for their common friend Sir Joshua Reynolds; and the thundering forth of his villainous maxim, that ‘Patriotism is the refuge of a scoundrel,’ would have been heard as far as was St. Dunstan’s devil, when the saint with red-hot tongs tweaked him by the nose.

It makes one laugh and weep at one and the same moment, to see such base apostacy, and such treacherous falling-away from all that is worth upholding. Talk, indeed, of Cobbett’s inconsistency; it is from end to end but a fleabite to that of Windham; nevertheless, a few instances even of it might be dragged forth, which would serve to fill us with amazement at the assurance of the man.

Mr. Garden, aware, that upon the publishing of these letters, a cry of forgery might be raised by Windham’s surviving friends in Anti-jacobinism, has wisely provided against it. Though but two of them are given to the world, there are several others in the same strain, and all in Mr. Windham’s hand-writing. They are carefully filed and preserved, and ready for any English gentleman to compare with others that himself or friends may have received from him at any time on indifferent subjects: and, whenever this is done, the person so doing will be struck with astonishment, and perhaps with horror, if also comparing the principles of his theory in 1777 and 8, with those of his practice when in office with Pitt and Grenville and Dundas.

Mr. Windham was secretary at war, was in the cabinet, and was one of the government that caused Messrs. Muir, Palmer, Gerald, Skirving, and Margarot, under many circumstances of relentless barbarity, to be transported from Scotland to Botany Bay, and that in a ship which was crowded with felons of the vilest description: and for what? Not for declaring, with Mr. Windham aforetime, an insurrection of the lower orders of the people to be absolutely necessary to our safety. No; but for seeking Reform in Parliament by Universal Suffrage and Annual Election; that which millions are now seeking, and that which, if things do not materially change for the better, and soon, these millions will surely find.

I do not mean to have it inferred, that I am an advocate for Universal Suffrage to its utmost extreme, and Annual Parliaments, for I am given to hope that Triennial Elections, with Suffrage of every Householder of every description not being a felon, and the Vote by Ballot, will answer every purpose sought in Reform.

At the time of Mr. Windham writing this immortal letter to Mr. Trapier, he was a captain in the West Norfolk Militia, soon after became Major, and was a Martinet; which his biographer, in the

attempt to evade, but enforces the stronger. Now it is not to be supposed, that, as a militia captain, he would quite use such insurrectionary arguments in conversation at the mess-table and elsewhere, as he treated his friend with in South Carolina, though he doubtless expressed his sentiments very freely upon the corrupt and iniquitous rulers of the day, and all their servile train. It is very clear, that the Colonel and Lord Lieutenant of the county of Norfolk was not a listener after such freedoms of speech;—was not a stuttering, grinning, goggle-eyed lump of mock-loyalty;—for had he been such a precious piece of goods, and the young captain, the writer of the letter to Mr. Trapier, had talked of men and things as surely he did talk, why then of a dead certainty, as clear as mud, as sure as nothing, he had never been Major of the West Norfolk Militia.

A young man's frolic, from which he caught a severe cold, put an end to Major Windham's military mania, and sent him abroad, it should seem, not only to repair his own constitution, but to study at the despot courts of Europe the surest mean of subverting that of his own country. He could have had no idea of such thing when he embarked, nor on his return could he have made much progress in this legitimate science, for we find him so late as 1783 accepting the appointment of Secretary to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and feeling some scruples of conscience as to practising the arts of corruption and influence which might be thought necessary to his new situation. Here it was that he consulted Dr. Johnson, as before alluded to, who humourously assured him, that he need not be afraid, for that he would soon make a very pretty rascal. However, he was afraid, withdrew from the temptation, and returned an honest man. Nothing alarms corruption more than this: when it was asserted that Mr. Windham wanted the due requisites to become a supple and venal courtier, a supple and venal courtier was immediately found to gainsay the jacobinical assertion. This reptile immediately spawned another story;—that Mr. Windham's resignation arose from a coolness between him and the Lord Lieutenant. Mr. Windham, it was argued, 'is a man of deep science and of great penetration and abilities; the Lord Lieutenant, here styled the great personage, likes a deep bottle—to penetrate a cork, and has strong abilities of bearing wine. The one was an enemy to thinking, the other to drinking, and so they parted.' This might serve the turn for the moment, but the truth was, that he held a subaltern's place in dirty work, so slipped the halter and escaped from his stall in the Augean stable, which he had not either the will perhaps, or the way, to clean out: and well had it been for his memory, that he had never entered that same beastly stable again in any situation whatever, high or low.

Soon after this, Mr. Windham obtained a seat in parliament, and, when there, very quietly edged up to the Treasury Bench, where sat in haughty dignity the prime minister, Pitt the Tory. He listened with redoubled attention to his new elucidation of things. He consulted with Burke, who, already mad, bit him, and they soon

were seen to tremble in conjunction for the fate of nations, and rave about the French Revolution, then commencing. We all know too well what followed; and that this man, who cried out for insurrection in the American war, became afterwards the rankest and fiercest Antijacobin in England, Burke alone excepted.

Cervantes delighted the world with a portraiture of all that was just and honourable, transported by the delusions of Fancy in her highest fever, to see things which were not, and act upon that seeing to the last extreme of absurdity. When sound and sane, Don Quixote was a most excellent man; even so was Mr. Windham. The world he moved in bore testimony to this; and verily I believe, that he was as decidedly mad upon state matters in reality, and as much to be pitied, as was the renowned Don Quixote de la Mancha, when upon his fancied knight errantry.

MR. WINDHAM.

THE main points of the dispute, and the precise grounds on which the colonies resisted the claims and demands of the mother country, are not so generally known as they ought to be. The Tories, with their accustomed malignity towards their opponents, say that the Americans would not pay any taxes at all to Great Britain, in return for her fostering care and protection, for two centuries; and now, having become wealthy and prosperous, to refuse to contribute a farthing towards the revenue in return for the great sacrifice made in her favour at all times, was most ungenerous and ungrateful: then launching into loyal abuse of the Yankees, the sword is justified, the policy of the war approved, the interference of France reprobated, and, in the true spirit of cant, the Independence obtained is lamented as ruinous to the Americans, and reconciled as the best thing, as our conquests in India show, that could have happened for England.

Not a word is said, that the taxes demanded of America were to be imposed by the parliament of England, which, in the then corrupt state of England, as now, means the King of England's ministers in conjunction with the oligarchy. Not a word is said of American representatives sitting in that parliament to see a little fair play. Not a word of the understanding with the country gentlemen, that the land tax and other imposts affecting real property, should, if not entirely repealed, be considerably relieved at the expense of the colonies,—so soon as their quota of taxation had provided for the expenditure occasioned by the necessity of conquering Canada in the reign of George the Second, to the great benefit, as alleged, of America, her commerce and domestic security. Not a word of the agreement with the British merchants, that they should be relieved of every duty which might materially affect their trade and commerce, by the joint contribution of the colonies to the revenue of the crown. O, no, not a word of this, lest the people of Eng-

land should perceive, that America was to be ground down by taxation to silence complaint and gratify avarice and monopoly in England, and that the war was unjust and unnecessary, and consequently murderous and impious: and lest they should have called upon the King to remember the principles of peace and justice which enthroned his family.

A browbeaten historian—browbeaten because he tells the truth of George the Third's disastrous reign—says, that 'In the act imposing the port duties on paper, glass, colours, teas, &c., passed A.D. 1767, was a remarkable clause, which gave scarcely less umbrage and alarm than the taxes themselves, empowering the crown, by sign manual, to establish a general CIVIL LIST throughout every province of America to an indefinite extent, with any salaries, places, or appointments, to the very last shilling of the American revenue. The act indeed provided, that, after all such ministerial warrants under the sign manual as are thought proper and necessary, shall be SATISFIED, the residue of the revenue shall be at the disposal of parliament. But who, it was asked, can suppose such warrants will ever be satisfied till ministers have provided for all their friends and favourites? This mockery of an American revenue proves at last, said a member of the house, Mr. Hartley, to be only the crumbs that fall from the minister's table—the RESIDUE of a royal warrant, countersigned by the First Lord of the Treasury!'

One would suppose, from all we know, that nothing new was to be learned of British corruption; yet here we see an empire lost for placemen and pensioners, friends and favourites, who voted the future funds for themselves from another country, to be raised by the edge of the sword. A British parliament, quietly seated in St. Stephen's chapel, 3000 miles from the victims of its hopeful legislation, thus bribed in expectancy, is an assured instrument of such unlimited indefinite fleecery. For the Americans to be there represented was out of the question; such an expanse of ocean is sufficient for a man once in his life to cross and return again, rather than once a year; and that there should be among the members more than a few honest men, here and there sprinkled and strewed, just to keep the roof from falling in upon their Judas Iscariot deliberations, was not to be expected. The consequence was, that this den of thieves had it all their own way; and America was lost, never to be regained.

The colonies were disposed to, and by two remarkable petitions to the King implored that they might, assist the revenue of the mother country by raising supplies in their own lawfully chartered and constitutional assemblies, as heretofore; alleging that they had never been backward in voting men and money in her service, and were most willing to contribute their means towards the expenses of the Canadian war; but gently hinted, that nothing further was to be expected. This, one would suppose, was sufficient, where rectitude, wisdom, and policy reigned; but the King disdainfully rejected the petitions of all America, and, in all the bad spirit of 'crowned fortune proud,' cried out—Submit to our will and pleasure, or force and arms shall speedily compel ye.

Lord Camden, then one of our learned judges of the law, declared in the House of Peers, that Taxation and Representation were coeval and essential to the British constitution. 'I repeat it,' he said, 'my position is, and I will maintain it to my last hour, that Taxation and Representation are inseparable.' Many others in either house pronounced in effect the same,—that the attempt to tax America by the British parliament was a monstrous tyranny, and a tyranny that America would not submit to. The learned Selden being once asked by what statute the Resistance to Tyranny could be justified? his reply was, It is to be justified by the custom of England, which is a part of the law of the land. All these things were well known to Mr. Windham, and appreciating them as a patriot and lover of his country, he took a decided part against the American war; and from another letter to Mr. Trapier, of which I will here also give a few passages, it will be seen that he was anxious to have it so known in both countries.

To Paul Trapier, esq., South Carolina—1788.

'You are to know, that since the commencement of this fatal war, I have written to you numerous letters, the purport of all which has been to tell you that I hope you will hear with pleasure, that I am a firm and zealous friend to the cause of America in the fullest extent. I reprobate, from the beginning, the conduct of Great Britain. I feel with the fullest conviction the madness and wickedness of our councils; and I exult in the resistance which America has made, and the success with which it has been crowned. The weakness of Great Britain, and not the justice or generosity, will now, I hope, put a period to the progress of calamity.'

'I have looked upon the affair for some time as decided, and decided in favour of justice, liberty, and the general happiness of mankind. It terminates indeed greatly to the dishonour of England; but, if England will depart from those generous principles which have hitherto ennobled it, and become the invader, instead of the supporter, of the liberties of the world, I shall be the first to say—let her meet with disgrace.'

'The point of Independence is not a matter with me of any consequence. If Independence be necessary to the welfare or safety of America, let a treaty be instantly formed on that ground; but if Liberty can be as well secured without that, and that the countries considered as one, will be likely to settle into a closer union, I would wish it were given up.'

'This is the sum of my sentiments, which it would be an infinite relief to me to know that you were acquainted with. It has been, for these three years, a most painful reflection for me to think, that you might possibly be under the impression of my entertaining sentiments which I hold in utter abhorrence.'

Major Garden has given both letters at length, and of a great length they are, as a specimen of the numerous remainder, which the writer mentions as having written. The brief extracts here given contain that which would have gone to the hanging any of us, when Windham was, as afterwards, Secretary at War, and a furious Antijacobin. The insurrectionary performance was probably the first he wrote to his American friend, and this now given was possibly the last, for we hear no more of him in that strain. There does not appear on the file any one of rejoicing in the final success of the cause he so lately delighted in; not a word in honour of Washington, whom he once so much respected. The next of his conduct that attracts public notice and private execration, was his enlistment under the banners of the frantic Burke, that bedlamite of arbitrary

power, whose ravings were only exceeded in mischief and all the concomitants of mischief by those who reduced them to practice, Pitt, Dundas, and Grenville, with whom Windham acted to the full measure of apostacy.

What an expression for a man of any feeling was that butcherly one of 'Killed off,' as let fall in the House of Commons, when demanding, in virtue of his office, recruits to replace the brave fellows that had fallen honourably in the field of fight. What a desertion of men and things once so dear, did the debate on General Fitzpatrick's motion for the relief of the unfortunate La Fayette display on the part of Windham. La Fayette, immured in the dungeons of the despot German Emperor, found a friend in General Fitzpatrick to move the House of Commons of England, to address the King to intercede in his behalf, but in vain was the effort. La Fayette had been too forward in plucking the jewel America from the crown of England, to find any favour with the King, had been too active in the early part of the French Revolution, to find favour with the House of Commons; but the infuriated speech of Windham upon the occasion, can only be viewed in its just light by placing it side by side with his insurrectionary letter. He vehemently opposed the motion, and charged La Fayette with having gone fresh from our hospitable shores to wield the sword against us in America. He imputed all the violences committed at Versailles, on the 5th and 6th of October, 1789, to the agency of La Fayette; and declared himself at a loss to conceive why gentlemen should attend to the sufferings of such a man, when the recital of horrors occasioned by him, every day filled their ears. He hoped that the House of Commons would never consent to have it told to the ally of Great Britain, that its conduct was inhuman. For his part, he thought it would be highly impolitic in the emperor to release M. La Fayette, who, if set at liberty, would be the promoter of fresh revolutions and convulsions. He was decidedly averse to humanity being extended to him, and thought it but just that he should be made an example of to the world, and that all men who commenced revolutions should receive the punishment due to their crimes. He deprecated any interposition in favour of a man whose only merit was that of having pulled down and destroyed the fabric of the established constitution of his country.

O shame, where is thy blush! This from the mouth of a man who had held treasonable correspondence with a declared enemy of the crown of England; saying—Nothing will save us, lost as we are, but a general insurrection of the lower orders of the people, purging off the contaminating spume that has mantled over the top of the spring, and threatened to choke it up.

GENERAL GREENE.

In compliment to the brilliant successes of General Greene, the Chevalier de la Luzerne, who as a knight of Malta must be considered as a competent judge

of military merit, thus speaks of him :—Other generals subdue their enemy by the means with which their country or sovereign furnish them ; but Greene appears to subdue his enemy by his own means. He commenced this campaign (in South Carolina) without either an army, provisions, or military stores. He has asked for nothing since ; and yet scarcely a post arrives from the south, that does not bring intelligence of some new advantage gained over the foe. He conquers by magic. History furnishes no parallel to this.

GARDEN.

MAJOR GARDEN'S remembrances of the deeds of the heroes of America, when fighting their freedom out of the fire and wrath of the King and government of England, do infinite honour to himself and to his country. He was aid-de-camp to General Greene, and an eye-witness of every affair of consequence in which that able officer was engaged ; and that the charge of partiality should not attach to his statements, so much in praise of his gallant friend and commander, he gives us a fine view of him by the hand of another.

Indeed this is no high colouring of the portrait. Nothing could exceed the defeat, the distress, and privation of the army which General Greene took the command of in South Carolina early in the year 1781. The romantic Lee had fallen into disgrace, and the once brave Arnold had traitorously fled over to the camp of the enemy. Gates, the conqueror of Burgoyne at Saratoga, having become, as was Clairfait in later day, like a drum that is never heard of but when it is beaten, was therefore superseded,—when up rose Greene, and up rose Victory. Even the British, for they knew him practically well, bore testimony to his great military talents,—none greater, said they, have been displayed against us, on the side of America.

His constancy under every disaster that necessarily followed upon the disadvantages of an army beaten down, was universally admired. After the sanguinary battle of Guildford, which was followed out by the defeats and repulses of Camden, Ninety-six, and Etaw-Springs, being advised by his officers to retreat into Virginia, he replied, ' I will recover the country or die in the attempt.' The historian recording the fact, says, Thus in situations where feeble minds droop and languish, the ardour of genius burns with redoubled lustre ; and thus the philosopher in the view of human nature, remarks, that the school of misfortune is the crucible in which great minds are refined, and little ones evaporated.

General Greene saw clearly through this dark cloud the sun which would eventually shine full upon him. Even when preparing to receive the attack of the enemy at Guildford, he wrote confidentially to his friend General Huger, that it was not improbable, from the pushing disposition of Lord Cornwallis, and the contempt that he had for the American army, but that he might precipitate himself into some capital misfortune. This foretelling was verified, and the prophecy fulfilled to the last letter of fallen pride and just visitation. Greene grew strong after every defeat, and Cornwallis became weak upon every victory ; he was driven out of the Carolinas into Virginia, and incontinently fell into the masterly spread toils of Wash-

ington at York Town: a fall which he remembered in brave humility to his dying hour.

General Greene, until called forth by the troublous times in which he lived, was a private person, in good circumstances, but entirely neglected and unknown, as is ever the case in a country governed by an oligarchy which affects to disdain, and labours to keep out of the light of day, its superior inferiors. Mischievously strong as was our oligarchy previous to the American war, it was not half so powerful, half so disgustingly oppressive, as it has been since. At that time several peers of the realm were steadfast to the cause of the expulsion of the Stuarts, and in those principles justified America. They delivered their sentiments in and out of the House of Lords with an energy that has not now the shadow of a remain. In 1776, the Duke of Manchester, himself descended of the Stuarts, would have enlightened the Tories upon the subject of going to war with a provoked and united people, but they were blind as bats, and deaf as adders, fulfilling, that none are so blind as those that will not see, and none so deaf as they that will not hear. He addressed himself to those who presumed much upon their hereditary wisdom, and who babbled of the facility of reducing the colonies to obedience,—those who took it into their wise heads that the Americans had not strength for war, that they had not means of war, that they had not union among themselves, that they wanted money, that they wanted discipline, that they wanted officers. To sum up the whole, said the noble duke, and to make them as contemptible as submissive, that they possessed not courage to face an English soldier. This contempt gave them union, and the refusal to hear their petitions confirmed the whole in a knot of calm deliberate men, determined to resist. Let our present House of Commons, King and government, and everything in power and rule, look to this, and no longer disdain the petitions of a united people, or they may find too late that such a knot will be formed, that even Alexander's Gordian receipt will be ineffectual to unravel it.

The Duke of Manchester did not stop here, but proceeded to remind their lordships, that money, which is but the type of property, the Americans soon supplied by a type of equal sense and use; and that even personal freedom gave way to public security, and personal property was sacrificed to the necessities of the rising state. The history of human nature, my lords, continued he, teaches us that the greatest talents often lie hid in the most disguised obscurity, till accident, till the bustle of the times, calls forth the genius and lights the ethereal spark; then do these meteors cast an unexpected blaze.

That an oppressed people cannot unite against the power of armies, is always the reasoning of mitres and cassocks, crowns and coronets, who call themselves great, and tell us that they are sent by God to govern us; and when such men as the noble duke tell them in return that they are rather sent by the devil to torment us, they send him to the devil for saying so.

Tread upon a worm and it will turn again, is a maxim too old to

repeat, only that it is so good. May not hundreds upon hundreds now at the warp, and the woof, and the tail of the plough, if much longer trodden upon, become susceptible of the most generous and heroic sentiments? The elements of greatness lie dormant in the breasts of the poor and ignorant, and even many, not poor and ignorant, yet obscure; until brought into action by accident, opportunity, or some enthusiastic cause. The shepherd on the mountain, the miner in the mine, the peasant of the vale, the mechanic and the handicraftsman, the quiet tradesman, the substantial merchant, and the indolent private gentleman, are all equally inflammable, when the fire is from heaven. Hence the Hampdens and the Cromwells, the Sidneys and the Russells, and all the worthies of their kind in England; and hence the Franklins, the Washingtons, and the Greens, and all the worthies of their kind in America.

This is the theme I love. It comes home to the freedom of my native land in all instances, times, and situations. In the humble, lowly, and reverent walks of human life, which teem with the sons of toil and tribulation,—lie concealed many a heart of oak in torpid apathy. Beyond the barrier, which has been so sensibly described as Poverty's unconquerable bar, how many a golden mind is lost in utter listlessness! Were these nurtured in infancy; encouraged in youth, and brought forth in manhood, what infinite good would come of it to the world; what brilliant acts and deeds would be achieved to the honour and glory of God, and to the peace and happiness of man. No longer would honest ambition be damped by the caprice of fortune. Great endowments, the peculiar gift of heaven, would no longer be impiously disregarded, because in poverty, in indigence, or in obscurity, by pride, contempt, and malevolence—hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness; all that damns nineteenth-century of the rulers and governors of the earth, and all their servile train. Merit in rags, and folly in scarlet, the legitimate curse which even Jesus Christ, the divine minister of all truth and justice, has not yet been able to eradicate; not even in the long course of eighteen hundred years—divine, pure, and powerful as every good christian confesses him to be;—but hears us daily and hourly continually cry, Good Lord deliver us, we beseech thee to hear us, good Lord: and because we are not delivered, the rulers and governors of the earth, and all their servile train, conclude that our prayers are not heard, and that we must ask for quite other things if we expect our askings to be attended to.

BRITISH ATROCITIES.

THE injudicious conduct of the British commanders, subsequent to the capture of Charleston, has been the subject of pointed animadversion, even by their own historians. I have frequently heard General Wayne declare, that while he commanded a division of the army on the retreat from Quebec, that the evil he most dreaded was, the arrival in his camp of men who had been prisoners with the enemy. Since these, after having experi-

enced the most kind treatment, furnished with comfortable clothing, and dismissed by the commander-in-chief, Sir Guy Carleton, without the imposition of any conditions for the regulation of their future conduct, never failed so gratefully to acknowledge his forbearance and generosity, that rapid desertion was the immediate consequence.

Had the politic and generous Carleton been the victor, and possessed the power of directing the measures of government, instead of the austere and unbending Cornwallis, the difficulties to America in establishing her independence, would have been increased beyond calculation.

The severity exercised by General Howe towards the American prisoners being the topic of conversation among some officers who had been taken in Canada by Sir Guy Carleton, General Parsons, who was present, exclaimed, 'His inhumanity delights me.' Why so? was the immediate reply. 'You, gentlemen,' said Parsons, 'have been kindly treated by a generous enemy; say, would you be inclined to fight against him?' The answer was, No, not if it were possible to avoid it. 'Such,' added Parsons, 'would have been the reply of the troops taken by Howe, had he treated them with kindness; but now we are confident that his barbarity will raise us another army.'—GARDEN.

THE greater portion of those commanders who were employed by the King and his predestinate councillors, to conquer America, are now gone to their account, and a weighty balance undoubtedly stands against them all, not even excepting his late majesty. The Majesty of Heaven has no more regard for war-loving kings, with only the state cant of justice and necessity in their mouths, than for the lowest of their subjects with equally plausible pleas for the commission of every act of bloodthirstiness. The drivelling fools and impious knaves that preach of the Divine Right of Kings to be engaged, if they please, in furious, bloody wars, for more than half the duration of their reigns, will cry Treason upon this, no doubt, and blasphemy; and they may cry, and they may do more than cry, if it so suit their bad intents and purposes.

The atrocities of some of the British generals throughout that infernal war, the wanton cruelties and savage devastations of certain officers under them, of several renegade Americans under these, and, last not least, the employment of the horrid savages, shall not be passed over in these Records. The Tories have not a man to deal with who will let Major Garden's book be lost because such booksellers in London as Murray of Albemarle-street, and Taylor and Hessey of Fleet-street, and many others of their kind of all the streets, dare not sell it; and that for any reason but a sterling one, even though they most assuredly can adduce many from the Mint, and more from the Bank of England. Neither shall it be disguised, that Burgoyne in particular, and Howe, Clinton, Cornwallis, Rawden, Tarleton, and others, in general, never failed to plead their instructions for every atrocity; whilst we know that these instructions were read to the King by Germaine and North and others; nay, Burgoyne, with the exception of the murder of Miss Rea, declared that he received the King's personal injunctions for every act of barbarity and devastation that took place under his command, previous to and only ending with the capture of himself and army at Saratoga. Our own historians always speak of it as a fact of credence, not less than any they relate from first to last of England's and the King of England's disgraceful loss of America.

Of the generals in chief Major Garden speaks at large, reserving the enumeration of particular facts for the routine of their occurrence, which shall come to you, my friends, so surely as they came to me. He says, that Gates also had been repeatedly heard to say, 'Had General Howe treated his prisoners and the inhabitants of Jersey, when subdued, with as much humanity as Sir Guy Carleton exercises towards his prisoners, it would have proved fatal to the Americans.'

The gallant Major gives a note below of this tribute to the generosity and good policy of Sir Guy Carleton, which detracts certainly a little from that officer's motives; but historians have nothing to do with motives, and, whenever they pretend to meddle with them, in so far their testimony is weakened and their authority is of no worth. When America was lost, it was very natural for a man who had acted in all things well and wisely, had made every exertion to keep this invaluable jewel in the King's crown, which the Stuartism of the King himself so obstinately persisted in casting out of his crown;—indeed, it was enough to sour the general's temper, and if he were a little rude, and perhaps a little surly upon the event, every one knows that he committed no atrocities. It is but reasonable and commonly forbearing to pass over this, while it is equally just and equitable to mark down those for execration who began the savage game; yet who, when defeated in the end, became mild and gentle, and affected to lament the spilt blood that stained their own hands, and canted of the horrors of the war in which themselves had until so lately yelled the who-ooop, and hurled the destructive firebrand.

The heartless, vengeful, impolitic cruelties of the Stuarts subsequent to their Restoration, became, as our judges say, part and parcel of their blood-red cause, and obtained as much or more with the people to join with the oligarchy in church and state, to bring about the Revolution, than did their religious encroachments. Bishops and lords and all such courtly gear, pretend that it was the catholicism of Charles and James that alone ousted them from the throne of their fathers, and have been canting about popery every since, the better to disguise the fact of resistance to arbitrary power, and the invasion of a people's rights and liberties.

The unsuccessful effort in the West, commonly known as Monmouth's rebellion, was visited by such inhuman and lawless butchery by Jeffries and Kirk, under the positive though private injunctions of James the Second and his ministers, as had not been witnessed in all time in England, and made the Revolution there a measure devoutly to be wished. The execrable persecution of the unfortunate covenanters beyond the Tweed, from the first hour of Charles's restoration to the last of James's deposition, revived the old hatred and animosity against high church authority and arbitrary government in full force: these feelings became, as it were, infused into their blood and breeding; and it is supposed, even to this day, that there is not a descendant of that steadfast community, who could, even by accident, beget a Tory or an Arminian.

This were sufficient warning, one would have thought, to kings and courts, of the consequences of Tyranny, and that the Revolution which dethroned the Stuarts would not in haste be forgotten by their successors; but kings and courts take no warning, and always affect to believe that the like visitations cannot again occur. William the Third and his advisers displayed a woful example of this infatuation; for scarcely had three short years elapsed from his enthronement, when he signed the fatal warrant, independent of law, judge, or jury, for the massacre of all the males under seventy years of age of the M'Donalds of Glencoe. This clan was not very numerous, yet about two hundred of them were marked for the slaughter, in the dead of the night, and while the hapless victims were asleep, unsuspecting of such a bloodthirsty outrage, and unprepared to repel it. Thirty-eight of these were butchered in their beds, helpless and unresisting. The remainder happily escaped through the passes of the glen ere the ruffians had time to secure them. A boy of eight years of age was stabbed to the heart in the act of imploring mercy. A guest with a protection in his pocket, granted two months before, was also assassinated. After all which, the royally deputed savages set the houses on fire, and drove off the cattle, leaving the old men, women, and children, exposed, naked, and forlorn, to the inclemencies of the cold, cold north, in the midst of winter, and to all the miseries of famine, grief, and wretchedness.

Thus in one short night did the hirelings of William the Third, under his sign manual, perpetrate the crimes of murder, felony, and arson. Attached as I am to the principles of the Revolution of 1688, yet do I not hesitate to affirm, that King William should immediately have been drawn in a cart to Tyburn and hanged for this execrable massacre, and all that justified it, and many there were, upon the rotten ground of state necessity, should have had the high honour of swinging with him.

From this time blood was not barbarously shed at kingly fiat, until the reign of George the Second. The victory at Culloden enabled the Duke of Cumberland to follow out his instructions, and upon the poor Highlanders again to satiate royal vengeance. The battle itself was necessary, but the slaughter of the pursuit, the cutting down by the cavalry of the poor, broken, fleeing highlander, was nothing more nor less than royal gluttony in blood, where there is the least shadow of an excuse for it. The exultation and delight of the victors did not stop here: the cruelties afterwards, suggested, even to the friends of the house of Brunswick, that there was more Stuart blood in the Guelphic line than many were aware of. In all other respects, the corruption of Walpole excepted, the reign of George the Second may be pronounced as most consonant with the true interests of England since the protectorship of Cromwell.

The obstinate Stuartism of George the Third, infused into his mind by Bute, himself a Stuart, engendered the American war, that wide waste of human life, that latitude of devastation and ruin, in which Turks and Infidels had blushed to have been concerned,

Grenville followed upon Bute, and every high prerogative minion after him, to bring mischief into birth. The failure of this fond hope turned his majesty's brain, and rendered him yet more ripe to fall foul upon the French Revolution. Here the divine right of kings floated, and rolled, and laved, and bathed, in human blood, in high delight, from one corner of Europe to the other, none so sanguine in the turmoil as was George the Third. Ireland, himself, his Castlereagh, his Judkin Fitzgerald, and villain under villain, even down to the hangman, deluged with blood. In the East Indies the natives only knew him by one revolution upon another, in positive contradiction to his own legitimate absurdities. From the victory of Plaissey to the conclusion of the Delhi war, it is a history of thrones subverted, governments overturned, and hecatombs destroyed. Indeed, every friend of justice and humanity, the best of terms for social order and good government, had become already sick of the reign of George the Third; when it was completed, most consistently completed, in the full measure of his disastrous and sanguinary sway, by the slaughter at Manchester,—a wanton, diabolical shedding of subjects' blood, which the children of Tories and Americans yet unborn, will only exist to deplore in poverty and tears.

GENERAL SUMTER.

‘It was General Sumter's supreme good fortune, to give the first check to the British successes in South Carolina, after the fall of Charleston, by completely routing, on the 12th of July, 1780, at Williams's Plantation, a marauding detachment of their army, commanded by Captain Huck, a miscreant who, by his cruelty and profanity, appeared equally the enemy of God and man. During his predatory excursions, he had perpetrated every species of barbarity, and excited the resentments of the inhabitants still more by his words than by his actions. With him the exclamation was common—“God Almighty has turned rebel; but had the Americans twenty Gods instead of one on their side, they should all be conquered!!”’—GARDEN.

WHAT say ‘We the magistrates’ to this hopeful specimen of blasphemy? Ceased it to be such, when applied in the service of his most sacred majesty to those in resistance to his arbitrary will and pleasure? Were I a casuist in these legitimate points, with courtly views and loyal prospects before me, I might possibly enlighten the land; but as I am not so qualified, it shall remain with HIM who only can truly estimate what is blasphemy.

The domestic and every-day character of George the Third was very good; indeed, it was rare and excellent. It was that of the Sir Roger de Coverley which Addison imagined, now realized in a king. In common with millions, I have ever wished that this king had never been other than a country squire, a fox-hunter, a fancy agriculturist, of three or four thousand a year; but I will not be over-particular in detailing reasons for wishing that he had filled so comfortable a situation in life, lest knaves and slaves in power and

place, might induce the attorney-general to 'argue the topic' with me, to my great disadvantage.

It has become current in the courtly world, that the characters of dead kings are to be held equally sacred with those of the living. I am not, thank God, a courtier, and therefore must be excused the acceptance of such tinsel in legal tender. In the last stricture upon Mr. Garden's statement of the barbarity of the British commanders in America, I spoke generally of the public acts connected with the reign of King George the Third, as executed by those in authority under him, grade by grade, down even to the hangman. I have a right so to speak, for that reign is done, and another is begun. That which is done belongs to the chronicles of time past, and must be fearlessly recorded, or history is of no worth. That which has begun, is the parole of time present, and needs only to be honestly registered and noted as a guide to the historian in time to come. When grim Death hath done his bidding, then is the season to sum up the good and the evil in impartial evidence to all, leaving common sense and common honesty to return the verdict.

In this spirit I ever have and ever will record the good and evil of George the Third's eventful and protracted reign. Now engaged upon the King's own, much loved, and anxiously sought war against his American colonies, this paper shall be confined to a few facts of individual atrocity, which were committed by certain villains employed by 'all in authority under him.' One solitary copy of a work recording them, hath found its way to England as a gift to a good man, and I have been honoured by that good man with the perusal of it. Verily, it were well that some East Indian patriot and lover of his country, did thus hand down to the generations existing and to come, the assured instances of violence which have at all times accompanied the conquest and usurpation of Britain in that remote quarter of the globe. Instances of bloodshed and rapacity, which have practically exhibited to the native population there, that Christians with the sword in their hands, the gospel in their mouths, and with avarice in their hearts, can outdo the usual outdoings of Turks, Infidels, and Jews, and then, in set and formal prayer, call seriously upon Almighty God to bless the justice of their cause, and approve the necessity of following it out by reckless slaughter and vengeful devastation. In Ireland, I am informed, a gentleman is already preparing such a catalogue of barbarities, of every kind, under which his hapless country has so long and so irretrievably groaned. Perhaps he is aware, that when the work is done, he must go to America to publish it, or it can never find the way to England, where it ought most to be read. Major Garden, when dwelling upon the distinguished worthies, forgets not the sufferings of his countrymen, at the fiat of the King of England, and 'all in authority under him,' grade by grade, down even to the hangman.

There were a few British officers under Howe, Clinton, Rawdon, Burgoyne, Cornwallis, Tarleton, and others, that would do their behests in cold-blooded violence. Unhappily in all nations and communities, reprobates and ruffians are to be found, who for hire will

betray their country, and slay their countrymen, and answer every purpose sought in villainy. The British commanders very early in the contest connected themselves with such wretches, which were but too readily found among the colonists; and calling them loyalists, to the great affront of all loyalty, making them captains over hundreds, and lieutenants over fifties, and ensigns over twenties, and selecting these from the vilest of this vile banditti, to the eternal insult of every gallant gentleman who filled these honourable ranks and stations. Having made these revolting appointments, they let them and their associates loose upon their countrymen the Americans, crying havoc and unsparing vengeance. Every human being not in arms shuddered at the thought of them, and those in battle array cared not to come in contact with such furious renegades. For full five years had they thus carried death and destruction in their train, and terror and dismay before them, when it was the good fortune of General Sumter to inflict the first castigation upon one of their hordes, and thereby break the charm of their horrible invincibility.

Huck did not stand alone, but had many coadjutors, who in due season shall be exhibited to view. One or two of them now, the remainder in their turn. My American friend, and the friend of every man of the commonest humanity, in the more advanced pages of his book makes mention of others of the breed, and tells the British how much the employment of them contributed to the defeats which they ultimately sustained. He says, 'that great injury was done to the cause of Britain by the latitude allowed by the established authorities to the marauding corps of M'Girth, Fanning, Huck, and others. To detail the deeds of horror, perpetrated by this merciless banditti, would revive recollections that for the honour of human nature had better be buried in oblivion. Suffice it to say, that, notwithstanding solemn conventions, that surrender should secure protection from injury, death was made the constant attendant upon victory. Thus, at the close of the year 1781, Captain Turner and twenty men, after solemn assurances that they should be treated as prisoners of war, were deliberately murdered. Colonel Hayes and Captain Williams, with fourteen of their fellows, were in like manner, after surrendering, cut to pieces in cold blood. The activity and cool intrepidity of Mr. John Hunter, at the period of mere youth, but in later times distinguished as an enlightened legislator, saved himself from the merciless vengeance of Fanning. Ordered for immediate execution, he had reached the foot of the fatal tree on which he was to suffer, and appeared to be alone intent on the exercise of his devotions, when observing a very spirited horse within his reach, he by sudden exertion freed himself from confinement, leaped into the saddle, and, putting the animal to his speed, though followed by a shower of bullets, escaped uninjured.'

A very lucky escape indeed, Mr. John Hunter, and God only knows how soon too many of us may be placed in the like perilous situations,—and may we be equally active and bold in our deliver-

ance. This I know and feel full well, that if we be as steadfast and strenuous in our cause of Reform of Parliament as were the determined Americans in their cause of Resistance to Taxation without Representation, we had best look well to ourselves, for the trying hour is drawing nigh. The Tories have long since come to the fixed resolution to resist Reform by every manner of means, even to fire and sword. Then will the Howes, the Clintons, the Rawdons, and the Burgoynes, the Cornwallisses and the Tarletons, let loose the Hucks, the Fannings, and the M'Girths, upon us ;— then will 'all in authority' in set and formal prayer call seriously upon Almighty God to bless the justice of their cause, and approve the necessity of following it out by reckless slaughter and vengeful devastation. We trust that the Almighty will bless them, as in America, by the capture of their armies and the utter defeat of their infernal malignity ; but this may not be, until, as the Americans, we have undergone extreme and dreadful sufferings, and have made the most heart-rending and ruinous sacrifices : so never let us cease to bear ever in our own, and to impress always upon the minds of our friends, the assured necessity of being prepared for the worst that can happen, save only and except our subjugation, as that cannot happen to a cause so true.

Let us not pass lightly over the American atrocities because they were committed many years ago, and may not be renewed, but stedfastly believe that the spirit which engendered them is yet alive and fierce as ever. The thoroughbred race of the Hucks, the Fannings, and the M'Girths, are now in zealous employ to hasten the sanguinary catastrophe, as were Castlereagh, Judkin Fitzgerald, and others, in Ireland, to foment the rebellion there. One of these now at work, a public defaulter of unaccounted thousands, is making his peace with his masters by editing a weekly newspaper, of all others the one that hath yet disgraced this land, for it is of all others the basest and most villainous towards the people. An imaginary name of long standing among us, which purposes to convey all that is sterling, honest, and unbending, this brazen rascal has appropriated to his use, by assigning it to his hireling, abject, and abandoned publication. He is supported, and openly, by those who dote on war yet durst not fight,—who blow the coals yet never quench the flame,—trumpeters who set the combatants by the ears and then fall back into a safe situation ;—and is read with delight by Belial and all his rapacious votaries, clan, and family.

DR. SKINNER.

'COLONEL Lee has stated that Dr. Skinner had a dire objection to the field of battle, yet in private society was always ready for a quarrel. It might be truly asserted, that it required infinite circumspection not to come to points with him, since he really appeared to consider tilting as a pleasing pastime, and was, as an Irish soldier once said of him, "an honest fellow, just as ready

to fight as eat." In his regiment and among his intimates, he was regarded as a privileged man, and allowed to throw the shafts of his wit with impunity. When first Skinner appeared in the lower country, he wore a long beard and huge fur cap, the last through necessity, the first from some superstitious notion, into the meaning of which it was impossible to penetrate.—An officer who really esteemed him, asked, "Why he suffered his beard to grow to such an unusual length?" He tartly replied, "It is a secret, sir, betwixt my God and myself, that human impertinence shall never penetrate." On a night alarm at Ninety-six, as Colonel Lee was hastening forward to ascertain the cause, he met Skinner in full retreat, and, stopping him, said, "What is the matter, doctor, whether so fast, not frightened, I hope?" "No, colonel, no," he replied, "not absolutely frightened, but, I candidly confess, most damnablely alarmed." His strong resemblance to the character of Falstaff, which Colonel Lee has also noticed, was very remarkable. "He was witty himself, and the cause of wit in others." Like the fat knight, too, in the calculation of chances, not over scrupulous in distinction between mium and tum; and I should decidedly say, in his narration of broils and battles, too much under the influence of Shrewsbury clock.

In person Skinner was not unlike the representation generally given of Sancho in his government, exhibiting extravagant pretensions to state and self-consequence. Nor was he insensible to the influences of the tender passion. He not only could love, but he believed himself possessed of every requisite to inspire passion, particularly priding himself upon a roughish leer with the eye, that he deemed irresistible.

Falstaff maintained that it was proper for every man "to labour in his own vocation." Skinner asserted that every man had his sphere of action, beyond the limits of which he ought never to emerge. "Mine," said he, "amidst the tumults of war, the conflict of battle, is in the rear. There I am always to be found. I am firm at my post." Arriving near the bank of the river on the night of the contemplated attack upon John's Island, he was asked whether he intended to pass the ford?—"By no means," he replied, "I am not fond of romantic enterprise, and will not seek for perilous achievements, where the elements, more than the enemy, are to be dreaded. The river is too deep, and my spirits are not buoyant; I should sink to a certainty, and meet a watery grave. Death by water-drinking! I shudder at the thought of it. I will remain and take care of the baggage; and as many of you as can boast a change, may be sure to meet at your return the comforts of clean linen, and the most cordial welcome that I can give you."—GARDEN.

A GENTLEMAN has lately crossed the Atlantic on a visit to the Utopian states of the western world; to spy the land, to see and be seen, kiss and come home again, as our grannums are wont to say to their little folk. Disgusted with everything that America contained, the country from end to end, the men, their manners and their ways, he returned, and sending his observations to the press, made thereby his peace with all the Tories. He took credit to himself that he published to the world but half the brutality he witnessed of the population of ten thousand breeds of every cross in nature save that of gentleman; for the pride of a gentleman, he informs us, in one of his best-penned paragraphs, is there unknown. He traversed the United States in various directions, extending his journey to Birkbeck's settlement, returned to Philadelphia, and wintered there.

I have perused this gentleman's volume with attention, and have calmly conversed with himself upon the various subjects therein contained; and, when he tells me that he has only recorded one-half of the unamiabilities of the Americans, I am filled with grief and astonishment; the more so, as having known him intimately for upwards of twenty years, and have ever, in common with his

neighbours and mine, been assured of his veracity in all things to the best of his knowledge and belief.

If the Americans be such iniquitous ruffians as the Visit to North America portrays them, it must have grown out of the brutal war that was waged against them by the mother country ; which went to engender a hatred to all royalty, nobility, and aristocratic gentry : a feeling of wrath not at all appeased by Castlereagh's insane instructions to the British generals in the late war, to burn and destroy their city of Washington. This outrage, so characteristic of the man, was doubtless calculated to increase the irritation of the Americans against us, in the empty hope of stopping emigration. Certain is it, that of all nations England stands least in their public and private regards, which can only be attributed to British atrocities towards them.

From Major Garden's worthies the present race must have sprung, now so degenerated as our traveller's pages describe them ; who, he says, independent of their coarseness, form no traits of wit and humour, the natal gift of uneducated men in every other quarter of the world. The peasantry of Ireland, the most debased by legitimacy of all beneath the British crown, teem and overflow with these essentials to the endurance of human existence. Cant and cunning and money-getting are but poor substitutes for the cheerfulness of wit and humour. Prudence only in well-regulated communities is permitted to put a grave face upon either. That to strike a bargain to the ninth part of a hair, is the happiest talent of a Yankee, and to abide by that only so far as the law enjoins, is much to be lamented ; and marvel we may that society is not broken up among them, until we come to consider that the English in that respect, taken collectively, are quite as bad.

If the Americans have no manners, wit, and learning now, no mirth and humour, they once had ; and it follows that those who did possess such happy qualities, have died issueless and unproductive, root and branch. That not one descendant of the eccentric, sprightly Skinner should be found in the vast extent, from their own fertile Georgia to our unfruitful Canada, is strange indeed, but, according to our friend, in text and context, is no more strange than true. I have given from Major Garden a sketch of many grave and gallant warriors : I now, from the same source, introduce a contrast in the person of an American, who liked fighting no better than did Falstaff, and who was endued with qualities not very uncongenial with those of that inimitable soul of all comedy.

Dr. Skinner's character, as thus drawn by Colonel Lee, bears upon the face of it the marks of truth, and was nearly the same which Nature intended it to be when she moulded him. If he were a coward, and who durst in his presence say it ? his sensation of fear was of a peculiar kind. Rochefaucault, who knew the human heart and mind so well, says, that one man shall tremble at a sword, yet intrepidly stand against a shower of balls ; whilst another shall shudder at a bullet, yet shall face a sword with every boldness,—and this last was the feeling of Skinner, who, being attached to the army

only as a surgeon, took no pains to conquer, nor even to disguise it, the more so as we have seen that he was a privileged man. Rochefaucault does not saddle cowardice upon either of his supposed defaulters, but the rather attributes the sensations he has described to an antipathy of the soul, which the mortal man cannot answer for. There was a British officer under the hopeful command of the Duke of York, whose courage, so far from being called into question, was frequently extolled in the despatches, and always admired by his associates, yet this gentleman could never face the sabre of a dragoon with common composure. A gash was horror to him, nor did he much endeavour to conceal it. Under the heaviest and most destructive fire in action, he has been observed as placid and as attentive to his duty, as though no such thing was going on. With Dr. Skinner, a small sword he rather liked than otherwise; and in a dispute with an Austrian officer, who had insinuated in his presence something lightly of a British regiment of cavalry, which being resented, the foreigner's sabre was quickly brandished in defiance, the Englishman, an infantry officer, withdrew, but not without locking his antagonist in the room, and taking the key in his pocket, but quickly returned with his pistols, a friend, and a pair of small swords, offering him either, in the open air and wind, and sun to boot. Many were present, and know how it ended. No foreign officers ever after presumed in his presence to give indiscreet latitude to their tongues, and the wretched work they witnessed on the part of the commander in chief and the little old women martinet generals under him, was expatiated upon any where else than in his hearing.

I have merely instanced a point without meaning to assimilate the courage of the gallant defender of his cavalry friends with that doubtful sort of come and go and facetious bravery of Dr. Skinner; for himself and his fighting only belong to the Falstaff he has been so happily likened to. With Falstaff, Skinner was the pink of courtesy in his own esteem with all the ladies. He would walk in the presence of beautiful young women, of which there were, and doubtless are, whatever may say the Tories to the contrary, very many in America, in the full assurance of subduing all hearts; strutting among them, as though he wore Prince Volcuis's boots, which were made, 'tis said, of love-leather. Skinner only wanted Nature's matchless bard to immortalize him, as Shakspeare had unquestionably some facetious wanton rogue of Elizabeth's court in his eye, when he drew the inimitable Falstaff.

HARRY BARRY.

AT the battle of Etaw, after the British line had been broken, and the Old Buffs, a regiment that had boasted of the extraordinary feats they were to perform, were running from the field, Lieutenant Manning sprang forward in pursuit, directing the platoon which he commanded to follow him. He did not cast an eye behind him until he found the British were on all sides of him,

and not an American soldier nearer than one hundred and fifty or two hundred yards. He did not hesitate a moment, but springing at an officer who was near him, seized him by the collar, and exclaiming in a harsh tone, 'Damn you, sir, you are my prisoner,' wrested his sword from his grasp, dragged him by force from the house into which Cruger and his York volunteers had thrown themselves, and, keeping his body as a shield of defence from the heavy fire from the windows, carried him off without sustaining any injury.

Manning has often related, that, at the moment when he expected his prisoner would have made an effort for liberty, he with great solemnity commenced an enumeration of his titles :—' I am, sir, Henry Barry, deputy-adjutant-general of the British army, captain in the 52nd regiment, secretary to the commandant of Charleston : '—' Enough, enough, sir, you are just the man I was looking for ; fear nothing for your life, you shall screen me from danger, and I will take special care of you.'—Manning was of inferior size, but strong, and remarkably well formed. This probably led Barry, who could not have wished the particulars of his capture to be commented on, to reply, when asked by his brother officers how he came to be taken ? ' I was overpowered by a huge Virginian.'—GARDEN.

THE solemn, assinine coxcomb Tory, hath ever been dearly beloved in the estimation of our hopeful rulers and governors under the house of Guelph, since the last of the Stuarts was tumbled into the grave. Assumed, chub-headed gravity in things of no moment, and natural Tom-foolery in matters of the last importance, with at all times plenty of cant, malignity, and God save the King in full chorus, have gone to fill up his span from that hour to this. If the lively and free and easy Skinner, of America, hath not been able to propagate his kind, the legitimate blockhead of England fails not in begetting his like, and for our sins transmitting it down with the most unerring truth of breeding ; while sterling, straight-forward Englishmen, have been driven from the foremost ranks of society, to make room for this precious piece of lumber.

The men deeply versed in, and disdaining to flinch from, those principles which placed, first the Statholder of Holland, and next the Elector of Hanover, on the throne of these realms, were frowned down into obscurity, and the feelings of Patriotism and Love of Country which governed their minds upon those manly exertions of birthright, were derided as visionary. Every knave of Grace and fool of Fortune, who loyally fell in with this new doctrine of convenience and breach of contract in the name of God, was rewarded in due time by all that crowns and coronets could bestow, in navy and army, law, physic, and divinity, and the thousand other ways and means which inordinate taxation embraces, to corrupt and to enslave. The American war grew out of this falling away, and a fine harvest indeed it was at home, while the plunder of the rebel colonies abroad ' was a' delightfu' to think on.'

Every great Tory family sent some one solemn coxcomb of the thorough chub-breed into the service there, to make his fortune in rank or riches or courtly reputation. Some were downright thieves, as Tories in their public capacity are known to be, and some were downright fools in all capacities, and some were only braggarts and poltroons ; one of which Harry Barry, from his own lips, evidenced himself to be.

What a figure must this notorious lip-loyal reviler of American

courage have cut in the eyes of his friends who were in view and all around him ! A deputy-adjutant-general, in the proper person of the scornful Barry, held up in derision while whole platoons were firing at the gallant hero so holding him up and bearing him away in triumph ! Military history has no parallel of such an exhibition, nor does any other history that I have yet read, afford but one instance of the kind. About the year 1815, the Irish newspapers made mention of some villains having broken into a farmer's house, in the county of Cork, when, in the great confusion attending upon resistance, the farmer's son laid hold of one of the thieves, whom he held up before him as a defence, until he was almost cut to pieces by his own comrades, who mistook him for the farmer's son.

However unprecedented Harry Barry's exposure may at first sight appear, yet the Irish story tells us that such has since taken place, and why not aforesaid ? and our own reflection reminds, that Harry Barry was not the only thief of this latter day, who has been poised as a shield against the assaults of the gang he belonged to. How Harry escaped unriddled is difficult to conceive, unless the general laugh which ensued among the York volunteers, at the comic absurdity of the scene, unsteadied their aim. It might, that the bullets which they fired out of the windows and loopholes laughed also, or it might not. I will not believe, that, while endeavouring to bring down Lieutenant Manning, their fear of hitting master Barry was the cause ; for British soldiers so little love an officer that yields without a struggle, that of a surety they would have pierced the lubberly shield presented to their aim, if they possibly could ; and, if all the truth were known, much rather than the warrior who so bravely bore it.

When Harry Barry said, in extenuation of his consummate poltroonery, that he was overpowered by a huge Virginian, he evidently sought to blink the question, and drop the subject. No manly indignation was shewn at the degrading manner in which he was carried off in sight of both armies ; no appeal, no resentment, nothing was seen in his conduct but that meanness of spirit which invariably ends in the pocketing an affront. Davila, in his very amusing and most instructive history of the wars of the League and the Hugonots,—a history which every admirer of Sully on the other side should read with impartial attention, as likewise should the readers of Davila most carefully study the Duke de Sully ; but this by the way :—

Davila relates, that after a short skirmish of cavalry rather than a fight, the Hugonots being in their retreat charged by the Count de Chaligny of the League, and the Sieur de Rosne, there followed in the adjoining plain a great encounter. When they of the League would have retired, they found themselves engaged by the Baron de Biron, who with another troop fell in upon their flank, so that to save themselves they were fain to turn their backs and run full speed ; which the Count de Chaligny scorning to do, and gallantly fighting in the midst of his enemies, was taken prisoner by Chicot, the king's jester, but a notable sturdy lad, who in the taking of him

received a wound from him in the head, whereof he died not many days after. The count being brought into the King's presence, Henry the 4th, and being much afflicted to have been taken by a fellow of so base a profession, the King comforted him, assuring him that Chicot was a valiant fellow, and he ought rather to complain against himself for having engaged himself so far; to which the count answered, that the desire of seeing and learning had made him so forward. The king replied, that those of his party knew not how to teach him, and that, if he would learn the art of war, he ought to fight under his colours and near his person.

Here are honest courage and true chivalry on all sides; and if a man will be a soldier, he must be a soldier at all points and at all hazards. Here we see a noble-minded gentleman fighting valiantly against hundreds whose swords were upraised against him, and in the midst of these difficulties he inflicts a mortal wound upon the individual that takes him prisoner; and his gallant spirit not even satisfied with this, but feels indignant at the unworthiness of his captor, though as brave a man as ever drew cold iron. Good reader, return but for a moment to the coxcomb Barry, who was entrusted with the interior array of the British army in America, and who boasted with all the boasters of that army, whomsoever they might be, that they would chase the Americans from one end of the country to the other, as sheep upon the mountains, and that as sheep they should be worried and slaughtered wheresoever they were caught.

Lo, this Deputy-adjutant-general of the British army, this captain in the 52nd regiment of foot, this Secretary to the Commandant of Charleston,—suffers himself, while surrounded by his friends, to be seized by the collar and disarmed by a young American officer whom the chance of war had left single and unsupported in the midst of his enemies. Without an effort to save himself, much less an endeavour to inflict a mortal wound upon his captor, as did the bold Chaligny under every disadvantage; this heartless coxcomb is dragged into the enemy's lines under every contumely, and not hanged when he got there, and not cashiered when he returned to England. My friends, the hour is fast approaching when you will hear the yell and the boast of your enemies, that they will chase you from one end of the country to the other, as sheep upon the mountains, and that as sheep you shall be worried and slaughtered wheresoever you are caught: but heed them not, for nine times in ten they will be found of the Harry Barry breed, and, like him, need only be seized by the collar, and disarmed, and led away captive in derision and laughter.

MRS. CHARLES ELLIOT.

A British officer, distinguished by his inhumanity and constant oppression of the unfortunate, meeting Mrs. Charles Elliot in a garden adorned with a great

variety of flowers, asked the name of the Camomile, which appeared to flourish with peculiar luxuriance. The Rebel Flower, she replied. Why was that name given to it? said the officer. Because, rejoined the lady, it thrives most when most trampled upon.—GARDEN.

MAJOR GARDEN dwells with delight upon the conduct of the ladies in the American Revolution. Their Patriotism and Love of Country was unbounded. Unlike the higher and the highest ranks of Tory women in England, who, because the corrupt provision which government makes for their husbands, affords rich furniture and splendid equipages, are therefore eternally curtain-lecturing them into abject submission to every usurpation,—the American wives resisted every temptation held out by power, and the tools and instruments of power, and worked the weal of their country. Their influence being that which all ladies have in common over the lords of the creation, was even so effectual. Their sayings and doings would fill a volume, and some of the most brilliant and striking my gallant authority has not marked down in vain. I trust they will not be lost upon numbers of my countrywomen, as I occasionally instance a few of them from him.

So soon as the French ambassador announced in England the treaty between his court and America, the sapient taxers of America were roused from their divine-right infatuation, and bestirred themselves awhile; but quickly relapsing into their pristine and hereditary stupor, they there, happily for the colonists, remained until the colonies were lost and the war was over. True, Lord Carlisle and others were sent out with conciliating propositions to the hitherto despised or brutally abused leaders of the Rebellion, as fools and knaves were wont to call the resistance to oppression. The King—for he plunged head foremost into the war—the King and his ministers and all the ruling Tories, made almost every wished-for concession, short of Independence, and headed their offers by the unshackled grant of Representation in the British Parliament!

This did indeed stagger the colonists. Throughout the States, before things had proceeded so dreadfully far, these offers had been joyfully accepted; but now other passions had arisen; and all ranks and stations and degrees of the Americans, had long ceased to be moderate. Their enemies had so recklessly trampled on the camomile flowers, that they were now rising by pressure, and flourishing most exceedingly. However, some unprejudiced men felt inclined to embrace Lord Carlisle's proposals; but the angry, the determined, the ambitious, and the avengers of their country's wrongs, indignantly declined them. They alleged, and with great truth, that there was no parliament in Great Britain; for that the usurping Oligarchy filled St. Stephen's chapel with their creatures, slaves, and underlings, to the utter exclusion of the people, the Americans' friends: and tauntingly asked, what chance would their representatives have among such a den of thieves.

Here follows now a momentous morsel of history, such as hath scarcely yet been developed but in whispers, and those whispers so tremulously low as to render the gathering their purport together

a task of no common difficulty. The mighty matter I am about to divulge, if true as holy writ, or any other writ of universal credence, must call down the execrations of us all upon the heads of the guilty, without the least respect to persons. The appalling circumstance is this :—After the leading men of the Americans had debated the propositions, they finally came to the resolution, and proposed it to the British court, through private channels of their own, ‘ That they would agree to and accept of the concessions offered by Lord Carlisle ; they would withdraw their declaration of Independence and return to their allegiance, provided a REFORM WAS MADE IN THE BRITISH PARLIAMENT ! so that it should fully and fairly and truly represent the people ; as in that case, and that only, would it avail the colonists in sending members to it.’

This was a touchstone to all hearts in rule and governance in England at that dread moment, so big with every earthly thing attending upon Patriotism and Love of Country on either side of the vast Atlantic. Were the people of England to make a tender of allegiance to-morrow, to another King William, providing so and so, it could not be more revolting to our lives-and-fortune men, than was this condition of submission to the Tory feelings of George and his councillors. His sacred majesty stamped his foot upon the floor in rage and terror and dismay, and they yelled treason, treason at home. The Queen, who erroneously attributed the whole to our ever-to-be-revered statesman now no more, ran howling down the great stairs of the palace, saying, and saying repeatedly, ‘ That villain Fox has ruined us all !’

A most respectable person then about the palace, has declared to me and others, that he was present, and witnessed this last scene, the Queen wringing her hands in apparent agony. He always said that he never to a certainty knew the cause of her extravagant conduct, but believed that it was in consequence of Lord George Gordon’s riots ; but as both events were so close upon each other, an old man’s memory is not expected to be very accurate as to dates, nor is it of much moment. The papers of the late Granville Sharpe are the main authority for this remarkable counter-proposition of the colonists as to their required Reform of the House of Commons, and very explicit indeed they were upon the subject. Being a state secret of the first magnitude, we shall probably hear very little more about it, than what his ghost can tell us, shall it at any time feel inclined to be so obliging. However, the concatenation of events gone by do fully corroborate the fact, and, so far as common sense can see into the march of things to come, there is not the least reason to doubt an iota of it. If true, we may indignantly say with one of Mr. Sharpe’s surviving friends, ‘ What a price has corruption paid to maintain its criminal ascendancy !’

Until this eventful period, there had been, on the part of our most religious and gracious King, some scruples of conscience as to the employment of the savages against his subjects, even in rebellion. They had been occasionally used by his commanders, but had not yet been permitted their full range of ravage and horror by himself ;

but now every pious and humane scruple vanished from the royal breast ; and, as those feelings had never entered the bosoms of the Tories that surrounded him, it was here that church and state, one and indivisible; royal and holy, gave sanction to the hatchet, the scalping knife, and the tomahawk, to the last extremity of hellish butchery and devastation.

Now vengeance and fury sought to extinguish the flame which villainy had lighted up, and which once it was thought had entirely succeeded ; but the remaining sparks of Liberty kindling daily into strength under the increased and ill-assorted pressure, the materials used for the purpose but added fuel to the fire, till at once blazing ungovernably out, extended itself far and wide in every direction, from centre to circumference, and most happily swallowed up or repelled the destroying invader. Let every friend of Freedom cherish, in hope and confident belief, that this will, sooner or later, be the exceeding great reward of all Toryism and arbitrary power, of violence and oppression of every kind, of Judas Iscariotism and impiety, of unjust and unnecessary war, of inordinate taxation, and of the whole host of corruption from end to side in all its ramifications.

GENERAL GADDESSEN.

TRANSPORTED by the British, by an arbitrary decree, with many of the most resolute and influential citizens of the republic, to St. Augustine, attendance on parade was peremptorily demanded ; when a British officer stepping forward, said, ‘ Expediency and a series of political occurrences, have rendered it necessary to remove you from Charleston to this place ; but, gentlemen, we have no wish to increase your sufferings ; to all therefore who are willing to give their paroles not to go beyond the limits prescribed for them, the liberty of the town will be allowed : a dungeon will be the destiny of such as refuse to accept of the indulgence.

The proposition was generally acceded to, but when General Gaddesden was called to give his new pledge of faith, he indignantly exclaimed,—‘ With men who have once deceived me, I will enter into no new contract. Had the British commanders regarded the terms of the capitulation of Charleston, I might now, although a prisoner, under my own roof have enjoyed the smiles and consolations of my own family ; but even without a shadow of accusation preferred against me, for any act inconsistent with my plighted faith, I am torn from them, and here, in a distant land, invited to enter into new engagements. I will give no parole.’ ‘ Think better of it, sir, said the officer ; a second refusal of it will fix your destiny,—a dungeon will be your future habitation.’ ‘ Prepare it, then,’ said the inflexible patriot, ‘ I will give no parole, so help me God.’—GARDEN.

NOTHING so clearly shows the smooth and polished slave to usurped power and dominion over a once-free people, than the deriding as visionary the refusal to abide by the fiat of the usurpers. The commands of despotism, issued in a complimentary form, beget some friendly feelings on either part, and these are but too often mistaken for amiability and uprightness ; while the stern patriot and lover of his country, who can neither be intimidated nor deluded by men who have pulled up the landmarks and destroyed the boundaries of

ancient rights and privileges, who have exceeded the limits and broken the conditions of their own authority, is hunted down as a designing, dangerous man, that seeks to be wiser and better and bolder than his neighbours. How vexed, how annoyed, are the ser-viles, who, while giving the fine names of loyalty, social order, regulated manners, and all that sort of thing, to their worldly motives, yet see the blunt plain man resist the specious absurdity so flimsily disguised, and laugh them to scorn. How provoked these fools with feathers in their caps, or these slaves with the badge upon their shoulders, when proceeding to put in force, by menace and hard words, their little brief authority, to hear the sturdy patriot say, 'No, I will not submit, so do your worst.' Just such a man was old GENERAL GADDESSEN in America, and just such men, I trust, will soon be seen and heard elsewhere, to say and do as he did.

This gallant old fellow was an inhabitant, and one of the garrison, of Charleston, when General Lincoln surrendered on capitulation to the British troops. The conquerors, much too far from home, and where no surrounding nations, as in Europe, are looking on, as it were, to see fair play between the belligerents, for some vile cause or other, to suit their own convenience, most dishonourably broke the conditions of surrender. As other matters were closely connected with and grew out of this unsoldierly breach of faith, I shall at present waive the particulars, and, merely asserting that such was the fact, tell of it hereafter, and remain with General Gaddessen, whose honourable story Mr. Garden has so honourably told.

What mean and paltry figures do all our time-serving Tories cut, our creeping, crouching, cringing things in human form, when set side by side with this unflinching, bold American. Dr. Henry, one of our very best historians, whose pages so methodically show what those of others only glance at, is not most legitimately nice when dwelling upon royal treachery, a sort of thing which falls pretty often under his observation. 'Princes,' saith he, 'claim and obtain an exemption from vulgar honesty; and that which is fraud and perfidy in private life, is dignified in their transactions by the appellation of policy.' Policy, we see, was the cant for the breach of faith with the Charlestoners, while the crime reverts upon King George the Third for sanctioning such recreancy. The men that did this in his name, were never called to account for it in England, and therefore the deed was approved, if not antecedently commanded to be done.

On the word of a King it shall be, said Charles the Second to an old Oliverian. No, no, on the word of a gentleman, an't please your majesty. Well, returned the laughing monarch, on the word of a gentleman, then, if that will suit you better. A good hard hit this, by the way, upon royalty, but Charles met with many, and heeded none of them. The word of Charles was equally good in either character; and when Jortin was endeavouring to find the degrees of comparison between a knave and an honest man, he perhaps might have had his majesty in his eye, since he held that it might be said as truly of a knave as of an honest man, that his word is as good as

his oath. Indeed it is true enough; had honesty been the policy pursued, the terms of capitulation of the American city to the British troops had been kept inviolably, but as knavery was there lord of the ascendant, from first to last of that ferocious war upon a subject people, the contrary in course prevailed.

In another part of his volume, Mr. Garden relates, that 'when General Gaddesden was first shut up in the castle of St. Augustine, the comfort of a light was denied him by the commandant of the fortress. A generous subaltern offered to supply him with a candle, but he declined it, lest the officer should expose himself to the censure of his superior.'

Firm as a rock, old Gaddesden becomes a fine study for our young and sturdy patriots of the rising generation, and I do most heartily recommend him to them. In England, his like among the veterans is most to be found, I think, in the venerable MAJOR CARTWRIGHT, who would not have flinched from his line of patriotic rectitude on any occasion. Had Castlereagh have said, but the minute before he cut his own throat, 'If you do not turn Tory and abet corruption, I will take you down into hell with me,' I feel assured that the old major would have fiercely replied, 'I will not turn Tory, neither will I abet corruption, so help me God.' SIR FRANCIS BURDETT stands next to Cartwright, if it can be said that he stands next to anyone in Patriotism and Love of Country, so steady and so staunch is the man; while not a doubt remains upon my mind, that there are in their train, whenever brought to the test, thousands upon thousands of Britons, who never will be slaves.

In every country there is a Gaddesden, if we will but look for him. Gustavus the Third of Sweden, in the bad spirit of Charles the First of England, sought to deprive his senate of its power and privileges, as did Charles to wrest these from his parliament. Charles was defeated, and lost his head for his pains; but Gustavus was but too successful in his conspiracy, yet his life also paid the forfeit of his crime, but it was unhappily by assassination, not by lawful trial and execution, as was the case with the wrong-headed, tyrannical, obstinate, deceitful Stuart.

Ankerstroom put Gustavus to death for his usurpation, but it was for the Baron de Mizelandwitz to put him to the blush while living, which indeed was what no human being could effect upon the self-complacent Charles the First. The historian describes the situation and obstinate virtue of the baron as remarkable. He was one of the Swedish senate deprived of all power by Gustavus, upon the memorable revolution in the government in 1772, which changed it to an absolute monarchy. He was possessed of an estate equal to one of £10,000. a year in England; and upon that event fled his country, saying, 'That he would suffer the most wretched exile abroad, rather than remain a slave where he had a right to freedom.' He took up his residence at Hamburg, where he lived in great poverty, lodging in a very miserable apartment, and waiting entirely on himself. The King wrote twice to him in the most flattering terms, inviting his return to his estate and honours, but he never

took any notice of the letters ; and upon his majesty sending him a remittance, to enable him to live more comfortably, he refused it, sternly saying,—‘ I will rather die than receive a dollar at the hands of one who has enslaved his country.’

I have long been anxious to ascertain what became of this noble, inexorable Swede. He was living in 1780, but that is now long since, and probably he sleeps in the grave. It will be gratifying to hear that Bernadotte has restored his family to their honours and estates,—that Bernadotte who had never reigned in Sweden, but for the usurpation of absolute power by Gustavus. The senate set aside his son when they regained their rights and privileges,—that son who is the nephew of the Emperor Alexander, and who now goes whining from court to court of the holy league, entreating to be restored by its holy means, which, if to absolute power, may God in his infinite mercy never permit : and may all kings who deprive their once-free senates or parliaments, by fair means or foul, by force or bribery, of their rights and privileges, come to the like end with Gustavus ; and may their heirs be set aside from the succession, as was his son, when liberty is regained.

COLONEL BROWNE.

A remarkable scene is related by Dr. Ramsay to have occurred on the occasion of Fort Augusta, commanded by Colonel Browne, being taken, which well deserves to be recorded. Passing through the settlement where the most wanton waste had recently been made by the British, both of lives and property, a Mrs. M’Koy having obtained permission to speak to Colonel Browne, addressed him in words to the following effect. ‘ Colonel Browne,—in the late day of your prosperity, I visited your camp, and on my knees supplicated for the life of my son ; but you were deaf to my entreaties. You hanged him, though a beardless youth, before my face ! These eyes have seen him scalped by the savages under your immediate command, and for no better reason than that his name was M’Koy. As you are a prisoner to the leaders of my country, for the present I lay aside all thoughts of revenge : but when you resume your sword, I will go five hundred miles to demand satisfaction at the point of it for the murder of my son.’—GARDEN.

I do most earnestly entreat that the Reformers of Britain will give their decided attention to this heart-rending fact, which Mr. Garden has handed down to all posterity as a landmark to steer by in stormy weather ; and as an assurance of our fate if at any time left to the mercy of the sanguinary and malignant Tories. The same ferocious spirit that went forth and which influenced the Brownes and the Johnsons in America, was afterwards displayed by Castlereagh and Judkin Fitzgerald in Ireland, and is yet in full force and will come home to us all in England, upon every slight advantage which our lack of union, or the fortune of war, shall give to our already blood-stained p * * * * s and m * * * * s.

Whether Mrs. M’Koy followed out her intention is but little to the purpose here. The expression of it sufficiently marked the

passion of her soul at beholding the brutal murderer of her son a prisoner to her countrymen. Why he was not immediately hanged upon the next tree, is difficult to divine, unless it were the humane fear that some American officer of equal rank might suffer in return at the hands of the enemy, under pretence of retaliation.

Let loose the Indians, yelled Dundass in parliament,—Dundass, the then Lord Advocate of Scotland, the always Trimmer Hal, that never failed to attach himself to the strongest party;—that Dundass whose deficiencies as Treasurer of the Navy, were upwards of £600,000. a-year for many years together;—that Lord Melville who audaciously refused to account to the House of Commons for two sums of £10,000. each, which went through his hands for some base end of vile corruption at the behest of him that is dead at last, thank God. Let loose the Indians upon the rebellious Americans, yelled this hardened delinquent, and the Indians were let loose, for the yell was heard and the advice was taken.

The Indians had already been tampered with, but not yet let loose. God had enlightened their hearts, and they delivered sentiments to the convention of Massachusetts, upon the war between Britain and her colonies, that would have adorned christianity. 'We wonder greatly, and are troubled in our minds. We cannot intermeddle in this dispute between two brothers. The quarrel seems to us unnatural. Should the GREAT KING apply to us for aid, we shall deny him; if the colonies apply, we shall refuse. We Indians cannot find or recollect, in the traditions of our ancestors, a case similar to this. Let us Indians be all of one mind, and you white people settle your disputes among yourselves.' Happy would it have been, remarks the historian, had the Indian nations uniformly adhered to this wise policy, of which the assembly to whom this discourse was addressed declared their high and entire approbation. Many of the savage tribes bordering on the great lakes and rivers, were prevailed upon, by the solicitations and lavish presents of the British agents, to take up the hatchet in behalf of the GREAT KING.

The town and port of Boston were first and foremost in resistance to the tax upon tea, and, as is well known, a number of the most resolute of the people, disguised as Mohawk Indians, threw six hundred chests of it overboard into the sea, from a vessel that lay in the harbour, in defiance of the British authorities. This was a deliberate offence against rank Toryism not to be overlooked or forgiven. The most insatiable vengeance was nurtured against the men of Boston, and the savages were resorted to. Lord Dunmore was, I believe, the first that succeeded in forming an alliance offensive and defensive with these devils incarnate. To a chief surnamed White-eyes his lordship made an absurd speech, to say the least of it; and this warrior was to make known his sentiments to other chiefs, and very pretty sentiments they were to fall from the lips of a British governor. Meanwhile, Colonel Johnson took the direction of the Canadian lakes, and negotiated with the Indian tribes that dwelt in their vicinity. One of the chiefs of the Six-nations ac-

cepted of him a very large black war-belt with a hatchet depicted on it, but would neither eat nor drink, nor sing the war-song. This belt was afterwards delivered up, which was the first proof that the servants of the crown had instigated the savages in their favour. Colonel Johnson, however, found other hordes of these monsters in human shape, more to his taste and purposes. At Montreal, in the summer of 1775, he delivered to each of several tribes a war-belt and the hatchet, of which they accepted. He then made a great war-feast, and invited them, according to the horrid phraseology of these barbarians, 'to banquet upon a Bostonian, and to drink his blood.'

When these diabolical things became known in England, the patriot Whigs, nay, every human being but the infernal Tories, were filled with indignation and horror. The opposition members of both houses of parliament were in an uproar of unqualified condemnation of these inhuman negotiations, and demanded at whose instance they were gone into, and by what authority? But it was not yet convenient to commit the King's prerogative, and the plea of God and Nature was not yet invented. In the House of Peers, Lord Chatham loudly reprobated the mode of carrying on the war, as 'the most bloody, barbarous, and ferocious recorded in the annals of history. The arms of Britain,' he exclaimed, 'had been sullied and tarnished by blending the scalping knife and tomahawk with the sword and firelock. Such a mode of warfare was a contamination which all the waters of the Hudson and the Delaware would never wash away. It was impossible for America to forget or forgive so horrid an injury.'

Forty-eight long years have now passed away since Lord Chatham so emphatically declared that America could not forget or forgive so horrid an injury; and the abomination of such infuriate barbarities is as deeply impressed upon the memory of the now surviving Americans who witnessed them, as though they were but of yesterday. The bare relation of the facts excites in the breasts of the generation since born such disgust and hatred of the British name and nation, as will scarcely ever be eradicated. Every Englishman that goes among them, if found in any manner, in person or family, to be connected with or descended from the doers of these damnable deeds, is sure to have to complain of their republican inurbanity towards him. Anacreon Moore blackens whole pages with his abuse of the Americans; which I attribute to the circumstance of Lord Rawdon being his patron, a man deeply detested by them as a British commander, for his wanton cruelty. Lord Rawdon might send his *élève*, but he durst not at any time since the war have gone himself to America. He would have been rifled, and instantly, with as little ceremony as was the hog which Mr. Welby speaks of as an instance of a weak government and lax laws. Even Mr. Welby owes much of the coarse manners he complains of to the aristocratic connexion and kin with one of the old Tory families of his county, which was ranged on the side of the Norths and Germaines against the American patriots. Not only

those who made an unsoldierly exterminating crusade against them in the field, have they down on the black list of unforgiveness, but those and their families who supported in the senate the ministers of the day, that sanctioned the horrible excesses which characterized the war against the colonies.

What a novel coincidence of men and things, and names and places, will this record present to the mind's eye of an English Bostonian. He reads at the beginning of a Colonel Johnson inviting Indian savages to beset Boston in New England, to banquet on the inhabitants, and drink their blood. Shocked at the recital, he recovers from his indignation only to rejoice in the contrast of men and things at home; where he beholds a Colonel Johnson in the most friendly league and covenant against Tory savages with Boston in Old England; beholds him banquet with the inhabitants, and delight to drink punch and wine with them to Liberty all over the World, and to the Freedom and Honour and Glory of England for ever and ever.—O rare!

MRS. DANIEL HALL.

Mrs. Daniel Hall having obtained permission to pay a visit to her mother in John's Island, was on the point of embarking, when an officer stepping forward in the most authoritative manner, demanded the key of her trunk. What do you expect to find there? said the lady. I seek for treason, was the reply. You may then save yourself the trouble of search, said Mrs. Hall. You may find plenty of it at my tongue's end.—GARDEN.

If there were no opposition in the House of Commons, the government would be at a stand-still, the people would combine and prepare to rebel: therefore, an opposition is organized, a game is played under certain limitations, and the farce is courteously understood to be constitutional. This is the developement of things so far as regards but too many of the over-weaning families who divide the house by their borough members some fifteen or twenty times in a session, upon questions of no vital importance, unless the prospect of power be close in the distance: then, indeed, some truly constitutional exertions are made until the battle is won, when the defeated party take their seats on the other side of the house, and the farce of opposition is exhibited as before.

Of late years, a third phalanx hath sprung up, which on good round questions join the old well-drilled squad, and make them fight in earnest, to the no small terror of the enemy. In common decency, when these root-and-branch allies originate a measure, which is but seldom a jesting one, these dignified whigsbies are compelled to repay the obligation by voting with them in return, however it may go against the grain, and shock their family feelings. This sort of confusion of sentiment among and between the two parties, is sometimes very amusing. The Wynne and Grenville back-outs can only be seen to be laughed at, and sometimes worse; while

the saving clauses lugged in occasionally by some others, as a kind of postscript to their political creed, afford a study to young politicians, who have papas and mammas at home to please, and must rule and square with their old women's rockstaves lest they be entirely disinherited of all future prospects.

It is whimsical enough, and no more whimsical than true, that the once popular leader of the county of Lincoln, is enlisted under the banners of either phalanx. He is both the man of the people and the elect of a lord; and he manages to preserve his equilibrium and maintain his consistency, with an ingenuity which assuredly is not the gift of every man. Deeply convinced, that the people may as well request the devil to receive the sacrament as to ask the majority of the house to reform itself, he quietly expresses to them the depth of his conviction, yet persists in the old 'farcical scene of asking. Again, when his veteran root-and-branch friend comes forward with a Petition of Right, our baronet's rotten-borough seat becomes ricketty beneath him, and he is fain to bolster it up with the cut and dried arguments of the Grenville and Wynne manufacture, and clapping himself down upon it, puts on a countenance as composed as though nothing at all were the matter.

Having none in front of the hustings to deal with but farmers, a description of men in England, that, with the fewest exceptions, are given to resign their political opinions to their landlords, in consideration of 'live-and-let-live rents,' and safe tenure, his petition, of a surety to be contemned and rejected in the house, is by them carried ten to one; while his root-and-branch friend's Petition of Right is cast aside as totally unmeet for the aristocratical domination of the times. The very majority of farmers who hold up their hands ten to one for the baronet's petition, of a surety to be contemned and rejected, say little else to each other in conversation as returning to their homes, than that the House of Commons can never be reformed but by triennial elections, disfranchisement of rotten boroughs, and the right of voting extended to every human being that pays scot and lot, and taxes. This tone of conversation is, as we all know, by the Tories declared to be treason, and some of the Whigs are given to believe that even our copious language can scarcely furnish another name for it; more especially when borrowed by their superiors, and repaid, in well-penned publications and eloquent harangues, for the instruction of all the people that will read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest them. To these it may be ascribed, that the people now think of little else than the recovery of their rights and privileges by reform in parliament, which he who runs may read, and thereby learn their sentiments and intentions.

Major Garden was making mention of the Patriotism and Love of Country which the ladies of America evinced in George the Third's inglorious war upon his subjects there, when he related the story of Mrs. Hall, so forcibly pointed to the officer where he would find what he was looking for. So will all the Tories and Tory Whigs here find the treason of triennial parliaments, disfranchisement of rotten boroughs, and the right of voting extended to every

human being that pays scot and lot and taxes,—continually at our tongues' end, entirely declaratory of our sentiments and intentions.

A malignant venal scribe has lately reviewed in the *Quarterly*, a *Letter to the King*, and which becomes no mean comment upon this tongue's-end treason. The blockhead overshoots the mark which his pastors and masters commanded him to aim at, and strikes home at the naked truth, to their utter chagrin and confusion. The great mass of the lower classes are disaffected, confesses this *Oxonian* malignant. A large addition is in consequence made to the army, he continues, and several new laws are passed, considerably abridging the liberties and privileges of the nation;—and a very hopeful confession it is, know ye, all the people, by these presents. This reviewer shall not be left in obscurity; for I will endeavour to enlighten his understanding a little by way of illustration of his confession, of the great mass of lower classes being disaffected.

The lower classes, if they must be so designated, which is only another term for Burke's hateful appellative of the swinish multitude;—these lower classes, when among themselves, are very prone to permit their grievances to be continually at their tongues' end, and in this only is it that they differ from other classes a little higher up. Now there are other classes of society, which the precious oligarchs in church and state, all their venal scribes and votaries of every description, are given to distinguish most disadvantageously from their dear illustrious selves;—and these, good people, are the middle classes, the very pith and marrow of all mankind. These, Mr. Reviewer,—and you know it, as well as you know anything,—these classes are, equally with the lower, disaffected to corruption and arbitrary power; to the debt and to inordinate taxation; to placemen, pensioners, and sinecurists; and to the bribed majority of the House of Commons: but being more prudent, discreet, and mannerly given, they do not permit their grievances to be continually at their tongues' end, but do deep and keenly feel the full force of them at heart, and the imperative necessity of having them redressed.

What, I will ask the venal scribe of the *Quarterly*, and his pastors and masters who commanded him to review the *Letter to the King*,—what impression will the increased standing army make upon such a mighty mass of disaffection to misrule, physical and intellectual? What indeed! The mind will meet your arguments, and the mass your bayonets; and know ye not, feel ye not, reflect ye not, that your increased standing army is composed of the sons and brothers, fathers, friends, and kindred, of those self-same despised lower classes, which you confess to be disaffected;—and tremble ye not at the probable consequences whenever they are brought in hostile contact!

I can of certain science let our misrulers and governors into one most important secret. So long as the people are only assembled, to peaceably deliberate upon their lawful liberties and franchises, with the constitutional intent and purpose of urging their Petition of Right to the full measure of them, the soldiers of the increased

standing army declare, that if such a meeting amount to numbers beyond all count and calculation, they will not act against them. In the Manchester business, when troops were pouring down into that district to prevent a recurrence of such root-and-branch petitioning, they spoke their sentiments with considerable freedom. 'When sent abroad,' were heard to say some dragoons as sitting on a bench at a public-house door, 'when sent abroad on duty against a foreign enemy, we will fight and fight manfully; but we will not cut the throats of our countrymen who are peaceably assembled to complain of their wrongs, and to petition for their rights.' They said even more, but this is enough, and I will leave our legitimates and ultras to guess at the conclusion of their discourse, and to square their conduct towards the people accordingly.

Be it known also to the predestinate family of the Wrongheads, that there are among the many of the middle ranks now supporting the government, who will, for the sake of peace and quiet, go just so far and no further. That is, they will not see the fruits of Nazeby and the Revolution entirely swallowed up. They will be compelled of necessity ere long, to draw a line of demarcation between concession and encroachment, and to abide by that line, at all hazards and inconveniences, even unto death. In the 'Town-born! Turn-out!' quarrel of the populace of Boston in America, in 1770, with the military, the Main Guard, commanded by a Captain Preston of the 29th Regiment, was assaulted. He did everything that a good and humane officer could do, to maintain his post, without spilling the blood of the assailants. In the confusion, some of the soldiers fancied that the word 'Fire' was given, when a few muskets were fired, and ten or twelve of the multitude were killed or wounded. Captain Preston and others were committed to prison, to take their trial, as not having acted under the sanction of a civil magistrate. Notwithstanding the vehemence excited by the transaction, Captain Preston and the other prisoners, after a full and fair trial, saith my sanguine whig authority, were, by a verdict worthy of the highest praise, honourably acquitted,—two only excepted, who were found guilty of manslaughter.

Three or four years after this event, when the British government was striding as wantonly and wickedly over the chartered rights and liberties of the Americans, as it now does over those of the British,—A major of Provincials who had been foreman of the jury on the trial of Captain Preston, and to whom, in reward of his meritorious conduct, Governor Hutchinson had given this commission, said to him with unexpected energy, "Sir, you know that I am a friend to government, and wish to support it; but if any attempt be made to violate our CHARTER, I will fight up to my knees in blood in defence of it."

COLONEL OWEN ROBERTS.

THE untimely fate of Colonel Owen Roberts, who fell at Stono, was the cause of universal regret. He was an inflexible patriot, an excellent disciplinarian, and an enthusiast in pursuit of military fame. His son, who was in the action, hearing of his misfortune, hastened to him. The expiring veteran perceiving in his countenance the liveliest sorrow, addressed him with great composure: 'I rejoice, my boy, once again to see and to embrace you. Receive this sword, which has never been tarnished by dishonour, and let it not be inactive while the Liberty of your country is endangered. Take my last adieu, accept my blessing, and return to your duty.'—GARDEN.

Love of country is not the mere attachment to the surrounding scene of hills and vales and woods and rivers, towns and villages, of that country in which the chance of birth may have placed a man; but it belongs to house and home, the native sod, the fireside of wife and children, the whole community of friends and kindred, property and possessions, acquaintance and alliances. In one word, this is our country; the heartfelt proud attachment with which every well-conditioned mind is warmed, be it of the rich or of the poor man, the great or the small, or the prince or the peasant.

The honest ambition of standing well and worthy in the estimation of our countrymen, prompts to honourable deeds and generous sacrifices, whensoever great occasions demand them. Wisdom becomes more wise, and worth more excellent, honour more bright, and courage yet more brave, when emanating from the true and disinterested spirit and feeling of Love of Country. In some distinguished event originates every nation, and it is recorded in the tablet of tradition: the example is not lost, others follow in their train; these in time accumulate, which at length become such indissoluble ties, that good and honourable men will, to serve and save and keep and strengthen them, devote their lives with a dignified alacrity that elevates them above the common nature of their kind.

I know not who said it, but have always been impressed with the truth and elegant feeling of the remark, that 'The hero who can so far suppress one of the strongest principles of the human frame, that of self-love, and sacrifice his life in defence of his King, or the Liberties of his countrymen, certainly deserves all the applause which is generally paid to his memory.'

Chivalry, not only chivalry as understood, but true courage and patriotism of every kind, delights to dwell upon a theme like this, and to prize above all price the devotion of life to the safety, honour, and welfare of our country. How lame the remark of General Paoli upon this most interesting subject. He said to Boswell, 'that it was impossible not to be afraid of death; and that those who at the time of dying are not afraid, are not thinking of death, but of applause or something else, which keeps death out of their sight; so that all men are equally afraid of death when they see it: only some have a power of turning their sight away from it better than others.'

How pitiful this to fall from the lips of a tried patriot and a brave man, as was Paoli ; but perhaps he sought to meet the unmanly notions which Doctor Johnson ever entertained of death, sudden, violent, or otherwise. The general was at the time in England, and was paying a sort of court to Johnson. He knew, that whatsoever he might say to Boswell, would quickly reach the ears of Johnson. It is not in the nature of things that Paoli was sincere in this opinion, and Boswell, who failed not to mention it, tells us, that ' the doctor was much pleased with the remark : ' who, next to the belief in witchcraft, the fear of death in all its forms and guises, was least to his credit as a philosopher and to his faith as a christian. As Lord Bacon says children fear death, so did Johnson ; children fear to go in the dark, and as that natural fear in children is increased with tales, so is the other.

On another occasion, Johnson told Boswell, that he ' never had a moment in which death was not terrible to him.' Personally, where death was out of sight, he was a dauntless man, and many instances of it are related ; but talk of death, and he at once became an old woman. Could he under this gloomy impression have reasoned as powerfully on the fear of death, as he was wont upon almost any other subject, he had made cowards of us all.

A person of considerable eminence charged the memory of Doctor Johnson with weakening the joyful hopes of salvation under the great truths of christianity, and was highly indignant on the occasion. He contended, that ' the tremulous manner in which Doctor Johnson died, had, in his idea, been more detrimental to the general interests of christianity, than any other event appertaining to a single individual. He was continually rehearsing the mercies of his Redeemer, and the certainty of salvation ; yet, whenever disease assailed him, his pious energies forsook him, and he would improperly declare, that he should prefer existing in any the most shocking state, to death. If this mode of expression and conduct argued his possessing that affiance in the mercies of his Creator, which every man should, I am unskilled,' said this gentleman, ' in the generous emotions of hope and the beatitudes of religion.'

A charge more just was never made by man. Had the sons of Judah hired and bribed this colossus of literature to roar and write in health, in sententious sanctity, the certainty of heaven's glory alone through the Redeemer of the world, and in sickness to whine and whimper at the grave, they had gone a surer way to work, and to have shaken christianity to its foundations, than all the imputed blasphemy, infidelity, and disbelief, of all the time of Louis the fourteenth, and Charles the second, of France and England, to this protracted day of grimace and cant and Eldonism. This colossus would have made weepers of us all, if unhappily we had bowed down to his chicken-hearted theology, and even Col. Owen Roberts had been contented to have filled a ' coward's grave.' Johnson was well known to our redoubted commanders across the Atlantic, and probably initiated them in his doctrines when danger was nigh ; consequently, not one of the many had the honour to die in the..

field, though all of them underwent the disgrace of being driven out of it.

Surely, seven such brave and wise men were never yet sent out to play the game of Kings and priests and oligarchs! Howe, after doing a little something to the purpose, strutted under a triumphal arch, and returned unscarred to the land of his fathers. CLINTON marched and countermarched about nothing at all, and also returned whence he came in safety. BURGOYNE, the vaunting, contemptuous, devastating Burgoyne, after many a poetical dispatch of battles in the air and victory in the clouds, permitted himself to be penned up in a corner at Saratoga by his till-now-scorned enemy, to whom he surrendered himself and his army at discretion: that discretion which Johnson taught, for from the general wreck he most discreetly saved his own embittered life.

TARLETON, the fierce and haughty Tarleton, whose very quarter became a mock-word for cold-blooded murder of prisoners, or of the defeated and overpowered, to whose offers and even entreaties to surrender upon terms, he had most brutally not listened or regarded; whose chief merit lay in his tact of surprising by night, as a wild beast is wont to spring upon his prey; was at length encountered at the Cowpens by Colonel Morgan, with troops that hated him much and feared him not at all, and who soundly drubbed him. He did not, like the gallant Colonel Roberts, remain and die upon the field, but with his panic-struck dragoons went at once to the right about, with the loss only of a finger, which Colonel Washington most happily cut off in the onset.

RAWDON could hang Colonel Hayne without judge or jury, in the most savage and barbarous manner; but he could not achieve, during the whole of the war, one single feat of chivalry that deserved recording. CORNWALLIS, whose hardness of heart and contempt of his enemy, wound up the war in a dreadful day of retribution, knew not how to die and save his honour. The finest army which yet had left the British shores, to subdue the colonists, this lordly general gave almost unconditionally up, and saved his own life, precisely as Burgoyne had done before him, citing Burgoyne as a precedent for what he had done. Last, not least, the now moody but once wily politic, Stanhopean CARLETON, lingered on the shores of discomfiture in childish despair. Unwilling to remain, yet loth to go, with not one farewell wish to leave behind, nor with one earned laurel to take away, he at length debarked upon the herring-pond, only to be drowned at home in a Dorchester butt, thank God, and to be heard of no more.

Here was a precious batch of Bobadils, sent forsooth to *veni vidi vici* America; to chase the Americans like sheep upon the mountains, and to subdue them into unconditional submission and obedience in one campaign. O the sweets of courtly rule and governance, that two of these should have since been sent out governor-generals to India, to keep millions in slavery who had always been slaves, and who will ever love the yoke; should have been lauded to the skies as gods among men, whilst the last minutes of the brave, devoted Roberts were fast flitting into oblivion, had not Mr. Garden so honourably recorded his memory to all posterity.

GENERAL WASHINGTON.

ALTHOUGH no man spoke more plainly his opinions and sentiments than General Davie on proper occasions, he had the art of never giving offence,—for, like the immortal Washington, ‘ he was always covered with the mantle of discretion ;’ a happy expression used by the late Mr. Ralph Izard, formerly a senator in congress from South Carolina, and who served six years during President Washington’s administration, knew him perfectly, and venerated him next to the Deity !—GARDEN.

MANY have held, that enough can scarcely be said of Washington, while as many perhaps will be inclined to think that the following conveys a little too much.

To English ears this language of veneration and affection for a mortal being, sounds somewhat strange, and no timprobably it will be said that the person who used it, was at the time himself unman-tled. To be sure, it may be retorted, that the English are the last people to be fastidious in a matter of the kind, seeing that their fulsome addresses to whatsoever king shall reign, are of the most idolatrous nature. Whoso shall peruse these of the last two hundred years, cannot fail to infer, that honest loyalty has suffered more in the estimation of the people, by their idolizing extravagancies, than have all the republicans of America and France been able to effect in all the time of their existence.

The eulogist of Washington doubtless intended to express his heartfelt esteem for the decided and steadfast integrity of the man, without associating him so nearly with God, as the language of it may merely and possibly imply. It was not the ability in particular of General Washington which attracted the admiration of men, for in that he was inferior to many of his coteremporaries ; neither was it his military talents, which were exceeded by other officers of his army ; but it was his pure and genuine integrity,—a virtuous quality which is seldom unaccompanied by sound discretion. It was the uprightness of his walk through life, neither turning to the right nor to the left, but pursuing the path of honour and honesty through every difficulty, unawed and undaunted through every danger. This nobility of manliness, if the expression may be used, has always been met with the esteem of mankind, and not unfrequently where it has been denied to the most brilliant talents. Marvel, Hampden, Sidney, Russell, Shippen, have at all times been favoured of all conditions of men, because their whole demeanour was that of unassuming probity and unshaken independence. In the undeviating consistency of their whole existence, lay the charm of their ascendancy. Had they not always have been recognised individually as one and the same in every act and deed, no words could have impressed the feeling upon the minds of men, for the spell were broken and the charm was gone.

Washington, when the British ministers and their venal House of Commons were treading most wantonly upon the freedom of the American people, and breaking their charter, in conjunction with his countrymen, repeatedly petitioned them to refrain from further

so doing, and to retrace their hasty and unwarrantable steps : which were regarded just as much as had he addressed the gods of Olympus, or the devils in hell. He then, with his friends, in the name of his country, presented a Petition of Right, undoubted Chartered Right, and demanded the recognition of it, or—good night to obedience, for one hinged upon the other most incontestibly. This was the consistency which weathered Washington through every storm, and which has immortalized him. This is the path which every leader of the people must tread, when their rightful petitions are, time after time and year after year, contemned and disregarded ; and he who so situate, shall persist yet in asking as a boon that which he is assured will be denied, and scornfully, instead of petitioning as a Right, that which he is assured to be a Right, departs from the rectitude of his professions, and stands convicted of inconsistency : such as never attached to men like Marvel, Hampden, Sidney, Russell, Shippen, and Washington.

The American avowal of veneration, in such downright English, may possibly be by the Tories and Ultras of England declared flat blasphemy. That muster of Gotham the Constitutional Association, and that nest of cant and partiality the Society for the Suppression of Vice, will either of them yearn to prosecute this republication of Mr. Gärden's sentiment, and yearn they may. Blasphemy, say these sons of Mammon and Belial, is a sin against God, and is therefore punishable by man. Be it so ; but it must be blasphemy against God and his holy spirit, and not against that constructive union of indescribable nonsense,—church and state. To prosecute what is presumed to be blasphemy, is truly one method of ascertaining it, even as the suspicion of ill-will begets ill-will. It gives an impetus to the force of the evil, and disseminates the mischief, while nothing else on earth could gain it more than the commonest local attention.

Now sodomy, in sad and unquestionable verity, is a crime against God, and denounced by God as one of the worst of crimes ; yet there are, in the muster of Gotham, and in the nest of crime and partiality, who flinch from the prosecution of sodomy, if the sodomite be a lord as Courtney, a bishop as Jocelyn, or a clergyman of any rank or degree whatsoever. Jocelyn, the High Priest of the Society for the Suppression of Vice, was bailed and screened away under their very noses ; not a finger was uplifted against him, nor was an effort made among them all to save the honour, the morals, or the decency of the country.

That bold, bad man, the callous, corrupt, and venal minister of state, who bribed everyone he could at home to betray the liberties and best interests of his country, and was bribed abroad himself tenfold to do the very same,—whose festering carcase pollutes the fine old abbey, hitherto consecrated to the ashes of the truly great and highly honourable,—was, while he lived and reigned, the patron and founder of the Constitutional Association, the head and front of its conspiracy against the Freedom of the British Islands. The outward profession of this muster of Gotham was to stay the plague of crimes against God and man, and the best specimen of it was given but the

other day in permitting a bishop of the church of England to be bailed and screened away, who was detected under their very noses in the abomination of sodomy with a private soldier of the guards. The holy scoundrel, with his contrite heart, is now in France, to do the same with the private soldiers of the French guards. It is even said that this favoured and protected miscreant has taken up his abode near Paris, in the identical house which Anacreon Moore had occupied the year preceding : thus defiling the dwelling of Love's highly-gifted poet, where the Graces and the Muses have danced and sung to a thousand of his effusions to love and beauty.

Had any one of the three wretches of Grantham, who were last year executed for their unnatural crimes, been a lord, a bishop, or a clergyman, the Constitutional Association would have looked quietly on, while he was bailed and screened away, as would also the Society for Suppression of Vice, both of which institutions but exist in testimony of the minstrel's lay an hundred years ago, who sung that this was a country,

‘ Where little villains must submit to fate,
That great ones may enjoy the world in state.’

The people see all this, feel all this, and deeply reflect upon all this ; and can those venal scribes of the Quarterly, can those buffoons of the Bull, still flatter themselves for a moment that their frontless assertions to the contrary will have the effect of turning the people's attention from all this ? No,—easier it were to stem the roaring tide, or shade from the earth the mid-day sun.

LORD CORNWALLIS.

THE bard who best knew the human heart, has said,

‘ Sweet are the uses of adversity.’

In the instance of Lord Cornwallis, I am ready to subscribe to his opinion ; for the moment that the sun of his glory set at York Town, and he became himself a captive, he appeared much distinguished by gentleness and amiability, by justice and generosity, as he had been previously characterized by an unbending haughtiness of demeanour, and a severity that neither the powerful solicitations of the oppressed, rendered eloquent by their sufferings, nor the imperious calls of mercy and humanity, could ever subject to controul. Had the same disposition swayed his actions in America that influenced his conduct while in command in India and Ireland, I might have represented him, although a decided, still a generous enemy ; active and indefatigable in his exertions to obtain victory, considerate and humane in the use he made of it : but, grateful as the duty would have been, it is denied me to perform it. I cannot compliment at the expense of truth, and must speak of the acts of aggression which were heaped by him upon my bleeding country, as those acts deserve.—GARDEN.

THE first time we ever heard of Lord Cornwallis's mercy in Ireland, was through the medium of Major Garden's publication. The gallant officer was perhaps in the comparative mood, and his mind was filled with his lordship's atrocities in America, when he esteemed the

wanton waste of human life in Ireland as something like mercy. Certainly in America his mercy was fire and sword in addition to the work of the hangman. At length defeated by being inclosed within the toils, as wild beasts are taken, he surrendered with that discretion which saved his life, and became a prisoner with all his cruelties upon his head, to the identical people whom he caused to be slain and tormented, without even dreaming of mercy.

Now if the Marquis Cornwallis were lenient when subduing the Rebellion in Ireland, verily the general officers under his command made ample amends to the Orangemen in their sanguinary barbarities. With the disgrace of himself and the loss of America before his eyes, the Marquis Cornwallis permitted them to do all that atrocity and blood-thirstiness could do, to lose Ireland also. Through every town and almost every village in that country, runs a river or a brook, over which is uniformly thrown a substantial bridge. Nothing at that period was more common than to see the streets commanded by a piece of artillery, and the bridge foot barbarized by a gallows. When the king's troops had succeeded in driving a party of rebels within the town, they were hemmed in on all sides, and all that the destructive grape did not slaughter in the streets, were hung upon the gallows at the foot of the bridge. I have heard gentlemen declare, that when first witnessing the dog-like manner in which the poor wretches were tied up, they have turned quite sick with disgust and with other revolting feelings; but that, so unmercifully frequent the practice became, they soon went through the duty of seeing it done, they were sorry to say, with comparative indifference.

Where a gallows was not erected, a tree was always found, and assuredly became the substitute. I well know a town in Ireland, wherein stands a large umbrageous sycamore against the churchyard wall, of all places in the world whereon to commit murder. Upon that tree, during the rebellion, were occasionally hanged for many mornings in succession, not less than from seven to seventeen poor peasants, all suspended from one large branch which protruded half way over the wide street. Poor fellows, legitimately styled rebels, driven into resistance to the most unfeeling, sordid, fleecing extortionate tyranny that is known perhaps to any country in christian Europe, scarcely excepting in some cases those of Russia and Poland. At no great distance from this town, I have had pointed out to me several large trees into which some hundreds of rebels, defeated at Newtonards, thought to save themselves from the sabre and the bayonet, by climbing into, and because they could not, from fatal experience, be persuaded to come down and throw their wretched lives upon the mercy of the conquerors, the infantry were ordered to fire upon them in the trees; and the infantry, more to the honour of their discipline than to their humanity, obeyed the order. The poor peasants fell down, killed and wounded, like rooks or starlings in the same condition; and all this was done under the command, the sanction, and the auspices of the commander in chief, Marquis Cornwallis! authorized by martial law, which in fact is no law at all, but on the contrary the subversion of all law.

The Irish peasantry are a people of warm hearts, and, where kindly treated by their superiors, full of gratitude. What better materials would statesmen and rulers have to work the prosperity of a country upon? but what a country it is at this moment. Good God! Let every Englishman of common sense and common feeling but reflect upon the misrule of and injustice to Ireland, compassionate her sufferings, and call not the present resistance, as was called the one we are dwelling upon, by that courtly, mock-loyal name, Rebellion: he deserves not the name of Englishman, if he do.

Had the principles of Freedom and Toleration, the principles which banished James and throned George; had these at all times since that enthronement have governed Ireland, that fine and fertile country had at this moment flourished most exceedingly. Toryism and bigotry, the delight of our Rulers and Governors and Legislators, have all but lost Ireland, for Ireland at this moment is all but lost, in every sense of the word, to England. She has experienced all the privations, coercions, and extortions, of the G—— system, without the benefit which the more generous portion of Stuart principles would have afforded to her. The impious Ascendancy there has gone to dismember Ireland from the British crown, as did the worst parts of Stuartism, begermanized here, lose America. One man only is to be found enrobed in power and rule, to assert, in the callousness of his Toryism, that 'the whole of the last reign was a continued stream of beneficial acts of justice towards Ireland.' Daddy Jenky's darling son was permitted to declare this to the barons bold in parliament assembled, without exciting a single sensation beyond that of 'Round let us bound,' this is the devil's holiday.

No long time prior to the bursting out of the French Revolution, the good St. Pierre addressed the stewards of the public, as he emphatically styled the rich and great and powerful of the late French monarchy. Speaking of the province of Normandy, one of the richest in France, he said, 'that the number of wretches is so great in the best cantons of this province, that they amount to a fourth, nay, to a third of the inhabitants in every parish. The evil is continually on the increase. Some lords of the manor order a distribution of bread to be made once a week to most of their peasantry, to eke out their livelihood.' Here's a picture of the richest province of France prior to the Revolution, yet was it feasting and joy to the present state of Ireland.

The Catholics to the Protestants in Ireland are nearly as TEN to ONE! Upon the heads of the nobility, gentry, and clergy of the minority, is showered all the revenue of Ireland, all the places of honour, trust, and profit, all the benefices, and all the private and public countenance of government. The Catholics, in their immense majority, are in fact the people of Ireland. Even Jews, Turks, Infidels, and Atheists, are under the protection of the Ascendancy; nay, a protestant bishop detected in the abomination of sodomy, is screened, while the poor Catholics are shut out from every happiness and comfort, unless they will, as saith the learned counsellor who published the statement of the Penal Laws against them, unless they

will disavow the venerable religion of their forefathers, and 'creep through life with due submission, and meekly bow their heads to the dust before those more fortunate christians who profess the protestant faith.' 'The Irish,' said Dr. Johnson, 'are in a most unnatural state; for there we see the minority prevailing over the majority. There is no instance, even in the Ten Persecutions, of such severity as that which has been exercised over the catholics of Ireland.'

A very great portion of those English who visit Ireland, being long prepossessed that the peasantry live entirely upon potatoes and buttermilk, take it for granted, and think no more about it. Not so the enquiring few, who, struck with the wretchedness of their appearance, are induced to examine into the cause, when such a swinish diet of filth and nastiness presents itself as fills a generous mind with disgust and indignation. To be sure, the poor thing called a farmer of ten or twelve or fourteen acres of land, at an exorbitant rent, may be a little better off, but not much. He has his cow certainly; he drinks the butter-milk of her produce, and that is all; is a little better clad, is less lousy, and partakes of a few more glasses of whiskey,—and his story of prosperity is told.

If in conversation with the gentry, the privations of the great body of the peasantry be touched upon by an Englishman, shall no offence be given, the subject is parried away by the convenient reflection, that 'in truth it is so, but the poor creatures are contented.' A little further search into this degradation and misery quickly dispels the delusion. Notwithstanding the asserted stream of beneficence, the watch and ward alone of the army has prevented rebellion upon rebellion, alone has prevented a dreadful devastation in vengeance, and a general attack upon public and private property on the part of these poor creatures of content, in order to better themselves at the expense of the substantial part of the community. Even in defiance of this watch and ward, it is well if the attack do not commence at all hazards, in rage and desperation, even at the cannon's mouth, and then where it will end God only knows. When death is scorned or courted with one hand, and vengefully inflicted with the other, all the armies in christendom are in danger of defeat and discomfiture, so opposed.

Be it ever known and always borne in mind, that the protestant peasant fares as ill, thanks to his ascendants, as does the poor catholic. Whoso talks of his cow and potatoe garden, unless a farm be attached to them, is nine times in ten in error. The protestant peasant is equally distressed in Ireland with the catholic; is as discontented and as ready to rebel. In England, we are told that the protestant peasant of Ireland is in communion with the church. This is equally erroneous, in point of fact, with the other opinion. If he be not a presbyterian, he is a methodist or a ranter. No man sees at church so many as half a dozen of the tattered and torn, the squalid and lousy protestant peasants, for they partake of all these extremes of misery, in common with the catholics. This state of

things obtains throughout Ulster, where protestantism is the pride of the province, and it will be difficult to maintain that the protestant peasant is much better off in the three other provinces where catholicism prevails. 'The only part of Ireland where the peasant of Ireland, of either persuasion, is seen and found to advantage, is in the vicinity of the metropolis,—and there he is a fine fellow, that would grace his station in any country.

A sage philosopher of Germany, once the friend of Freedom all over the world, but who afterwards became a truckling scribe to the monarchs of the holy league, and was assassinated for his apostasy;—this philosopher upon a time describing the effects of sheer despotism in one of the petty states of Germany, depicted Ireland to a T. 'Hence it is,' said he, 'that the subjects of a despotic government have such a beggarly appearance. Hence it is that their habitations are small, their furniture wretched, their clothing miserable, and both themselves and their cattle the picture of famine. Hence it is that not even their dogs are in tolerable condition. Hence it is that the melodious notes of the feathered tribes are not heard in their gardens, their thickets, and their groves; all round is solitary and dreary, those tenants of the woods repairing to other countries, where they can dwell securely against the persecutions of the peasants, who, from distress, employ every expedient to make a prey of them. Hence it is that the fields are not inclosed, and are cultivated with reluctance and disgust. Hence it is they have neither meadows nor fallows, that they have not a sufficient stock of cattle to supply manure; nor horses for agriculture; and that an ass, a lame cow, and a goat, may sometimes be seen yoked together before the plough. Hence it is that the peasants are often driven to madness and despair in the miseries occasioned by the oppression and rigour of the government under which they live.'

COLONEL MONCRIEF.

PRE-EMINENT in malignity stood the Engineer Moncrief. The instances of oppression issuing from his implacable resentment would fill a volume. I shall confine myself to one anecdote.

Mrs. Pinkney, mother of General C. C. Pinkney, solicited as a favour that he would not suffer certain oak trees of remarkable beauty on a farm which he occupied, to be destroyed, as they were highly valued by her son, having been planted by his father's hand. 'And where is your son, madam?' 'At Had-dreels, sir, a prisoner.' 'And he wishes me, madam, to have these trees preserved?' 'Yes, sir, if possible.' 'Then tell him, madam, that they will make excellent firewood, and he may depend upon it they shall be burnt.'—Colonel Moncrief was no jester. The promptitude of his actions left no room for suspense. An opportunity was offered to injure and to insult, and he embraced it. The trees were burnt.—GARDEN.

Nor a more disgraceful, ungentlemanly act, nothing so much resembling the deed of a barbarian, has Mr. Garden recorded of the British officers commanding in the American war, than is this.

Colonel Moncrief ought to have been a gentleman. As an officer of engineers, he of necessity received a very liberal education. How he could be so lost to himself, to say the least of it, as to thus destroy these fine trees, is more than commonly surprising. No gentleman of any well-conditioned mind would cut down in half an hour, that which had been half a century growing up into perfection and beauty, unless to apply it to proper and necessary uses. To wantonly destroy trees is felony all over the world, but to do so under the mask of loyalty,—loyalty which hath been the chivalric zest and incentive to ten thousand honourable and generous actions,—became a most abandoned, unprincipled, and abominable outrage; but which, like some other outrages committed nearer home, found creatures to defend it, and courtiers to apologize for and excuse it; nay, even some flattering knaves to attempt to justify it, and all at the expense of the indignant sufferer. Whether such be done by a menial miscreant to gratify the unjust domination of his lord and master, or by a colonel of engineers to fulfil the undignified vengeance of his lord the King, it is equally a brutal outrage, that fails not, sooner or later, here or hereafter, to meet its sure reward: and this is the law of God and nature, which will endure for ever in its adamant strength; while aiders and abettors, protectors and defenders of such deeds, and such doers of them, all, all come under this infallible law.

In virtue of this law, it was not permitted of Moncrief to pass out of this world in the character of a loyal soldier, but as an infuriated democrat. Under this impression he was put to death, as a dog that is supposed to be mad is immediately killed by the bystanders without further enquiry. In the sortie which the French republicans made, when hemmed up in Dunkirk by the Duke of York's army in 1793, this wanton and brutal cutter down of trees, was himself as wantonly and brutally cut down. The most authentic accounts of the time stated the manner of his exit to be thus:—'The uniform of the British engineers is so like that of the French troops—speaking of the French republican army in 1793—that our officers, to enable their own men to distinguish them, wear a white handkerchief tied round their arm. Colonel Moncrief, who had neglected this precaution, though frequently reminded of it, was taken for a French democrat by the Austrians, in whose hands he was found by Colonel St. Leger and several officers of the guards, wounded and stript. It is generally believed that his death was occasioned by this mistake, for it is not certain that he fell by the fire of the enemy.'

This account need not say that it is not certain that he fell by the fire of the enemy, for there is nothing more certain that he did not so fall, and his friends and relatives were much distressed at and lamented the misfortune. His enemies, the Pinkneys of America, and all other Americans, who had experienced his barbarity, would doubtless rejoice that the just judgment of God had overtaken him at last, in the unerring conformity with that infallible law, which permits not the doer of a brutal outrage to escape visitation, here or hereafter: neither his aiders and abettors, protectors and defenders,

whomsoever or whatsoever they may be. If Colonel Moncrief were a brave soldier, and such appears to have been his character, how bitter must have been his dying pangs, so savagely assaulted by the friends and allies of his King,—to be butchered as a democrat, a being not less hateful to himself than it could possibly be to the Austrians that so loyally dispatched him. Indeed, his richly-merited end is a beautiful lesson upon that day of retribution which so assuredly comes home to all flagrancy, in the insolence of office, or in the supposed impunity of rank and influence.

General Burgoyne, the best of all the bundle of Bobadils sent out to America, to 'eat her up at one mouth,' did not hesitate to plead, in justification of the outrages which he committed and permitted, the orders of the King. General Burgoyne was the only one of these who could boast a refined genius and polished understanding out of his profession; yet in it he was as bad as the worst in staining his hands and sullyng his reputation with wanton, uncalled-for blood and desolation. His coadjutors were little better than the savages they employed, save that they had longer swords by their sides, and finer coats on their backs.

Burgoyne's best friends were much distressed that he should have thus demeaned himself, and pressed him closely upon the subject, when they drew from him the alarming confession, that all he had done in the matters objected to, was in pursuance of the personal instructions of his sovereign, prior to his going out. Well might his majesty run mad after the loss of his colonies, since upon the shoulders of that loss was laid the load of wanton vengeance, by slaughter and devastation, out of the battle, and which altogether pressed so heavily upon his conscience, as to weigh down his head with sorrow to the ground. The King's avenging injunctions were not confined to General Burgoyne; every other ruffian in command against the Americans pleaded the same whenever their atrocities were reprobated in parliament and elsewhere.

The united kingdom, from east to west, and from north to south, is and ever hath been pestered since the accession of George the Third, with such men, in and out of the army, as Moncrief and his associates, to whom may be attributed all the evils of that reign, and their consequences in this. There always were and yet even are some bloated legitimate satraps, who held and yet do estimate every man to be a revolutionist who came not into their opinions and who yet withstands them. These arrogant men, during the American war and the French Revolution, were so malignant disposed as to keep what they called a Black Book, wherein were inserted by them, under odious denominations, all persons who possessed nerve and mind sufficient to think for themselves, and to give utterance to those thinkings. This characteristic display of ultra malignity has, since the victory of Waterloo, been revived. Even as I knew where such Black Books were then kept, so do I know where they are now kept; and I know of some names there inscribed, and in the condemned column too, whose owners little dream of the honour so NOBLY done them.

Had Castlereagh and this Black-booking gang succeeded in the

overthrow of the people in the Queen's business, a moiety of the proscribed were to have been selected for vengeance. They have yet the blood-red mark remaining, as originally passed through names, and they yet may live to know the narrow escape they have had from these brutal Moncreifs of the nineteenth century. Let no one, whose name is down upon their lists, believe, that he ever can make peace upon safe and honourable terms with such audacious malignants. No, never let them indulge even a hope of it, for peace comes not within their calculations, and 'Vengeance is mine,' is their motto, and in all times and seasons they follow it out.

Therefore it is far more manly and better to defy them to their teeth, and to then Black-book them all in return; for, so sure as the world goes round, their day of condign retribution is not far in the distance.

COLONEL HOWARD.

AN officer of the guards, severely wounded at the battle of Guildford, was passing the tent of Colonel Howard, since Lord Suffolk, on a litter, the morning subsequent to the battle, when thus addressed by him. 'Ha, Jack, my good fellow, how do you find yourself to-day?' 'In much agony, colonel, but I think likely to feel better, if favoured with a cup of the good tea I see before you.' 'Why, as to the tea, Jack,' said the colonel, 'you shall be welcome to it, but damn me, if I would find sugar in this desolate wilderness for a brother.' 'Pass on,' said the wounded man, 'refreshment, so ungraciously bestowed, could do me no good.'—GARDEN.

SUCH an accumulation of privation and distress occurred not in regular warfare throughout the American contest, as was experienced by the British army immediately after the battle of Guildford. Lord Cornwallis claimed the victory, because he kept the field; but as General Green retreated but three miles from it, and there took post behind a river, his lordship had not much to brag of; and as brag formed the main ingredient in all the British dispatches to the government at home, brag must not be mentioned as a thing of slight importance.

Mr. Stedman, an officer of Lord Cornwallis's army, states, 'that the British troops remained near two days without subsistence; that they were destitute of tents, and that the night succeeding the battle was remarkable for its darkness,—the rain at the same time falling in torrents. Many of the wounded, sinking under their aggravated miseries, expired before morning. The cries of the wounded and dying who remained on the field of action,' says he, 'exceed all description. Such a complicated scene of horror and distress, it is hoped, for the sake of humanity, rarely occurs, even in a military life.' Thus far Mr. Stedman, and far enough in misery, God knows, it is; while the best and most eloquent historian of this day permits it not to pass without his sense and sentiments upon war and the makers of war. 'Such are,' he remarks, 'the triumphs of war, and such the picture of those miseries which the accursed spirit of pride and domination has in all ages created, and which

men lost to the feelings of humanity, and remote from the scene of action, regard with calm indifference, or even for the most part as a matter of agreeable amusement and curiosity.

Mr. Garden, who appears to be acquainted with the abuse which English gentlemen travelling to and through America have applied to the manners and customs of the people of the United States, instances here the friendship of fashionable life in the British army as a little set-off against the alleged ruffianism of the Americans.

This man, with 'all the blood of all the Howards' in his veins, was not surely endued with one spark of humanity in his breast, or an iota of generous feeling in his whole composition. The private centinel of his company, who perhaps never had a grandfather, was out of doubt possessed of more hospitality and disinterestedness. His wounded comrade in such a situation, after the horrors of the night and the privations of the day, would have shared his best, and a good share too it would have been. What were the sentiments of the officers of the American army, when this anecdote reached their ears? What indeed! Not one of whom but would have cheered and revived this wounded gentleman, though an enemy, with sugar to his tea, although another lump were not comatible throughout the camp. This instance of the mean and selfish spirit of Colonel Howard, must have afforded them ample subject of congratulation that they were not descended from a long line of ancestors, if such were the fruits of it; for better it were to spring, as the taunting enemy would and yet will have it, from the sweepings of Newgate, or even worse, with fellowship and feeling for each other in the hour of distress.

As for myself, the obscure and humble writer of these Records, I much doubt if there be one among all Burke's swinish multitude on either side of the Atlantic, who would not have shared his last ration with his wounded comrade; and that comrade being his friend, would have taken no merit to himself in so doing, but on the contrary, had been thrice overjoyed in the opportunity of contributing to his comfort. The poor fellow might not have been able to express all this, but he would have felt it, which would have been more than sufficient to have put a thousand Howards to the blush; and there are Howards that can blush and feel, and can do honour to all the blood in all their veins. Was it not a Howard, Earl of Effingham, who threw up his commission at the breaking out of this unnatural war, saying, that he could not in conscience fight the battle of the Norths and Germaines against the Americans? Indeed it was; yet must another Howard, in another Record, the predecessor in the peerage to the delinquent in this, be exhibited to view, in his ideas of what God and nature put into the hands of the Tories to wield against the Americans.

Lord Effingham's letter to the King does honour to his name and nation. He assured his majesty, that 'though he loved the profession of a soldier, and would with the utmost cheerfulness sacrifice his fortune and his life for the safety of his majesty's person, and the dignity of his crown; yet the same principles which inspired him

with these unalterable sentiments of duty and affection, would not suffer him to be the instrument in depriving any part of the people of their liberties, which to him appeared the best security of their fidelity and obedience : therefore, without the severest reproaches of conscience, he could not consent to bear arms against the Americans.'

Some publications have of late appeared, which affirm in the most unqualified terms, that the people of America are utter strangers to the refined manners, wit, and learning of the Europeans. Moore led the way, and Fearon and Welby followed after. These without hesitation assume that the Americans have no manners but those of the bear-garden, no wit but that of old washerwomen, and no learning at all. What a beggarly account is this of the country of Washington and Franklin and their great cotemporaries of fifty years since ; and the alleged degeneracy must indeed be most melancholy and afflicting. If the Americans have so fallen away from the good things of that eventful time, it is deeply to be lamented. The abuse of them by Mr. Moore was a sweeper, which must be confuted, or not, upon the like general principles. Mr. Fearon's was much of the same nature, and, if noticed at all, will be dealt with accordingly. Mr. Welby's denunciation of their morals, their modes and manners, their ways and means, is a home-thrust of so unceremonious a description, as can only be parried in America, or by those who have resided there. Strong facts, set forth with dates and names and places appended to them, are stubborn things, that take a deal of upsetting. Mr. Cobbett, who has long resided in America, and knows that country well, in his Register, on the publishing of the *Visit to North America*, flatly gave the lie to every word of it, excepting the account of Birkbeck's settlement in the Illinois ; and in a vituperative tone which alone and only could emanate from that gentleman,—while it went not to the disproof of a single allegation against his transatlantic friends.

The author of the *Visit to North America* has to thank the editor of the *Stamford Mercury* for that ' Rattler by Jove,' who personified Mr. Cobbett with the title page, or rather the prefatory statement of the object of the voyage and journey, which was ' to enquire into the truth of so inviting a prospect as that held up by Mr. Birkbeck and some others.' The editor of the *Mercury*, to please his friends the Tories, unfortunately transposed the passage, and made it appear that the *Visit to North America* was published ' with a view of undeceiving those who have formed their judgment of America from the flattering pictures of Birkbeck and Cobbett.'—Mr. Cobbett now knows that the author of the *Visit* intended in no manner to attract his hostility, but on the contrary most carefully avoided it. Notwithstanding, were I the author, I should think, that it well became me, for the honour and credit of my work, to return the compliment to Mr. Cobbett, though never so unwilling to break a spear with an adversary so truly formidable. Then would I remain quiet until the book were noticed from America, which unquestionably must be the case, so soon as it gets there into circulation.

After all that can be said by any of the railers against America, it will be difficult to adduce anything more revolting to the feelings of Englishmen than the specimen of aristocratic selfishness which Colonel Howard exhibited towards his wounded and comfortless friend on the morning succeeding the battle of Guildford. The savage in the woods had blushed at the recital of it, and would have taken for granted what he had long complacently suspected to be true, that he was equal, if not superior, to this polished Fool of Fortune. Indeed, there is not that essential difference, at least in appearance, between the man of fashion, rank, and quality, and the savage of the woods, as many good kind of people are given to believe. A most decided judge of men and things, who had mixed with every grade of social life, Doctor Johnson, gravely declared as much.

Boswell relates, that Johnson had been in company with Omai, a native of one of the South Sea islands, after he had been some time in this country. He was struck with the elegance of his behaviour, and accounted for it thus: 'Sir, he had passed his time while in England only in the best company, so that all that he had acquired of our manners, was genteel. As a proof of this, sir, Lord Mulgrave and he dined one day at Streatham. They sat with their backs to the light fronting me, so that I could not see distinctly; and there was so little of the savage in Omai, that I was afraid to speak to either, lest I should mistake the one for the other.'

PATRIOTISM OF THE AMERICAN LADIES.

THE invasion of the enemy in 1780 had extended their authority over the whole state of South Carolina. Charleston had fallen. The entire continental force and the greater part of the North Carolina and Virginia line were prisoners. The disastrous surprizes at Monk's Corner, and Laneau, and the total defeat of Colonel Burford, had dissipated every prospect of efficient resistance. Some dauntless spirits, indeed, rose superior to calamity, but it must be acknowledged, that, wearied out by hopeless warfare, and by accumulated misfortunes, the voice of the majority led to temporary submission. The enemy triumphing in success, and confident that opposition was at an end, no longer held out the lure of conciliation. Insult and arrogance became the order of the day, and adversity was aggravated by every variety of insolence that malice could invent and tyranny inflict.

Under such accumulated evils, that manly spirit which alone could secure success, might have sunk, but for the cheering smiles and intrepid firmness of the fair sex, who, by sharing the calamities of their suffering countrymen, taught them to oppose and subdue them. Intent, by precept and example, to frustrate the machinations of the enemy, whatsoever the shape which they assumed, defiance was bid to their threats, and the invitations to engage in scenes of gaiety and dissipation, indignantly rejected. The dungeons of the provost, the crowded holds of the prison ships, were anxiously sought, and every delicate attention bestowed on the victims who inhabited them, that sympathy could suggest. The instances of magnanimity that occur to memory are innumerable; but a few only can be mentioned, and my greatest difficulty is to select examples where the whole have such exalted claims to admiration.

GARDEN.

THE inflexible devotion of the American ladies to the cause of their country, their invincible courage when the armies were almost annihilated and despairing, and their kind offices to the sick and wounded, are characteristics of them throughout the contest. Major Garden, whose anxiety that every good deed then done shall remain an exemplar to all posterity, hath thus recorded their Patriotism and Love of Country.

It was not that the ladies at the commencement of the dispute, took much other interest in it, than that of using their persuasives to peace and concord, as women commonly do; but when the King and government of England menaced ruin and destruction to all that were dear to them, then did they array themselves against the malignants, leaving the question of right and wrong in the abstract, to settle itself. When America was invaded by large armies of men, who but yesterday were their brethren, accompanied by mercenaries, hired at so much per head, of the villainous petty princes of Germany, to cut throats by the month, then were the women of America indeed indignant. When this combination of Toryism and Human Butchery commenced the work of fire and sword and death and destruction, then were the women of America filled with horror and detestation, and then they prepared themselves for every sacrifice. Roused as were the men before, they now became enraged, and, though with few, very few hopes of present success, they hesitated not to throw away the scabbard. Even when this was done, they more than once were inclined to submit, and not unfrequently sunk into despair, but the women never. Even Washington was once upon the eve of desperation, and had actually consulted with some of his officers, on the expediency of flying to the back parts of Pennsylvania, or even beyond the Allegany mountains, as himself expressed it, 'to save his neck from a halter.'

These officers, however, had no sooner made known this momentary ebullition of distress,—for it could have been no other on the part of Washington,—to their female friends and relatives, than despair fled before the magnanimity of their counsels and exhortations, while the bare mention of submission was considered as little short of treason or blasphemy. Thus did the women of America strive against misfortune to save America, and America was saved. Washington knew this, and Franklin at all times bore tribute to it. The entire conduct of the wives, mothers, daughters, sisters, their unsubdued tone of spirit throughout, became the universal theme of gratitude and admiration.

Well, well will it be for the government and oligarchy of England, to occasionally bear this exertion of Patriotism and Love of Country in mind, and to wisely act accordingly;—but when have they, and when, I ask, in the name of common wisdom and prudence, will they? When will they be brought to know that women rule and govern all things? Had our Solomons known this, would they, but yesterday as it were, have insulted every woman in the British empire, in the persecution of the Queen, for nothing more, if anything at all, than what almost every woman of title and fash-

ion in and about London, is daily and hourly doing, without one fiftieth part of her provocation ;—women, in and about London, who seldom or ever permit their husbands to get their own children ; whence a thorough-bred nobleman has become as scarce in and about London, as is a Ptarmigan in the Highlands of Scotland.

Our Tories of every degree feel not sensible of the power of the female world, and yield them no deference beyond the fal-lal of a drawing-room. There was one in Lincolnshire, vulgarly called a great man, whose brains, as the P. Eliz. right well knew, lay all in his breeches, and whose tongue, as all men know, eternally rung through his empty head, as the clapper within a cracked church bell :—this man's habitual expression, when the ladies have espoused any cause inimical to his despot views, as that of the late Queen, for instance, was, ' Damn the women,' and this in an aristocratical squeak of high disdain that defies imitation ; yet is it the decided sentiment of all the Tories, upon all occasions of the women espousing the cause of the oppressed, against them.

Although the women of England are reserved, yet have they their silent thinkings, of what has passed the last few years. The alarming riddances of two royal ladies, have led them to reflect that such unprincipled statesmen as him whose festering carcase now defiles and pollutes our fine old abbey, will scruple nothing to further their wicked schemes and objects. The midwife and the nurse of the daughter are known to have destroyed themselves under the strongest emotions, and the ferocious enemy of the mother has done the same. They are led to believe, also, that the numberless perjuries of those Italian whores and rogues, assembled in Cotton-garden, went to poison the minds of the people, even as they suspect that their villainous skill in murder was applied to poison the body of the hapless victim. The feelings of women are always very sensitive, and here they are keen indeed.

So soon as the national debt finds its true level, which in due time it assuredly must, then will even apathy take fire, and Reform be universally demanded. Then will the Tories draw out their army, and cry ' havoc, fall on ; '—but will the army fall on ? That is very doubtful ; if it do not, the Tories are done up, their national debt, and all the ruinous concomitants of all. If the army do fall on, then will the Manchester massacre again be seen spread far and wide, not sparing sex or age,—man, woman, or child. The devastation of America will be re-acted with every barbarity and insolence of triumphant villainy, as in America. Then will the women of England, as in America, array themselves against the malignants, leaving the question of right and wrong in the abstract, to settle itself. When the men begin to flag and become weak and disheartened, as in America, the women will soar above the common ruin and distress in all the dignity of their native undauntedness. They will infuse new life and soul and strength into the men and into the cause, as in America ; and the Tories, with the blessing of God, will be crushed therefore, as in America.

LORD RAWDON.

THE revocation of the paroles given at Charleston, having caused Colonel Hayne to take up arms again, and, falling into the hands of the British, Lord Rawdon had him executed without trial. Lord Rawdon reached the city from the interior country, and at his command an order for the immediate execution of Colonel Hayne was issued. A gentleman of veracity, who on this occasion vainly flattered himself that an execution was not seriously to be apprehended, from which no present good nor future advantage could possibly arise, has often declared that the secretary, Harry Barry, assured him, 'that his cherished expectations would be disappointed, for that the opinions of Lord Rawdon were immutable; and that since his fiat had been death, execution would inevitably follow.'—GARDEN.

MARTIAL law is the last effort of infuriate despotism. When a country, by the foulest oppression, has been driven to a desperate resistance, as America was, and as Ireland is, then is martial law proclaimed. This is a measure which at once sets abroad every bad passion of the human breast, for it gives an unlimited power of vengeance, and undisputed construction of offence, with a prompt justification of every act and deed at the point of the bayonet; and this, good people of England, is martial law. If the House of Commons were elected by the good people of England, and not by an insolent bloated oligarchy, then would martial law be unknown to the rule and governance of England.

It was in Ireland, when placed under martial law, that the pride of legitimacy, whose festering carcase now defiles and pollutes our fine old abbey, took human life with as little ceremony as the sportsman shoots partridges, and cat-o-nine-tailed and picketted the poor peasantry with the same composure that a pedagogue flogs his scholars. It was under the shield of martial law, that Lord Rawdon in America hanged Colonel Hayne, without judge or jury.

First and foremost in this legitimate murder, we will recite from the British Gazette of the time, the article relating to these paroles, as it stands in the capitulation of Charleston, and as signed by B. Lincoln, the American general, and by H. Clinton and M. Arbuthnot, the British generals:

Article 4th.—'The militia now in garrison shall be permitted to return to their respective homes, and be secured in their persons and property;—demanded the Americans.

Article 4th.—'The militia now in garrison shall be permitted to return to their respective homes as prisoners on parole: which parole, as long as they observe, shall secure them from being molested in their property by the British troops;—answered the British.

In the caprice and insolence of victory, and in the malignant spirit of martial law, these paroles were almost immediately revoked under the most frivolous and insulting pretences; when Colonel Hayne flew to arms again, and perhaps too hastily. Mr. Garden remarks further, and with becoming indignation, that—

'The Duke of Richmond called the attention of the House of

Lords to the inhuman execution of Colonel Hayne, the particulars of which had been forwarded to him by Mr. John Bowman. Lord Rawdon arriving in Europe, denied the charge, threatening to call on the duke for personal satisfaction, unless an immediate apology should remove the stain from his injured honour. The duke knew full well the justice of the charge. He was personally acquainted with Mr. Bowman, had often sought information from him relative to American affairs, and had never any cause to question his veracity; but his courage at the moment must have been at a low ebb. He hesitated indeed on the consistency of his conduct; but ultimately averred, "that he had received his information from one Bowman, who he knew nothing about. He was, he confessed, rash in his charge, and solicited pardon for having made it."

Shame to the lack-Lennox heart of the Duke of Richmond in thus shrinking from the encounter, and in a cause so good and honourable, and so exceedingly justificatory of a duel, though never so mortal. The English accounts agree in the main, with this anecdote of recreancy and rank cowardice, while they go a little more legitimately to work in other respects. They introduce the Lord Chancellor of the day, evading in the House of Peers the Duke of Richmond's motion, and explaining with legitimate effect, that Lord Rawdon could not possibly be wrong, because it was absolutely necessary for the good of his majesty's service, to hang Colonel Hayne; by the same token his lordship inferred that necessity in state matters is paramount to the 'evidence of facts.' This was briefly the ground of his argument, in a speech much too long to insert here. The same ground had doubtless been taken by the same Lord Chancellor, were he to have had a voice in the Sanhedrim at the Crucifixion; and there are other Lord Chancellors, who would not have scrupled to have reasoned even so, if state necessity had commanded it.

There was, however, among the peers, one leading nobleman to second, and vigorously, the Duke of Richmond's motion, and that was Lord Shelburne; but Whitaker's 'most amiable government in the world' got rid of the question by evading it,—the surest sign of guilt, short of instant death by the visitation of God. To the eternal disgrace of the Duke of Richmond, it is recorded on the journals, that in a few days after making this motion, he stood up in his place and declared, that 'he did not intend any personal attack on the justice or humanity of Lord Rawdon, in the speech by which he introduced his motion respecting the execution of Col. Hayne.' Good God! that the smell of powder, or the sight of a piece of polished cold iron, could so turn a man from his honest and honourable purposes and resolutions! A brave man is shocked and disgusted when he reflects upon it.

If it were true, as alleged, that Colonel Hayne had no bad faith to complain of, but on the contrary had broken his parole with the British, and had then committed the outrages which the Lord Chancellor in his speech found it necessary to charge him with, then the whole of these enormities could have been easily substantiated in

a proper and lawful court ; where, if found guilty, death might have followed upon the sentence, in the true spirit of law and justice, and nothing more would have been said or thought about it.

Now for a short word with that incomparable charlatan, Harry Barry, on the immutable opinions of an insolvent lord, and the fiat of a petty despot. It was the pride of old George the Third to make up his mind to a thing, and stick to it with what he called dignified firmness, to all eternity. It was the laugh of his subjects, that this same dignified firmness was no other than the most bigotted obstinacy that ever entered into the brain of man. Out of the same bigotted obstinacy grew that wretched Tom-foolery of immutable fiat, so complacently lauded in Lord Rawdon by Harry Barry of pleasant yielding memory, who suffered himself to be disarmed and taken prisoner by Mr. Manning, without making the least shew of resistance ; and then and there to be held up in derision as a shield against the bullets of his friends.

Out of this same bigotted obstinacy also grew the hard-headed martinetism of General Crawford, who in the Peninsular war said to his commissary, ' I want so many bullocks for the army to-morrow morning.'—' To-morrow morning, general ? they cannot be had, sir.' ' If they be not provided, I will hang you to-morrow morning, sir.' The commissary, highly indignant at such cavalier language, flew to Lord Wellington with his complaints. ' And did he say so to you ? ' ' Yes, my lord.' ' Then let me advise you to procure the bullocks, for rest assured that General Crawford is a man of his word.' It is almost unnecessary to add, that the bullocks were procured, and Wellington humoured this foolery well, and not without a spice of wit in it.

Even our great novelist has given in to this trumpery, but as he also gives interest to whatever he touches, so shall his opinion of dignified firmness be recorded. ' It is impossible that Allen-a-Dale can have thus treated a man of your reverend bearing, said Locksley ? It is true as the gospel of St. Nicodemus, said the prior. He swore with many a cruel north country oath, that he would hang me up on the highest tree in the greenwood. Did he so in very deed ? Nay, then, reverend father, I think you had better comply with his demands,—for Allen-a-Dale is the very man to abide by his word, when he has pledged it.' Thus in two or three instances was the proverb been verified to the full, that one fool makes a many, only be it known and always excepted here, our great novelist,

THE PREFERMENT OF FOOLS AND KNAVES.

It had long been a source of mortification to the colonians that no attention had been paid to native talents, and that, as often as a post of trust or emolument became vacant, that, instead of being filled up by a choice from the candidates for distinction, with which both the courts and legislature abounded, some needy adventurer or parasitical sycophant was seen to arrive, whose only merit consisted in the art of bowing humility to his superiors, or whose favour

was derived from the fascinating influence of some pretty relative who had skill to impress on an influential minister, the conviction that he was qualified to support the dignity of Britain in her colonies. Twice had the respectable Lieutenant-governor Bull been insulted, by a cruel departure from the regular routine of succession, having men of the very meanest capacities put over him. It is certainly no scandal to say, that the two last governors under the royal administration, were deficient even in common understanding; owing their promotion entirely to their rank and the powerful interests of their families. It has often been said of Chief Justice Skinner, that he never opened a law book until he was actually on his passage to America.—GARDEN.

It is scarcely possible to read a single page of Mr. Garden's book, without discovering some deep wrong done to the colonists at the hands of the mother country. It should seem, that the old governments of Europe can no longer be carried on without the glaring injustice of their pristine formation,—great privileges and indulgencies to the few, at the expense of the many, and to the manifest disparagement of all.

The loss of America was no warning to our hopeful legitimates, to abstain from this vile insult to worth and talents; nor until they read a page or two out of the Book of Fate, as written at Naseby and confirmed at the Revolution, it is easy to foresee that they never will. The proscription of talent, when not of the governing party in politics, has now so long and so unhappily prevailed in England, that it amounts to an actual usurpation of every place of honour, trust, and profit, which the vast influence of the 'powers that be,' obtains to uphold this villainous exclusion. Our colonies—east and west, and north and south—yet have to complain of the same neglect which is so truly pourtrayed by Mr. Garden: and not only our colonies.

It has upon all occasions been the system of Toryism, to keep its small share of talent at home, to defend its corrupt measures, and to appoint Dunderheads to the numerous situations abroad, which ministers have continually in disposal. Thus are in part provided for, the noodles and doodles, which, laterally and collaterally, belong to parliamentary interest, as branching from all sides of the oligarchy, mixed up with a thousand other interests much too numberless to name, which all and altogether partake of the blessings of social order and good government, as understood in England.

Talent in our colonies, beyond a confidential satrap or two, might be dangerous; hence, combined with the aforegoing causes are to be seen,—as hath been said of certain of the members of the Royal Society with F.R.S. at the end of their names—hence are to be seen among the British authorities throughout our foreign dominions, such an influx of 'Fellows of Remarkable Stupidity.' Right well does this account for the blunders and absurdities which hourly occur in our transactions abroad with our wiser neighbours, who invariably depute knowledge and talent to negotiate with us, and to regulate all matters of trade and commerce.

It should seem from the negotiations with France, relative to the late invasion of Spain, which were principally carried on in London, that we retained at home a greater portion of blockheads than

usual, or we could not have been so palpably outwitted in a matter so very straight-forward, so scarcely to require more abilities than those of a decent mediocrity. Nevertheless, I will not for one so lower their wits, while their honesty stands in my estimation so anything but high, and am of opinion, that our hopeful legitimates were then, and yet are, in secret understanding with the impious Holy League, and that they are at this moment inwardly rejoicing in the success of their Machiavelism. Wherever Castlereagh was, nothing but evil to the Freedom of Nations could come of it, in so far as his means extended; and wherever Canning is, there is not written upon the face of his transactions as a statesman, that 'Honesty is the best policy,'—and there never will be.

At home, it is the insidious cant of Toryism to attribute our opposition to its measures to disappointment, and indeed we are disappointed; but not of the loaves and fishes, not of garters and ribbons, not of feathers and fine coats, but are truly disappointed in the fruits of all our exertions and those of our ancestors for more than a century. Truly disappointed in seeing all the good fruits blighted by the bad which were unhappily permitted to remain upon the tree of the British constitution. Truly disappointed in the unpardonable Stuartism of the B. family, in the Oligarchism of the nobility, the Toryism of the gentry, and the Arminianism of the clergy: moreover, in the apathy of many, the corruption of very many, and the thralldom of all the people.

This is the true ground of our opposition and grievous disappointment. Of little consequence is it to us, whether despotism be direct or indirect, while it is despotism. When a government by King, Lords, and Commons, is administered well and wisely, with even-handed justice to a hair, it is not possible to divine a happier constitution; but where bribery and corruption become the ways and means to carry it on; where State Necessity holds the beam, and existing circumstances balance the scales of Justice, it matters not who reigns and who rules, for well and wisely are entirely out of the question. The domination of the Great Turk, or of the Autocrat, or of such as are here supposed, are all, and each, and equally, destructive of comfort and happiness, and abhorrent to the mind of man.

A stranger, to hear our host of Stuartism, Oligarchism, Toryism, and Arminianism, speak of those opposed to them in state affairs, would conclude that in these powerful and wealthy bodies of men, the alleged divinity of the crown were inherent; that allegiance and fealty were exacted from us entirely and unconditionally; and that our resistance to their insolent claims, were seen as an act of downright rebellion. We have it on good authority, that the opposition, in doors and out, of Charles the Second's reign, were called Mutineers, and in these times, so frequently likened to those times, we have seen this doctrine practically followed out, by the abominable massacre at Manchester.

The insubordination which Toryism now so feelingly laments, hath grown out of its own bigoted obstinacy of misrule,—that dig-

nified firmness in a bad cause, which we have so recently estimated at its full value. Had it, with the commonest of common sense and honesty, have yielded to the light of the times, all things had approached to a happy renovation and improvement in a mild and wholesome gradation. This growth of all good would scarcely have been felt as an innovation upon old habits, but by the most irritable and malignant, who might have fumed and fretted by their own firesides, and nothing would have come of it. This were wisdom, therefore not Toryism; for Toryism is to resist by every manner of means, by the coarsest language and by force and arms, everything that looks like Reform and Redress of Grievances: yelling and howling innovation, innovation, dreadful innovation. Toryism is to trench upon every good old rule of government and customary right and privilege, under the meanest pretences, which pretences were endless to enumerate, and disgusting to recite.

FRANKLIN CLUBS.

WHEN compelled by painful duty, Lieutenant-colonel Lee informed Mrs. Jacob Motte, that in order to accomplish the immediate surrender of the British garrison, occupying her elegant mansion, its destruction was indispensable, she instantly replied—'The sacrifice of my property is nothing, and I shall view its destruction with delight if it shall in any degree contribute to the good of my country.' In proof of her sincerity, she immediately presented the arrows by which combustible matter was to be conveyed to the building.

GARDEN.

It is as weaving ropes of sand to talk of grievances only, for that will never be means of having them redressed; heart and hand must do it, for never will the tongue,—sacrifices must be made, and dangers must be braved. The aggrieved must speak by their actions to the great and powerful, and say that they will no longer do their bidding for filthy lucre and this world's accommodations. Equal rights and equal justice are the component parts of the British constitution, and the people have only to intimate this, all and altogether, accompanied with their determination to maintain it at all hazards and personal sacrifices, when all the host of corruption will be seized with horror and dismay. This simultaneous effort will of itself grow out of brief straight-forward consultations by means of small clubs diffused throughout the kingdom. Such preceded the victory over the usurping great and powerful in America, half a century since, and such are now, by existing circumstances, imperatively called for. Those in America were instituted by Doctor Franklin, and were denominated the Franklin Clubs.

Brissot de Warville informs us, that Dr. Franklin, persuaded that information could not be extended but by first collecting, and by assembling men who were likely to possess it, was always ardent to encourage literary and political clubs. In one of these, which he founded, the following questions were put to the candidate. Do

ve all men of whatever religion they may be? Do you believe that we ought to persecute or decry a man for mere speculative opinions, or for his mode of worship? Do you love truth for its sake? and will you employ your efforts to discover it, and set it known to others?

er questions upon the like subjects, were propounded, and clubs obtained in all the large towns and inhabited districts throughout the colonies, much to the dissatisfaction of their rulers and governors,—but they could not help themselves. Unity, peace, concord, with a general knowledge of their chartered rights, and from these clubs, throughout the wide and extended population of America,—and mighty were the consequences. Let us, people of England, follow the great example, and forthwith join ourselves together by means of such clubs as these, and let this question be to every member, ‘Will you advocate, by whatever manner of means, a Reform in Parliament, agreeable to the constitution?’ Even as the quakers collect and diffuse their information, and arrange all matters relating to their social compact, quarterly and yearly meetings, so let us deliberate, arrange, and settle our matters also, but without the secrecy of the quakers. If a government spy be near any one of these clubs, let him be invited into the room, be invited to see and hear what passes, and let him quietly depart to his employers, and tell them all that he has seen and heard,—for our cause is too good to be worked in secret and corners.

ould call them Whig Clubs, under the deepest conviction, that Whig and a true Radical are one and the same. The excesses of either party must be renounced; the whigs must give up their rotten boroughs, and the radicals commute their universal franchise and annual parliaments into the franchise embracing only those who pay scot and lot and taxes: whilst election by ballot shall be the sheet-anchor of the undertaking. Triennial parliaments will not, with such members as this mean will produce, be an hour too long, while their dignity in the trust confided to them will be greatly enhanced.

encroaching enemies will perhaps attempt to interfere with them, alleging an act of parliament against them. There may be some who may not be such a let on the statute book, for aught I know or care, but this I know and care, that if there be, it is not

Bishop Burnet, when speaking of the debates upon the Bill of Rights, which occupied and called forth the talents and great regard to fundamental laws, and that it was a maxim of our lawyers then, that even an act of parliament against the Bill of Rights, was null of itself. If our lawyers were actuated by the noble maxim in the reign of Charles the Second, we trust they have not degenerated from it in the reign of George the Third. Indeed, in the late reign, one of our lawyers, Mr. Fergusson, in a case before Lord Kenyon, by successfully contending, that ‘the rights and liberties of the people were

a part of the constitution, and he who said anything against them, was guilty of bringing them into contempt, and was liable to punishment by the act, (viz.,) the Bill of Rights.'

These are the grounds we go upon ; it is our constitutional rights we seek, and there is no lawful law on earth to gainsay it. Thus we must rationally repel the hostility of our enemies, and vigilantly maintain the principles of our purpose. Confidence is good only where vigilance is, for without it the best and strongest cause is undermined : disappointment is the result, and apathy follows upon that, and indolent endurance of every wrong. 'It is the common fate of the indolent,' said the eloquent Curran, 'to see their rights become a prey to the active. The condition upon which God hath given liberty to man, is eternal vigilance ; which condition, if he break, servitude is at once the consequence of his crime, and the punishment of his guilt.'

Half mankind are voluntary slaves, and half the other half compulsory so ; the remaining portion are tyrants and usurpers. If among that voluntary half, the spirit of liberty is awakened by the genius and perseverance of a few among the oppressed moiety, the detested portion of tyrants and usurpers must fall, fall, fall, only to rise again when corruption, apathy, and indolence, pave their way. The clubs here proposed, if established in every quarter of the kingdom, will dispel the apathy and arouse the indolence which so unhappily pervade, even where oppression is so manifest. De Lolme eulogizes the spirit of Liberty, as 'a sacred principle, which neither injustice nor ambition can erase ; which exists in every breast, and, to exert itself, requires only to be awakened among the numerous and oppressed classes of mankind.'

These clubs, in their unity, peace, and concord, would work wonders against the oligarchy, and all who elect the majority of the House of Commons ; that assured majority without a will of its own, which is so essential to toryism, and the system of corruption so long established in England, Ireland, Wales, and Scotland. If an assured majority be necessary, then was the Revolution false in principle. Had the minister then a majority sure, so sure would not James the Second have been sent away, nor William the Third have been set up to reign in his stead : it, therefore, remains to be suspected, that the now meaning of the necessity of the minister having an assured majority is, that the game of the Revolution shall never be played again.

The fearful combination that provides the minister of the day with this majority, has been styled 'The Colossus which bestrides both Houses of Parliament, legislating in one ;' and very descriptive is the expression in every point of view. Indeed, the powerful individuals that compose this combination, seek, by means of their assured majority, to usurp the blessings of the constitution to themselves, as much too good for the body of the people, and as tending only to make them troublesome and insubordinate. Mr. Fox once thundered this into the ears of Pitt's assured majority. 'Say at once,' exclaimed that greatest of great men, 'that a free

constitution is no longer suitable to England. Conduct yourselves as the senators of Denmark formerly did. Renounce your liberties and accept of despotism, but do not mock the understandings and feelings of mankind by telling the world you are free. Can a meeting under such restraints as the bill imposes and requires, the sedition bill of 1795, be called a meeting of freemen? Will the people of this country suffer their feelings to be thus insulted? Or is it possible they can regard this measure in any other light than as a total extinction of their liberty? He trusted, that the people would be alarmed at the prospect of the state preparing for them, and that they would assemble while they might, to concert the means of averting a stroke so fatal. Those who failed to do so he pronounced traitors to their country. Mr. Fox might as well have thundered to the winds as to Pitt's assured majority. As mutes and slaves of the huge colossus, they did its bidding and received in a corner their exceeding base rewards. The huge colossus hath ever since, by these assured means, been hourly grasping at all which our ancestors bequeathed to us, as sacred heir looms never to be alienated but in death. Rights and privileges, laws and customs, prejudices and traditions, are all gone and going, with no resistance but in a few warm words and many humble petitions. These warm words have been malignantly misconstrued; and these petitions have been scouted and despised, and the petitioners have been insulted, vilified, and abused, nay, have been even slaughtered in the act of petitioning.

It now behoves the people to declare their resolution to resist this mighty usurpation of this huge colossus by every lawful mean, and that they will no longer petition its majority as a matter of grace and favour, but as of Right; and that they will maintain this position in unity, peace, and concord, among ourselves, and by war, eternal war, against corruption and usurpation, until the blessings of the constitution are restored.

BISHOP OF CLOGHER.

WHEN General Arnold apostatized and attached himself to the British standard, Baron Steuben, the inspector-general of the army, to shew his perfect abhorrence of the traitor, commanded that every soldier who bore the name, should change it, or be immediately dismissed the service. Some days after, finding a soldier of Connecticut, who had paid no attention to the mandate, he insisted that he should be instantaneously expelled from the ranks. 'I am no traitor, my worthy general,' said the soldier, 'and will willingly renounce a name that the perfidy of a scoundrel has for ever tarnished, if allowed to assume one which is dear to every American soldier. Let me be Steuben, and be assured that I will never disgrace you.' 'Willingly, my worthy fellow,' replied the baron. 'Be henceforth Steuben, and add to the glory of a name that hath already acquired lustre, by the partial adoption of a brave man.' The soldier, at the conclusion of the war, kept a tavern in New England, exhibiting a representation of his patron as a sign, and, as long as the baron lived, received a pension from him as a reward for his partial attachment. GARDEN.

THE abhorrence and disgust of all denominations of men of this nation at the abomination of Jocelyn, Bishop of Clogher, was certainly not exceeded by any feeling whatever on the part of the Americans, on the defection, desertion, and foul treason, of General Arnold. Far be it from me to insinuate that there is another man in the King's dominions, of the name of Jocelyn, who could be guilty of the bishop's enormity; on the contrary, I know good and honourable men that bear it,—nevertheless, I should greatly rejoice to find that every Jocelyn, of whatsoever rank, or calling, or degree, were taking lawful steps to renounce it for another as foreign to it as possible, and as popular in England as was Steuben's in America. I would not wear the monster's name for half an hour, nor would I succeed to his see, if a clergyman, unless the name of it were also expunged from the King's books, and another substituted which in no manner resembled it, for all this world, its wealth, and honours; and am most indignantly amazed at the want of feeling and christian independence of that man who has accepted of it, under its former most hateful designation.

No transaction in our time, nor perhaps in the old time before us, has more insulted the best feelings of all his majesty's subjects, than the connivance, on the part of the magistracy and the government, at the escape of the Bishop of Clogher. It was sufficiently disgraceful to permit Lord Courtenay to get away as he did get away, but that vile wretch was not in hold; whereas the bishop was caught in the fact, and taken before a magistrate forthwith; the witnesses were present, and were ready and willing to give their evidence to his conviction. Under this blazonry of circumstance, to allow him to be bailed and screened away, was worse than treason; and let all concerned therein take warning, that the day is fast approaching when they shall be brought to question for it.

Mr. Welby, who seldom says more for the administration of justice in America than where he draws some inference against it, informs us, that while he was at New York, a young man, in the open street, stabbed another with a concealed cane dirk. He fled, but was pursued and taken. When brought before the magistrates, twenty thousand dollars were offered as bail for his appearance, 'which,' says Mr. Welby, 'has not been in this case accepted; though I am told it is not at all uncommon here to take bail in cases of murder, or rather manslaughter, to speak technically.' It may be so; but the fact himself relates is sufficient for me, and I will have nothing to do with the hearsay. The fact is highly honourable to the even-handed justice of New York, while the hearsay only throws over it a passing cloud.

Twenty thousand dollars was an immense bail to offer, and which begat a noble refusal, while nothing is mentioned by our traveller of the wealth of the parties. Mark the contrast in England:—a Bishop commits sodomy for years in continuance, with impunity on the part of the great ones, whose suspicions amounted to almost a certainty,—suspicions which would soon have gone to the hanging of any poor devil not a bishop, not a man of rank, not even the

meanest curate of the church establishment. This worse than beastly bishop becomes silently protected, and a defenceless man who charged him with the crime a few years preceding was unrelentingly punished, only that the charge was made against a bishop, and that bishop of a noble family in support of ministers. The Right Reverend villain retains counsel to plead before a court-salaried justice, that the crime he was detected in the commission of, not being yet worse, he was therefore bailable, and that in a sum no greater than one thousand pounds : a drop in the ocean in comparison with his wealth in personal property and the revenue of his bishopric, amounting to twenty times one thousand pounds, and never failing year by year. The crime of stabbing is indeed indefensible, but that of sodomy has no punishment too bad for it. Merely hanging a sodomite of any description, may be deemed almost a matter of favour, being so disgraced in the eye of all humanity ; but when that sodomite is a bishop, and detected in the fact, as Clogher was, hanging up immediately should have rejoiced his friends, and have been most thankfully and gratefully endured by himself.

Every woman, gentle and simple, was cruelly and odiously insulted in the bailing and screening away of the Bishop of Clogher ; and had it not been for the manifest indelicacy of interference, the magistrate that bailed the holy miscreant, and all concerned in screening the holy miscreant, all that evaded the law and cheated the gallows of the holy miscreant, all, all would have rued this unparalleled abandonment of their duty to God and nature. Although compelled to silence, the ladies do not forget the cruel and odious insult that has been passed upon them,—neither do they forget by whom, nor for what, and for why and wherefore. Are state convenience, staining of the cloth, discomposing a noble family, and, not the least of the humbug, upholding the great in the eyes of the small,—are all these to balance against the purity of justice, and the best and truest interests of all society ? Are the ladies so meek as to endure all this, and are the small so blind as not to see through all this, and is not the day fast approaching when each will combine with each to amend all this ? Indeed it is.

The Queen, poor hapless Caroline, had she have lived to have witnessed all this ! Driven by these bailers and screeners of the hideous Clogher, from her crown and dignity, and then from this life, for a but supposed offence,—and which, were such supposition true, so venial, under all circumstances, that any man's wife were justified ; an offence, without the hundredth part of her excuse, of which hundreds of the women of quality in and about town are nightly, daily, and hourly guilty, yet roll in all the luxuries of life unquestioned and unmolested :—the Queen to be so treated, and this monster of all iniquity and nastiness to be rescued from a halter by her infuriate enemies, the identical bailers and screeners of him ! O, shame, where is thy blush ? O, devil, where is thy hell ?

The church, the government, the family of Jocelyn, and all the friends of all the parties, ought to have been most anxious and

solicitous to have had Clogher hanged and thrown to the dogs ; but ought has become a discarded word from the language of high life and state concerns. Who discharged the bail, and who received it? the same who did the like good turn for the accomplice soldier. The people know who it was that went through these forms, for they were but forms, but they do not know who discharged the soldier : very necessary to be known, for the first only hoodwinked justice, the last defeated her purposes entirely.

Doctor King, in his *Anecdotes of his Own Times*, relates, that the Duke of Orleans, who was Regent of France during the minority of Louis the Fifteenth, was most debauched in his life and abandoned in his morals, and yet he appeared to be a prince of great humanity, and a lover of public justice. When Count Horn was sentenced to be broken on the wheel, Duke D'Aremberg and the whole family of Horn, applied to the Regent for a pardon. Not succeeding in this attempt, and finding the Regent inflexible, they requested that the count's sentence might only be changed, and, to avoid an ignominious death, which would be a lasting stain in the whole family, that he might have the favour of being beheaded. This likewise the Regent refused, and made this answer : ' Count Horn is my relation, as well as yours : but the infamy is not in the punishment, but in the crime.'

I will abstain from all reflections upon debauched lives and abandoned morals, and confine myself to lament that this deathless lesson was last year forgotten in the case of the Bishop of Clogher. That it should be unknown is scarcely to be conceived, as the search for Stuart relics must have developed it. Everyone interested in the fate of the Stuarts, their merits and their demerits, dwelt upon Dr. King's *Anecdotes of his Own Times*, and among them is this deathless lesson from the lips of the Duke of Orleans. O how excellent it were that this deathless lesson had met our royal eye, when in search of Stuart relics ; then last year had Jocelyn, Bishop of Clogher, been flayed alive, and Jephson, of St. John's, the chosen tutor of many of our young noblemen, been this year hung up by the heels : and, what were even yet more excellent, sodomy would depart from out the pale of the church, as no longer a sanctuary for such abomination.

Impartial, even-handed justice, is the brightest jewel of every King's crown, and the delight and admiration of every good subject. Our present secretary of state for foreign affairs was once the editor of a legitimate newspaper, which he entitled the *Anti-jacobin*, and he delighted the church and king's men, even as doth the knave who now conducts *John Bull*. Mr. Canning told his readers, and desired them to tell it to everyone else, that ' the people are enough alive to their own real interests in the constitution, to know, that Justice, done impartially upon the highest as upon the lowest subject of the realm, is a valuable and vital principle of sound government.'

No man can turn a period better to suit his purposes than Mr. Canning, and no man can so cleverly untwist it to serve those self-

same purposes. Mr. Canning was then in office, has since been, and now is so; yet in all this time, neither in parliament nor at the council board, has he once in his own proper person, influenced his colleagues to consider this fine and manly sentiment in any other light than that of an old woman's rockstaff. One of our greatest monarchs felt and knew the full force of what Mr. Canning only wrote. Firm as the Duke of Orleans, and a much better man, his administration of justice had every good effect that justice is intended to have. Camden mentions, that 'when John, Earl of Athol, had with others murdered John Comin, he was apprehended by King Edward the First, and some intreated for him; the King answered, "the higher his calling is, the greater must be his fall; and as he is of higher parentage, so shall he be the higher hanged:" which accordingly was performed, for he was hanged on a gallows fifty foot high.'

Blush, blush, ye every one, from the highest to the lowest, who bailed and screened away the Bishop of Clogher instead of hanging him on a gallows fifty foot high. It is to the eternal disgrace of these legitimate days, that such an assembly as the belching, drunken Louth Pitt Club is applauded by all 'the powers that be,' and all their numerous adherents, when they drink with three times three, 'May the British government in its present form and the world fall together:' that identical government in church and state, which bailed and screened away the infamous Bishop of Clogher last year, and this year hanged at Lincoln three defenceless wretches for the selfsame crime;—thus teaching the people to disdainfully repeat the old Spanish proverb of,

Liga nunca, coje grandes poxoros,
which meaneth, good, my friends, that,
Birdlime never catcheth great birds.

RED BANK.

THE laurels gained by the young Chevalier Duplessis Mauduit, one of our allies, the French, in the defence of the fortress of Red Bank against a powerful detachment of Hessians, led on by Colonel Donop, were most honourable to him. So certain were the assailants of victory, so confident of their own superiority, both in discipline and valour, that on their approach to the American lines, one of their officers advancing in front of his troops, exclaimed, 'The King of England orders his rebellious subjects to lay down their arms; and they are warned, that if they stand the battle, no quarter whatever will be given.' 'Agreed,' it was immediately answered, 'the challenge is accepted! There shall be no quarter given on either side!'

It is unnecessary to detail particulars of the action that immediately followed. The defeat of the Hessians was complete. Their leader and a large proportion of the detachment fell. It might have been expected, after the threatening denunciation of vengeance held out, that in just retaliation, indulgence might have been given to resentment: but with victory humanity regained its benign influence in every American bosom, and the vanquished experienced every kind and benevolent attention that could soothe their misfortunes and

teach them more highly to appreciate the courage and forbearance of an enemy, against whom they were prepared to exercise such deadly animosity. The unfortunate Donop, who fell mortally wounded, turning when nearly in the agonies of death to M. de Mauduit, said, with great expression of feeling, 'My career is short; I die the victim of my ambition, and of the avarice of my King: but in dying in the arms of honour, I have no regrets.'—GARDEN.

An old ruffian! no regrets indeed? To hire himself at the will of a recreant Landgrave of Hesse Cashel, whose hereditary and divine right he asserted, was to sell the blood of his subjects to the best bidder in the worst cause. No regrets? Without an atom of Patriotism and Love of Country, he carries arms, even to the sanguinary diabolism of no quarter, against a people with whom his master hath no more interest, for or against, than with the people of China, yet dies in the very act of his defeated atrocity—with no regrets. It was the opinion of no mean philosopher,—and I have scarcely met with the man that held not with him,—that 'every one owes his life to his country, which therefore he should not risk in the service of those princes to whom he is in no way indebted; much less is he at liberty to let himself out to hire, and turn the noblest profession in the world into that of a vile mercenary.'

It is either a mistake of our author where the word King is used, or that of Donop himself in the agonies of death, as the avarice of the Prince of Hesse was evidently intended to be condemned; with whom the British government contracted at the commencement of the American war, for troops to wage it. An indignant Englishman has stated, that 'In our contract during the American war with the Prince of Hesse, we not only gave him an exorbitant price for the assistance of his living mercenaries, but we also paid him twenty pounds per head for all who were butchered in that unnatural conflict! what a charming thing it is,' continues he, 'to be a German prince! he can never want a guinea till passive obedience goes out of fashion.'

The historian of all most deserving the esteem of every Patriot and Lover of his Country, records what passed in parliament upon the occasion of the grant of supply to meet this turpitude. He informs us, that the treaties recently entered into by his majesty with the Landgrave of Hesse and the Duke of Brunswick, for hiring large bodies of their troops for the American service, amounting to about 18,000 men, having been laid before the house, and a motion made by the minister for referring them to a committee of supply, a vehement debate ensued. 'Great Britain, it was said, was now disgraced in the eyes of all Europe; she was to be impoverished, and, what was still worse, degraded by an humiliating application to the petty princes of Germany, for succours to enable her to subdue her own subjects.' 'There were no limits to the extortion of these princely butchers, who sold their subjects like so many beasts for the slaughter. They were to have levy-money; they were to have a subsidy; their corps was to be kept complete; they were to be paid till the troops returned to their respective countries, and the subsidies were to be continued two years after

the performance of the service.' With Tory ministers of a Stuartized King, and their bribed majority,—to the colossus bestriding both houses and legislating in one,—these appeals were of no force. Some of the Bobadils who were afterwards thumped into better opinions, 'intimated that these troops would have little more to do than to show themselves in America, and return: that there was every reason to believe that the war would be terminated in a single campaign, in which case the terms would be found very advantageous: if indeed it should be protracted to a distant period, it was allowed that the expense would be enormous, but this was so improbable as to merit little consideration.'

These legitimate arguments were used in 1775, in defence of the measure, yet in 1777, but two years after, we find the Americans using arguments of a far more convincing and imposing description in defence of Red Bank Fort, against a considerable body of these ferocious mercenaries. The same question was discussed in the House of Peers, in consequence of a motion of the Duke of Richmond for an address to the King, 'That his majesty would be pleased to countermand the march of these troops;' and the Duke of Cumberland, as well as the Duke of Gloucester, 'lamented that Brunswickers, once the advocates of liberty in Europe, should now be sent to subjugate it in America.' Even though defeat and disgrace, and the final loss of thirteen fine provinces, such territories as the British crown will never again possess, followed upon this Tory crusade against Freedom and chartered rights, yet were these visitations of no warning afterwards to Pitt, who then so strenuously condemned them. Himself, the apostate of all iniquity, did the very same in 1793, when precipitating the nations and countries of Europe upon the French revolution. In the name of the pious King of England, does Pitt enter into a treaty with the Landgrave of Hesse Cashel, wherein Great Britain again engages to pay to the petty despot butcher, a sum of money for each Hessian that is slain, so that the more of them were killed the more money he would get by it.

It is only with such degraded and dishonoured troops, that such orders as those delivered by the officer in front of his detachment, previous to the storming of Red Bank Fort, purporting to be those of King George the Third,—can be attempted to be executed. The ten or twelve years afterwards Brunswick manifesto, was but a lengthened-out copy of these royal orders; out of which have grown the legitimate decrees of the Holy League against the Liberals of the continent; and such will be issued against the Reformers of England as opportunity presents itself,—Manchester to wit.

Had success crowned the efforts and intentions of Donop, the garrison would have been put to the sword, and the atrocity had been represented in the despatches to England, in all the language of triumphant villainy, when rebellion subdued is the theme. Numbers of the friends of government, who would have shuddered at the bare thought of human slaughter, individually, would here in concert have applauded the damnable deed, as an evil arising out of 'just and necessary war,' at the instance of 'the best of kings,'

in the best of causes : an evil called down by the rebels upon their heads by defying heaven in their disobedience to their King, whose arm against them was strengthened by the God of Battles. This is the cold-blooded, heartless, impious cant of Toryism and legitimacy, —the language of all old governments, when wreaking their malignant vengeance, and pouring out the vial of their wrath, upon the heads of the rebels they have made by their tyranny, extortion, and oppression ; corruption and abuse, injury and insult, misrule and lawlessness. The terror of all tyranny had these things in his eye when he said that ' Examples are not wanting to show how dreadfully vindictive and cruel are all old governments, when they are successful against what they call a revolt.'

Revolt ! commend me to the Kings and rulers of all time for their definition of revolt. What they have in all time branded with revolt, hath done away racks and tortures inflicted at their capricious will or savage vengeance ; hath done away blazing faggots and loathsome dungeons and bastiles ; hath done away hanging men up alive by the throat upon a tenter hook, for but whispering half an opinion of their bad doings,—to say nothing of the thousand other ills and vexations towards their defenceless subjects, whose royal masters and their councillors have been in all time, with the fewest exceptions, greater nuisances and evils on earth, than all the plagues, pestilences, and famines that have visited the earth.

It was in this malignant view of revolt, that the King of England and his ruler North, issued the orders to Colonel Donop, which his officer thundered to the Americans previous to the storming of the Red Bank Fort ; but ' as pride goeth before destruction, and a haughty spirit before a fall,' so went the defeated Donop to the devil, and his royal master for the time being to Bedlam a few years after. It was in this malignant view of revolt, that the King of England and his ruler Pitt fell foul upon the French republic ; but as ' pride goeth before destruction, and a haughty spirit before a fall,' so died the apostate Pitt of a broken heart, and his royal master went a second time to Bedlam a few years after. It was in this malignant view of revolt, the coercive system yet continuing, that Castlereagh in remorse cut his throat ; yielding testimony of that which had before been ten thousand times testified,—' that pride goeth before destruction, and a haughty spirit before a fall.'

HOLY WAR.

A CERTAIN day being appointed, after which none but protection men were allowed to exercise in Charleston either trade or profession, a poor mechanic humbly solicited that a protection might be allowed him, though the hour of demanding it had gone by.—' God knows,' he added, ' that my intention was to have asked it, had it not escaped my memory.' ' Retire, sir,' said Harry Barry, ' you had ample time given you for repentance, and you refused to embrace it. You call God to witness your intention. Jesus Christ thought it no disgrace to receive a certificate from the hands of John the Baptist, of his faith in the utility of baptism to salvation. You should not have felt

ashamed to receive from the hands of Nesbit Balfour a certificate that would do away the remembrance of your political sins, and renovate your faith in the talents and virtues of your neglected master George the Third.'

GARDEN.

HERE, ye legitimates, here is a church and state reprobate of the true breed and creed of Toryism. Here is a leaf out of Clarendon's book, who, speaking of Charles the First, only said, that 'the pronouncing of the horrible sentence upon that most innocent person in the world, and the execution of that sentence, by the most execrable murder that was ever committed since that of our blessed Saviour,' was so and so. Pretty well, to be sure, is this, but Charles was a Stuart, and lost his head for tyranny and lawlessness, while George became the successor of the sons of Charles, because of all this. If George had lost his head, as did Charles, for misrule, it is very possible that Harry Barry, and such as Harry Barry, would have sunk the murder of St. Peter and St. Paul, and all the apostles, and have placed that of George the Third in enormity next to the crucifixion of our Saviour.

A SIR JOHN DALRYMPLE was so kindly disposed towards the principles which placed the house of Brunswick on the throne of Great Britain, that he set forth, during the American war, a whining jesuitical piece of Toryism, falsely styled, 'The Address of the People of England to the Inhabitants of America,' wherein was attempted to awe the colonists into submission by the description of the pomp and vanity of a court and a King, and that King in character really and truly drawn, no other than their recently renounced lord and master, George the Third, and the 'rare gang of rogues' that surrounded him. The Rockingham administration were then in office, upon the disgrace and ruin of that of the North and Germaine; and the people of America were pleased therefore, and the King and Court of England were displeased.

'If you are inclined to pay compliments to an administration,' saith Sir John, 'which we do not complain of, it is very unfair in you to withdraw them from that prince by whose NOD ALONE they were permitted to do anything.' The people of England were doubtless very much obliged to Sir John Dalrymple for mixing them thus up with the mighty nod of old George; and Sir John unquestionably found his account in it, at the people's expense, while the Americans laughed heartily. The Terror of all Tyrants, however, did not laugh, but in turn, on the part of the American people, thus addressed the bamboozled English people:—'This is Toryism with a witness,' he exclaimed. 'Here is idolatry even without a mask; and he who can calmly hear and digest such doctrine, hath forfeited his claim to rationality—an apostate from the order of manhood, and ought to be considered as one who hath not only given up the proper dignity of man, but sunk himself beneath the rank of animals, and contemptibly crawls through the world like a worm.' Thus did the Terror of all Tyrants and slaves attract the attention of the people of England to an obsequious, time-serving, passive-obedient courtier, and the principles avowed as those of a King,

who filled the throne of the banished Stuarts, and banished only on account of this NOD ALONE.

The piety of men is continually outraged by the blasphemous sycophancy of such men as Clarendon, Dalrymple, and Barry, when Kings are the object of their fulsomeness; but we can reason otherwise, and be just as loyal subjects as them and all their kind. If war and furious slaughter, such as of the war against the Americans, were the act and deed of Kings alone, we would say that they were as the wild beasts of the forest, who were ferociously preying upon mankind, merely that they were permitted so to do by mankind, the ways and means not yet being in full force to exterminate them. This does not apply to England, where her kings are frequently instigated to war, not only by their own ministers, but by those of the King of Kings, and whether the war so commences or not, they cry all hail to the King that declares it, and shout havoc, fall on to the warriors that wage it. God is implored to sanction the legitimate carnage, and O be joyful is sung upon every advantage. From the first victory to the last shot fired, this blasphemy is revelled in, and more particularly if the dispute have arisen from the breach of chartered rights and privileges on the part of the rulers, as arose the American war. Out of the spirit of this crusade grew a designation of it which hath at all times shocked almost all men of well-conditioned minds that then existed, that have since been born; and will continue so to do for generations to come, down to a long posterity, unless the British people become entirely changed in their nature.

Lord Westcote was the man who boldly avowed from the Treasury Bench in the House of Commons, that the American war was a HOLY WAR, and the Tories cheered him most delightfully. Mr. Pitt, afterwards such a furious holy war man himself, censured in very strong language the turpitude and depravity of the expression. Mr. Fox, with his wonted eloquence, most indignantly reprobated this flagrant departure from the very life and soul of the Revolution of 1688; for if the war against America were holy, how came the Brunswick family on the British throne? He deeply lamented that this assertion of holiness to the war, was not new, and stated, that when in Paris, in 1776, Dr. Franklin had informed him that the Tories had already christened the crusade against the colonies, holy war; and he compared the future consequences of it with those ruinous effects of the ancient crusades. The results, he said, would be similar in almost every respect; and so it turned out.

Perhaps there never was and never will be a Holy War; much less can be so designated one so eternally infamous as was this against the colonies. Very few wars have ever been truly just, on either side. Defence of country, its rights and liberties, against invasion, whether by lawless power at home or abroad, comes as near to the mark as the bad passions of human nature will permit, and affords an excuse for the violence of bloodshed and all the horrors and miseries attendant upon war. The wars of the Kings and governments of Europe, from the establishment of christianity to the present hour, have gone more to the disgrace of christianity, than all

which their zeal hath done in honour of it; and have impeded the propagation of the gospel throughout the world. Of all the wars, those of religion, waged even unto this day between catholics and protestants, were and are the most diabolical, being in decided rebellion against God and the Saviour. So subversive have they been at all times, of the gospel, that a sincere and faithful follower of Jesus, devoted to the mild tenets of his religion, hath not much difficulty in believing that the devil was the umpire of every battle. In some few instances, it may that the finger of God was seen; but so bad in general have on both sides been their principles of action, alleged and real, that the Almighty appears to have left them to pursue their infernal animosities, as a punishment for their mutual impieties, their perfidious dealings, and their blasphemies towards Him, by carrying them on in his holy name.

If in modern time England hath been engaged in a war where anything sacred was mixed up with it, it was the war which the Prince Regent waged against Algiers, and it was said, that a most remarkable manifestation attended it. When our ships were moving out of the bay of Algiers, with a light air from the land, very slowly, a most unlooked-for storm of thunder and lightning arose; in the midst of which, the flames from an Algerine frigate ran up her mast and spread along the yard which runs across thus †—presenting a burning cross so vivid and conspicuous as to appear the most prominent object of the night.

A STANDING ARMY.

IN the battle before New Orleans with the British, in 1814, under General Jackson, Colonel Reuben Kemper, of General Coffee's brigade, found himself almost surrounded by the enemy. Perceiving his perilous situation, and that his only chance of escape was in stratagem, he exclaimed in an audible voice to a groupe of the enemy, 'What the devil are you doing there? Where is your regiment? Come along with me immediately!' and they all followed him into the American lines, and were made prisoners.—GARDEN.

THE contemnners and vilifiers of the Americans are fain to tell John Bull that the troops of the United States are only sharp-shooters, merely irregular bush-fighters, that have no tact, little discipline, and less science; all of which is but a poor compliment to that portion of the British army which was engaged with them before New Orleans. Be it known, that an American army would not have run open-mouthed upon New Orleans, one of the strongest military positions in the United States, to a certainty, not until the navy had silenced the forts which flank and command every movement of the assailants. An American general would have waited quietly until the rocket went up, announcing that event; would not have been found in the unhappy condition of utter defeat and full retreat, at the moment of the rocket ascending which announced the service performed by the navy: no, indeed, ye contemnners and vilifiers of the Americans.

An old Tory of the last century, well read in the royal, noble, and gentle portion of mankind, speaks of but three of all he knew who were eminently possessed of presence of mind; Lord Stair, Bishop Atterbury, and Dr. James Monro. These were all men of his own kidney in politics and social intercourse through life. Had he looked downwards, grade by grade, from the station of these even to the lowest of Burke's swinish multitude, he had assuredly met with remarkable instances of it; and having given them to the world as pleasingly as he did those of his favourite trio, not quite so many of his kind and kidney now existing would feel the surprise they appear to evince when the anecdote of Colonel Reuben Kemper is mentioned. As it is, the circumstance of a Yankee being endued with the presence of mind of this officer, is almost incomprehensible to them, and at all events not loyal to believe.

It was in the true spirit of this Tory contempt of the Americans and their troops, that the Generals Pakenham and Gibbs attacked their formidable position before New Orleans on the morning of the eighth of January, 1814. In this spirit they despised the little preparatory cautions which go so far to secure victory, and the result of this legitimate Tom-foolery was defeat and death and loss incalculable. The like was the case at sea, where, in loyal contempt of the Americans and their navy, we sent out feeble ships with short complement, and with no more than usual discipline, to meet their powerful men of war, with full complement, and a strictness of discipline of which John Bull at home has scarcely an idea. Had not the gallant Broke put a stop to this mischief by disciplining as they did, and by fighting as Nelson did, it is not to be surmised where the calamity would have ended.

Still, even now, at this hour, our Tories are as infatuated as before. They see a navy of the most formidable dimensions and warlike equipment growing up every day in the American dockyards and harbours, yet, supine as ever, not an effort is made to prepare against such serious preparation to meet England upon her own element. That there shall be no mistake, Congress, as in the instance of the Franklin, occasionally sends into the British harbours a specimen of the means, and an intimation of the intentions of America against our naval power and glory, might and dominion. If treason, which God forbid, infected our councils, her purposes could not be so surely furthered as in the cold neglect of the navy, the true and lawful force and the natural guardian of our commerce and existence as a free and independent country. If treason, which God forbid, infected our councils, those councils would neglect the navy, and set up in its stead a standing army in time of peace, which, as a commercial, free, and independent country, England hath no more occasion for, than hath a toad for a side-pocket: to say nothing of the bad designs in such standing army against such freedom and independence, which are as manifest as the clouds above our heads, and as big with storms and tempests.

A navy is born in commerce and nursed in freedom. It grows with their growth and strengthens with their strength, and becomes

at all times their mighty champion. Where the navy of a commercial country is neglected, freedom is decaying, for a navy always shrinks from barren despotism. Charles the First had to grieve the defection of his navy, and James the Second, who took no warning from his father's fate, was left in the same defenceless condition, when the people rose up against his misrule. There are, so unadvised even now, to prefer a standing army to a royal navy;—but when the day of mourning comes therefore, there are, who will cry aloud in the agony of their grief—‘Why were we so advised; ah! why did we listen to the treason!’

May thrice damned and infamous be those who advise a standing army and the deliberate neglect of the British navy,—the wooden walls and the gallant tars that man them: Admirals and post-captains there will always be in employ, and plenty of them; the seamen need but anything like encouragement to be in readiness when wanted, while in the mean time, as commercial seamen, they can earn their bread, and very good bread too: but what are the sufferings of the masters and commanders, the lieutenants and the midshipmen—unemployed and freezingly set aside, ungratefully left to subsist upon a pittance! If it be that the departed spirits of Hawke and Rodney, Howe, Duncan, and Jervis, the hero Nelson, and all that have fought and bled and died withal; if it be that they can behold what now is passing, can see and know that their midshipmen have of hard necessity become tavern waiters to honestly obtain their daily bread, and can hear the lieutenants and the masters and commanders, in the poignant feelings of neglect and disappointment, cursing the hour they were born: if they can see and hear all this, the mansions of peace will scarcely contain them, and yet preserve their promised blessedness;—so appalling will such sight and hearing be to such gallant spirits.

Even in the same ineffable scorn of what the satellites of power and the minions of the hour may say and think of this, or any other maledictory review of their system of things, a system that first tore America from the crown of Great Britain, and hath ever since visited the separation by the most unstatesmanly hatred, and hath shewn that hatred upon every occasion by wanton acts of vexation and insult: so do we say and think upon their neglect of the navy, and the setting up of a standing army to watch the motions of liberty, and check them, when not in accord with holy league legitimacy. Out of this system grew another war with America, whence the burning and destroying of Washington, the seat of the government of the United States,—the newly-erected city in honour, and bearing the name of, the revered commander of the American armies during the struggle for independence, and the president afterwards of the republic.

This wanton act of vengeful legitimacy emanated out of all doubt from Castlereagh's hatred of freedom, and, as like him in every other act, from a double motive. To chastise democracy, and in this deep-seated insult to cause the Americans to hate the English more bitterly than before, in the hope of staying the plague of

emigration by the angry reception the discontented here might meet with upon their arrival; and this hope our courtly travellers tell us, was founded in truth and foresight, and his characteristic wisdom. Of a certainty it has against us, as a country,

‘ Raised such a conflict, kindled such a fire,’

as scarcely a thousand future good offices will be able to quench and extinguish. As, under the present system of things, not one of all this thousand good offices will ever be made forthcoming, the sooner we prepare our gallant navy the better; for the more formidable there, the more lasting will be the political friendship and commercial relations, which now exist between us.

Surely it were well and wisely considered of every Briton now passing and repassing the Atlantic, to discontinue that abuse of the American people in which they have of late so unboundedly indulged. To prolong even the calculating, cold, and watchful connexion that now exists between the two countries, will tend much to the commercial prosperity of either and both, as also to the conjunctive cause of freedom all over the world. The late decryers of American manners, habits, customs, laws, and government, cannot, in conscience and common honesty, mean or hope in their aspersions to breed a new war: in decency, in the least spice of manliness, cannot design to curry favour with such a congregation of dotards, braggarts, and pickpockets, weepers and whiners, and pensioned passive obedient, as are the present pilots and storm-weatherers of this devoted land. No, it is impossible;—but what can they mean? Surely not, overrun as is their own country, more especially Ireland with poor and population, they do not seek to stop emigration to America?

If these travellers be persons of historical knowledge and of enlightened understandings, and who shall gainsay it, they will at once reflect, that all nations in their infancy are anything else than polished, and long after their infancy the fastidious may pick a hole in their coat on that score. Even England, until past the reign of James the First, was very coarse and rude in her general habits, and, to this day, if it were necessary to point them out, large communities might be found with not more manners than the Americans in general are said to present to the Englishmen that aristocratically stalk among them. Something tells, that if they did not so aristocratically stalk, they would witness manners of quite another cast.

THE TORY.

BEFORE I more particularly speak my own sentiments, I will present an extract from the oration of Mr. Benjamin Elliot, pronounced before the 76 association, on the fourth of March, 1813, which strikingly evinces, that, however highly excited the resentments of the nation, its magnanimity was still superior to them:—

‘ The passions and the ignorance of the people, it is thought, have fated a short existence to our freedom. This opinion is not based on the American charac-

ter. During our revolutionary calamities, when hope was beat down, and injuries were most unkind, a heartless gang of domestic felons, under the appellation of Tories, rose against the People. There was no atrocity they did not perpetrate, no aggravation they did not add to distress. Did you see the cinders of the poor man's dwelling,—who destroyed it? The Tory! Was the rich man pillaged because he preferred his country to his wealth,—who stole his property? The Tory! Was the stern patriot insulted,—who inflicted the indignity? The Tory! Yet, after the success of Liberty, it was advised, that wrongs should be forgiven, and this justly execrated enemy viewed as brethren. The American people acquiesced, and have enforced every provision of that godlike amnesty. The Patriot does not enjoy one benefit from the revolution, which has not been extended to the Tory. Fact, therefore, and not speculation, has determined, that there is no animosity, however obstinate, no passion, however powerful, which the American people will not vanquish, when demanded by their country's good.'—GARDEN.

ALL this was a truth unquestionably received in England at the time, and ought not to be forgotten now. It was then said, that if on earth were to be found one villain greater than another, it was in the person of the American Tory. The brand which raised the conflagration of his neighbour's house and premises, was at the hands of the American Tory. If a position at midnight were to be forced, its least tenable quarter was pointed out to the enemy by the American Tory. If a town were to be taken, the American Tory was always within it to give signals to the British of the most advantageous time and place for the attack. Were a magazine to be destroyed, who so foremost with intelligence towards its destruction as the American Tory? If the British line of march were intersected with woods and wildings, who so ready to point out the way, nay, to direct and guide its route, that his countryman might be fallen on unawares, as the American Tory? If a battle were gained by the enemy, who shouted so loud and so malignantly as the American Tory? If an unfortunate gentleman fell into the hands of Rawdon, Cornwallis, Howe, Clinton, Burgoyne, or Tarleton, and was at their fiat to be executed, who the hangman but the American Tory? When ultimate defeat was held almost to a certainty to be the fate of the colonies, who so rejoiced in the general hanging-day consequent upon it, as did the American Tory? Yet, when the tide of victory flowed into quite another channel, when every American Tory was at the mercy of every American Patriot, what was the result? Mercy, in so far as not retaliating; Contempt in every instance, while of Pity, in their neglect by the British, there was none at all.

No time, nor any clime, changes the nature of a Tory. It is a wild beast that may be tamed,—civilized is the legitimate word,—but can never be cleansed of the leaven of his iniquity. The Manchester slaughter has entirely shown the late American Tory and the present English one, to be much nearer relations than are cousin-germans; and if it were possible to suppose him eventually the victor in the present struggle for Reform, the poor Radical may then make his will, and peace with God, for no more mercy will be shown than was shown at Manchester.

A hireling scribe, whose pen in six hundred years would not be

worth so many farthings, yet receives six hundred pounds a year for his apostate effusions in the Quarterly, not long since produced an article entitled 'The Opposition,' which he grounded upon some fulsome, impertinent Letter to the King. It is for such abortions as the following that the prostitute receives his wages. The opposition, 'We speak of it in its usual character—as formed for the purposes of opposing indiscriminately all the measures of the ministers, without reference to their merits; and of driving them from office, whatever may be their ability, and however disastrous the consequences may prove to the nation. It struggles not for the good of the country, but for the virtual sovereignty of the country—not for public benefit, but for personal profit and aggrandizement, at the public cost.'

Indeed—how much obliged to this driveller must his employers be for this delectable sidewind at their own virtual sovereignty of the country for the last sixty years, not for public benefit, but for personal profit and aggrandizement at the public cost. Here is the confession of what was not to be divulged on any account whatever. Instead of the old theme of an opposition being one of the component parts of the British constitution, and, there being none, the wheels of government would cease their wonted round: or, there being none, power uncontrouled would induce a revolution: instead of these wholesome sentences, a hiring scribe is instructed to say to the People of England, that the Tories have got possession of the virtual sovereignty of the country, not for public benefit, but for personal profit and aggrandizement, at the public cost,—and, having got possession, they mean to keep it, by means of their standing army. That there shall be no mistake, the wretched hiring gives us a duplicate of the legitimate doctrine: 'Were the present ministers as imbecile as they are able, they must still be kept in office, for they would still be infinitely preferable to men solemnly pledged to make the most comprehensive and fearful changes in the constitution and the state of society.'

On the part of the hiring scribe, this tirade could only emanate from the apostate who libelled the People of England a short time since, by declaring them to be half Luddite, half Lazzaroni; on the part of the Tories, his employers, it is positively a declaration of war against them, and the People of England accept the challenge and return their scorn and defiance. God always blinds the eyes of wicked rulers preparatory to their destruction. In Russia, one description of men may be kept in office for six hundred years without exciting any surprise, but that one description of men in England should have remained in possession of office, place, power, and patronage, for sixty, and challenging to retain them for sixty more, is most alarmingly marvellous, and betokens that events of the first magnitude will ensue upon it.

In proud defiance of all the Tories upon earth, the People of England placed the Brunswick family on the throne upwards of an hundred years ago, and now the Tories, in defiance of the People of England, take that family into their holy keeping, which in re-

turn cheers and cherishes every Tory upon earth against them. All history tells, that if this enormity continue much longer, the Tories will irreparably ruin the House of Brunswick, as they did the House of Stuart. They have already lost, and torn America away from the crown, in which the Brunswick family found it, and Ireland is all but gone, as went the invaluable provinces of America,—by the bad councils and treasonable acts and deeds of the abandoned Tories. Seven years since, when the standing army was about to be increased, the People objected to such an unprecedented measure, being at peace with all nations. Lord Palmerstone told them that the additional ten thousand men were only commensurate with the increased turbulence of the People. It was well for him that the People were not turbulent; for, had they been as he libelled them, of a certainty his lordship had been led out of the house and thrown over Westminster Bridge, to feed the fishes. The wretched hireling scribe of the *Quarterly*, also, in allusion to the passing of the Six Acts, is instructed by his masters to say, that in consequence of that alleged turbulence, the liberties of the People were necessarily abridged. Tories only, with an increased standing army at their elbows, could be found to use such audacious language. The liberties of the People are held by *Magna Charta* and the Bill of Rights, and it is treason to touch them. The King does not wear his crown by a better title than do his People hold their liberties, and whoso trench upon either, are equally guilty of High Treason, and become amenable to Impeachment in common with other traitors: so look to it, ye gentlemen all that had any hand in passing those acts.

Had the opposition of the present day kept up the old play game of almost ever since the Revolution; had the opposition yet condescended to perpetuate the delusion of the contest of the great Whig and Tory families in parliament, under the veil of Patriotism and Love of Country; all had been well enough. Now that it is found that the People have an unyielding party upon the opposition benches, which impedes the playing of the old court cards as heretofore, they are roundly given to understand, through the impudent medium of the *Quarterly*, that such an opposition cannot be tolerated. Tolerated! Britons, did ye ever hear the like! Did it ever enter into the imagination of man before, that the party of the People of England was not to be tolerated in the House of Commons! Why this is, if possible, a more heinous instance of Toryism than that of Dalrymple's *NOD ALONE*; and who but the apostate eulogist of Wat Tyler, would dared to have given it? Britons, strike home! at the Toryism of the times, and, by every lawful and constitutional manner of means, crush it, if ye can. In the cause of the Queen you shew to the Tories, to their great dismay, the power you possess, when with right and justice on your side; now shew it in the cause of your country, and the Toryism of the times must as inevitably be crushed, as were her enemies assuredly defeated.

EMPLOYMENT OF THE SAVAGES.

THE terror excited by the Indians, who wore their war dresses, and wantonly displayed the instruments of torture with which they were accustomed to aggravate the sufferings of their prisoners, created the most appalling dismay.
GARDEN.

It could scarcely have entered the heads, and even, did it so, the hearts of any men but those of the Tories, would have revolted at the employment of the wild and barbarous savages of the woods in war against their christian brethren, and hitherto fellow subjects ; but Tories partake as much of christianity, as do the devil and his angels, and who, in common with the infernals, have continually scripture in their mouths to suit their purposes. I do not class the numerous adherents of the Tories, however I may disapprove of their servility, with these lords temporal and spiritual of misrule and bloodthirstiness. On the contrary, I know, that many thousands, for worldly reasons, are in unison with the Tories, who in secret condemn their almost every act and deed ; but cannot help themselves, for the same worldly reasons, so chained and wedded are they to the pomps and vanities, and the more substantial good things of this wicked world.

Unfortunately for the Freedom of Mankind beneath their rule and governance, there are among the Tories many learned men, of deep and classical research in ancient and modern history, so that events which may further their ends and objects but seldom escape them. Tacitus has informed them, and Gibbon has repeated the information, that the Arii, a fierce and numerous people inhabiting what is now known in Europe as part of the frontiers of Poland and Silesia, studied to improve by art and circumstances the innate terrors of their barbarism. Their shields were black, and their bodies were painted black. They chose for combat the darkest hour of the night. Their host advanced, covered, as it were, with a funeral shade ; nor did they often find an enemy capable of sustaining so strange and infernal an aspect. Of all our senses, observes the historian, the eyes are the first to be vanquished in battle.

The Arii receded as christianity advanced, and are happily removed from the face of the earth, otherwise the Tories, in their system of making the most of circumstances, had certainly brought these demons against the Americans ; for no means are too damnable to attain their ends. However, as they could not have the original, they determined upon the best copy, so entered into holy alliance with the wild and barbarous savages on the banks of the Mississippi, and Colonel St. Leger, who had been sent through the woods to General Burgoyne, writes a letter in terms of high delight at the success of their first operations. He acquaints the general, ' that on the 3rd of August, 1777, he had invested Fort Stanwix : on the 5th had laid an ambush for 1,000 militia that were marching

to relieve the fort, over whom the Indians had obtained the completest victory, laying above 400 dead on the field, among whom were almost all the principal movers of rebellion in that country.' Colonel St. Leger is prudently silent upon the horrors attendant upon this completest of victories; silent upon the ferocity and havoc of the hatchet, the tomahawk, and the scalping knife; silent upon the death shout, the yells, and terror-striking woo-whoop, and all the appalling heart-rending scenes of an Indian ambush: but he will not eternally be silent upon it. The first break of his silence will be at heaven's bar, but how long after that dreadful scene, he will be permitted to remain silent upon it, is not for mortal man to contemplate. It was pretended by some of the court party at home, that the horrible excesses of the Indians were endeavoured to be restrained, while others were even careless of excusing them.

Does the world get worse, or were the old Bourbons better christians, and men more endued with humanity than the new Guelphs. One of the weakest, if not the wickedest of the kings that have awayed the sceptre of France, Charles the ninth always excepted, was perhaps Louis the fifteenth; yet if the following circumstance, related by the Chevalier Courdray, can be credited, we find that prince magnanimously preferring manly honourable warfare, to the infernal barbarity of lurking devastating destruction, as it were, at one fell swoop. A native of Dauphiny, by name Dupré, who had spent his life in the cultivation of the science of chemistry, invented a kind of fire so rapid and so devouring that it could neither be avoided nor extinguished: water, instead of destroying it, gave it new force; various experiments were tried with it on the canal of Versailles, in the presence of the King, which were repeated at the arsenal at Paris, and in several of the sea ports. The most intrepid soldiers trembled at the effects of so diabolical an invention, and considered it with the same horror that the ancient knights felt on the discovery of gunpowder. Being convinced that one man, assisted by such an art, could destroy a fleet or burn a city, the King commanded Dupré never to communicate his secret, and paid him for his silence. His majesty, however, continues the chevalier, was at that time engaged in a ruinous war. The English braved him in his harbours, and every day he suffered new losses and disgrace. He could easily have destroyed his enemies, but he preferred to suffer rather than to augment the evils of humanity. Dupré is since dead, and his dangerous secret lies buried with him.

We are not quite so nice on this side of the channel. Sir William Congreve, during half the last reign and the whole of this, has yearly visited the tomb of Dupré, and has every year brought fragments of this fearful secret away. He never fails to consolidate his acquisitions, nor is it probable that he will desist from his visits until he has possessed himself of the whole arcanum. The posterity of Louis the fifteenth, may in coming time find to their sorrow, that his majesty's conscientious scruples square not with the maxims here of making use of every manner of means which God and Nature, according to Tory cant and malignity, have placed in our

hands. Of a certainty,—all doubt entirely out of the question,—shall the People of England pursue at all events and hazards their rightful cause of Root and Branch Reform, they will find that the rockets, in their full and satanic perfection, will be sent among them and their habitations with tenfold fury, in comparison with what they are ever likely to be used against a legitimate holy-league enemy: when once more will they hear of it being a weapon placed in the hands of the Tories by God and Nature.

The genuine villain Tory of all countries, seldom, to gratify his tyrannic vengeance, sticks at anything; but at nothing against the rebels, that his misrule and oppression have driven into rebellion. When the news of the hellish atrocities of the savages against the colonists reached England, even the feelings of the adherents of the Tories were shocked, while the Whigs were inflamed with the highest indignation. Both houses of parliament resounded with their anathemas, and few, very few, of the court party were found to openly defend the atrocities perpetrated by the Indians. Lord Suffolk, however, was one of the few; and he ventured to declare, in defence of the association of the tomahawk and the scalping knife to our arms against the Americans, upon the principle, that it was perfectly justifiable to use all the means which God and Nature had put into our hands. This moving, saith the historian, the indignation of Lord Chatham, he suddenly rose and gave full vent to his feelings in one of the most extraordinary bursts of eloquence that the pen of history has recorded. 'I am astonished,' exclaimed his lordship, 'shocked to hear such principles confessed! to hear them avowed in this house, or even in this country. My lords, we are called upon, as members of this house, as men, as christians, to protest against such horrid barbarity. That God and Nature put it into our hands! What ideas of God and Nature that noble lord may entertain, I know not, but I know, that such detestable principles are equally abhorrent to religion and to humanity. What, to attribute the sacred sanction of God and Nature to the massacres of the Indian scalping knife! to the cannibal savage, torturing, murdering, devouring, and drinking the blood of his mangled victims! Such notions shock every precept of morality, every feeling of humanity, every sentiment of honour. These abominable principles, and this more abominable avowal of them, demand the most decisive indignation. I call upon that reverend and this most learned bench, to vindicate the religion of their God, to support the justice of their country. I call upon the bishops to interpose the unsullied sanctity of their lawn; upon the judges to interpose the purity of their ermine—to save us from this pollution. I call upon the honour of your lordships to reverence the dignity of your ancestors and maintain your own. I call upon the spirit and humanity of my country to vindicate the national character. I invoke the genius of the constitution. From the tapestry that adorns these walls, the immortal ancestor of this noble lord frowns with indignation at the disgrace of his country.'

Not 'all the blood of all the Howards,' Howard as he was, could

in all his life wash away the disgrace of this expression, to which Lord Suffolk, in the malignancy of his Toryism, gave utterance, and it will remain a stain upon his memory, so long as are remembered the enormities and abominations of the American war; but Lord Suffolk stood not alone in his iniquity; he was of the hopeful generation of Bible and Crown men that have vexed mankind before and after, and yet continue so to do, even unto this day. The spirit of Toryism being inherent of the devil, is always the same. The execrations of the cavaliers in the war which Charles the first waged against his people, is but an early and most faithful portrait of it in principle and action, ever since. 'They raved,' says Peden's historian, 'like fleshly devils, when the mist shrouded from their pursuit the wandering Whigs.' One gentleman, according to the MS. Account of the Presbytery of Penpont, 'one gentleman closed a declaration of his vengeance against the conventiclers with this imprecation—"Or may the devil make my ribs a gridiron to my soul!"' A gentleman! Good God, to let fall from his lips such an expression as this.

Fortunately, the people defeated these infernals, these cavaliers, these gentlemen, or what but almost universal slaughter had followed upon Tory victory. The people, after the war, only shot a couple of the most malignant of them in Colchester Castle-yard, and what a hubbub there has been about it ever since. The stone upon which they kneeled is shewn with a solemnity that implies a martyrdom. It may be so; but what was the sacrifice of Sir Charles Lucas and Sir George Lisle on that occasion to the thousands upon thousands of the friends of Freedom that have been immolated at the shrine of Tory diabolism on every occasion and at all times since Tories have had existence and a name: and to this may all the people of America, in the plenitude of their victory, say amen, amen, amen.

Bad as the Tories were and raging in Charles the first's detested reign, they did not employ the savages of North America against their brethren and fellow subjects. It may be said, that they could not: this we will not dispute, it is enough that they did not. However, the King was charged, and proof was brought home to his dissimulating majesty, with endeavouring to bring over, through the means of Lord Glamorgan, an army of Irish catholics against the people of England,—and savages they certainly were, if the rising up as one man in one night and murdering every protestant that fell in their way,—man, woman, and child,—partake of savagism. To be sure, in the open field these were anything than formidable as warriors, which Cromwell afterwards made appear, yet the kind intentions of Charles and his Tories in the transaction, were not less manifest on that account.

Lord Suffolk's blasphemous doctrine was brought forward also in defence of Charles, as was likewise Mr. Pitt: of state necessity and existing circumstances, and it served the rogues for their season of clamour, as the same do ever when state villainy is at work. God and Nature, State Necessity, Existing Circumstances, John

Bull's Bible and Crown, were all invoked by the Tories to justify the Manchester massacre; and at all times will be whensoever the Parliamentary Reform question presses inconveniently home to their places and pensions, sinecures and donations, and all their Ways and Means of Corruption, in Holy League, to vex and subdue the spirit of Freedom,—which notwithstanding is every day growing in its growth and strengthening in its strength.

MRS. THOMAS HEYWARD.

MRS. THOMAS HEYWARD, in two instances, with the utmost firmness, refused to illuminate for British victories. An officer forced his way into her presence, and sternly demanded of Mrs. Heyward,—‘How dare you disobey the order which has been issued; why, madam, is not your house illuminated?’—‘Is it possible for me, sir,’ replied the lady, with perfect calmness, ‘to feel a spark of joy? Can I celebrate the victory of your army, while my husband remains a prisoner at St. Augustine?’ ‘That,’ rejoined the officer, ‘is of but little consequence; the last hopes of rebellion are crushed by the defeat of Green at Guildford. You shall illuminate.’ ‘Not a single light,’ replied the lady, ‘shall be placed with my consent, on such an occasion, in any window of my house.’ ‘Then, madam, I will return with a party, and, before midnight, level it with the ground.’ ‘You have power to destroy, sir, and seem well disposed to use it; but over my opinions you possess no controul: I disregard your menaces, and resolutely declare—I will not illuminate!’

GARDEN.

IN what a devil of a stew would be one of our English ladies of this passive-obedient period of apathy and delusion, were the messenger of power to announce, that if she did not immediately comply with some despotic command, alike insulting to her as a woman and a wife, as revolting to her inmost principles,—that her house forthwith should be razed to the ground. So much accustomed to comforts, and those comforts approaching so close to luxuries, and those luxuries becoming from habit, as it were, almost necessities of life,—that, were the messenger of power to force his way into her presence and say, ‘Madam, if you do not immediately display every form and visible sign of rejoicing at the enactment which abolishes the use of tea, you will be compelled so to do by the strong arm of authority.’ Would she comply? Yes, she would. She would grumble a little at the loss of the dear nectar of her morning and evening hours, and at the additional cruelty of insisting upon her outward show of rejoicing at it, yet she would comply; I know her well; she would comply.

Such have been ever since the French Revolution the raw-head and bloody-bones stories set forth of that memorable resistance ‘to all in authority;’ such have been the alleged disgrace, the imputed disloyalty, the everything to be condemned in the least demur to the fiat of rulers and governors, that the gentlewomen of England are absolutely silenced, even though once so formidable in spirit and array against despotism. Such tales of ravishing of ladies, and killing of gentlemen, and sending of priests about their business;

of setting up the Goddess of Reason, and proclaiming atheism in the room of passive obedience to kings and rulers, and the worship of the True God according to our happy establishment,—that the poor dames are entirely subdued into the tranquil and pious belief, that all is at home just as it should be.

Were it not that these delusions have been unceasingly reiterated in all the seductive and glowing colours of interested description, in every language that poetry and prose could devise,—by all the host of

‘Princes, Placemen, Pittites, Priests, and Peers,
Fulsome Addresses, Sermons, and Couriers,’

the cause of Reform and Redress of Grievances had long since been strengthened in the devotion of the gentlewomen of England. The taxes, which eat up everything, will, it is to be hoped, in time open their eyes; but ladies little understand these things. Because a moiety of the assessed fleecery is dispensed with for the present, the ladies are instructed to sing ‘O be joyful,’ and to talk to their children, and, as occasion may offer, to their household, about the most amiable government in the world, without reflecting, that, if not debarred the nectar of their morning and evening hours, their dear delicious tea, yet they have it as a boon scarcely worth acceptance from a high English spirit, upon the terms it is granted. The tax upon it before it leaves the India House is one hundred per cent.; which doubles the price to the wholesale dealer, who never fails to profit by the hint, and charges accordingly. This is not all the mischief; for in consequence of the price being so exorbitant in retail, the tax is frequently evaded in the debasement and adulteration of the article, and it is supposed that double the quantity of what leaves the India House is sold to the consumers, which can only be in the creation of that immense addition by a preparation of tree leaves, broad grasses, and other vegetable productions at home. Thus is the whole corrupted and rendered not only ungrateful to the palate, but unwholesome to the stomach and destructive to the nerves, and none suffer so acutely from this adultery as the ladies. To the inordinate tax alone must be attributed these evils, whose mischiefs are incalculable; for this wretched preparation, under the name and semblance of tea, has become a necessary of life.

Glass, the pleasure and comfort of a lady’s habitation, is taxed in every form and in every way. That by which she attires and adorns her person, and that which gives such splendour to her drawing-room, are taxed even to extortion. If, saith one of our eminent fruiterers, the heavy duties upon garden glass were relinquished, we should soon have African gardens of great extent on the banks of the Thames, and pine apples would be cried through our streets, two for a crown. The late Sir Joseph Banks enumerated the delicious fruits of every clime, which would yet more distinguish the usual elegance of her table; and, last not least, the light of heaven through her windows in the form of glass, is taxed to a most inordinate amount. Brandy, which no mother of a family should be without, in a medicinal point of view, independent of it being the

life and soul of her made wines, is modestly taxed at two hundred per cent. above its prime cost. Sugar, which sweetens her tea, and preserves her summer fruits for winter use, pays a duty so near to one hundred per cent., that a pin's point could scarcely be passed between ninety-nine and the cool hundred. The malt which furnishes the wholesome beverage for her own table and maintains the hospitality of her kitchen, is also charged with between fifty and sixty per cent. of the price of the raw material, yet is she insultingly told that the malt tax has been taken off. From her deceased father she cannot receive her fortune without the impious legacy tax being imposed upon it; neither can she be united to her heart's dear choice, without a tax upon the ceremony. From the hat, cap, and bonnet on her head, to the shoe, slipper, and sandal of her foot, she is enormously taxed; but it comes, I believe, from fathers, husbands, or brothers paying all, that mothers, wives, and sisters think so little about it.

These pay-all gentry have aforetime been told, that 'everything they take into their mouths is adulterated, to elude the tax with which it is charged, to pay the interest of the national debt; as, but for the duty, every such article would be so reasonable in price, that the hazard and trouble of evasion would not be compensated, whilst the disgrace and crime of debasing the good things which God hath given to human industry, would not alone attach to this country. Everything that they wear and tear and manually use, for the like cause, is reduced in substance and diminished in quality. The commonest necessities of life, their daily bread, the light of heaven, nay, their inheritances, and the endearing bequests of kindred friends, all yield an unhallowed tribute to the indirect despotism and direct rapacity of a den of thieves.'

The taxes must be paid, cry the knaves that have an interest in them, and the fools who believe that the debt was fairly contracted: which leads every sensible person to ask whence this wide waste of property, this profligate expenditure, and why? To which may be answered, that the real motive in so doing was to uphold the royalties, nobilities, and dignities of the land, against the best interests of every other description of all society. The first excessive weight of the national debt was felt after the HOLY WAR which dismembered America from the empire. Another HOLY WAR followed upon this against the French republic, out of which hopeful hostility grew a giant in arms, who cost us three hundred millions to raise up to the topmost round of ambition's ladder, and four hundred millions more to pull him down again. These seven hundred millions, in addition to the amount before the best of Kings and men, before the father of his people reigned over them, will determine the precise weight of the millstone which at this moment hangs round the necks of the

'Princes, Placemen, Pittites, Priests, and Peers'

of England; and if they do not soon devise some happy mean to get rid of it, they will sink them all.

The bankruptcy and distress which the huge national debt with

its consequent poor rates are so rapidly accelerating, will of necessity bring about that Reform which wisdom and justice, reason and argument, entreaty and petition, begging and praying, writing and speaking, abusing and scolding, have failed to effectuate in fifty years of unabated and zealous pursuit. In the absence of that timely Reform so frequently and so strenuously advocated by one of the greatest of the truly great, the 'Reform with a vengeance,' once so solemnly assured to be the fatal consequence of withstanding the declared sense of all the People, will ensue, and a season of violence may be expected. The standing army will be employed to preserve social order and good government, and if the privates will do what the social order men call their duty, a civil war is the inevitable result. The People, in the early stage of the business, will be cut and mangled and dispersed, as they were at Manchester, but this legitimate triumph will not last long, for the People of England are never to be beaten.

'The gentlemen of England that live at home at ease,' and the gentlewomen too, will no longer remain in the distance, when the People of England are attempted to be crushed by baronial arrogance and malignancy; but as those in America, will, in all the fervour of Patriotism and Love of Country, 'turn, turn upon their enemies,' and soon become disciplined and invincible. So was it in the days of Charles the First, who lost his crown and his life in his lawless contest with his People of England. So was it with George the Third, who lost his provinces and his senses in his lawless contest with his People of America; and so it will be with Charles or George anyone, who enters into a lawless contest with their subjects, provided those subjects be composed of the same brave unyielding materials as heretofore, and who can doubt it?

LIEUTENANT MOORE.

A few days previous to the evacuation of Charleston, a very rash expedition, suggested by General Kosciusko, occasioned the loss of Captain Wilmot and Lieutenant Moore, two of the most distinguished partizans in the service. The object was to surprise a party of wood-cutters from Fort Johnstone, working in view of the garrison of Charleston. The party found their enemy prepared, and received so deadly a fire, that Wilmot and several of his men fell lifeless, while Moore and many others remained on the field covered with wounds. Kosciusko, although a spontoon was shattered in his hand, and his coat pierced with four balls, escaped unhurt. A British dragoon was in the act of cutting him down, when he was killed by Mr. William Fuller, a very young and gallant volunteer, who had joined the expedition. This was the last blood shed in the revolutionary contest. The British buried Wilmot with the honours of war; and shewed the greatest attention to Moore, who was removed to Charleston, to receive the best surgical assistance. The amputation of the limb, in which he received his principal wound, being indispensable, it was performed within a few days after the evacuation by our own surgeons; but mortification rapidly followed, he died greatly and universally lamented. When first brought into town, great pains were taken by the British surgeons to extract the ball, but without success. Mrs. Daniel

Hall, in whose house he lodged, and who had watched over him unremittingly, being apprised of the business which brought the most distinguished surgeons together, entering the apartment of Moore, as soon as they had retired, said, 'I am happy to find that you have not been subjected to so severe an operation as I had anticipated; you appear to have experienced but little agony. I was constantly in the next room, and heard not a groan.' 'My kind friend,' he replied, 'I felt not the less agony; but I would not have breathed a sigh in the presence of British officers, to have secured a long and fortunate existence.'—GARDEN.

WELL was it that this occurred a few days before the British evacuated Charleston as defeated usurpers, for had it been a few days after their entry of it as outrageous conquerors, Wilmot's body might have remained for the kites and crows, and Moore might have sought assistance from the dragoon farrier, and perhaps in vain, or been glad to have taken up with the cowleech and left to die in a ditch. Such was the raging fever of the angry and vengeful passions of the British at the commencement of their HOLY WAR, and such their calm decorum at the finish of it. They were positively beaten and shamed into good manners, or rather some of them, for Rawdon and Tarleton, Johnson and others, were savages to the last. This inhuman HOLY WAR began in Toryism and injustice, and naturally ended in defeat and disgrace. Because we might not tax a people who had no representation to see justice done towards them, yet who had a charter of their own to tax themselves, they must be fallen upon without mercy by the armies and navies of their hitherto King and protector, and cursed to the bottomless pit, for resisting such abomination.

The war on the part of the King, flagrantly unjust in the outset, and was at no time necessary, became, in pursuance, a cold-blooded navigation against wind and tide; on the part of the court and its adherents a furious, malignant, oligarchical denunciation of vengeance of no wrong, and in the very face of all history and all experience: and each met accordingly disgrace and discomfiture. By the general muster at New York prior to the embarkation home of the defeated remnant, it was found that the number of men killed in the British service, amounted to forty-three thousand, six hundred, and thirty-five men, rank and file, exclusive of the officers which fell in the field, or lost their lives either naturally or accidentally. It was insolently held, at the commencement of the crusade, to be disloyal to doubt in the least that the troops need only shew themselves across the Atlantic, and all would be over in a trice.—What a blockhead is John Bull; take him all in all, what a blockhead he is.

After the surrender of Cornwallis's army, Charleston in course became untenable; and himself, who under the shallowest suspicions and the most tyrannical pretences, broke the terms of the capitulation of that city, was now under the necessity of capitulating at York Town in Virginia. He had to reflect through life, that his late abused, contemned, and basely treated enemy, abided by every stipulation there, with a punctuality and high sense of honour that contrasted deep disgrace upon himself in sending the gallant General

Gaddesden and thirty-two other gentlemen inhabiting Charleston, to the dungeons of St. Augustine, besides loading the prison ships with very many more of the citizens. In the hanging of Colonel Hayne, as also in the execution of several of the military of the capitulating garrison, which the haughty Tarleton so rudely boasted, it is hoped and trusted that his lordship took no part; for if he did, he died a murderer.

A very good sort of a man, with very many old woman's notions in the loyalty way, after lamenting the horrors of revolutions in becoming expression, and deploring the success of them, turns short round upon the Tories and tells them that he is far from wishing to check the genial current of the soul that aspires to liberty,—saying, 'It is the true state of nature, the genuine spirit of life, the health, beauty, and support of society.. We cannot even,' continues he, 'extend our ideas beyond the sphere of this world and raise them to another, without supposing that perfect freedom is the basis of immortal felicity. A despotic heaven is a contradiction in terms; indeed, the generous struggles of human beings for liberty, when wanton cruelty no longer debases her cause, are but assertions of the divine part of our nature.' The man who committed to paper these sentiments became the patronized friend of three of the most determined and hostile enemies to American freedom,—King George the Third, Earl Cornwallis, and Lord Rawdon,—and, as pretended, only on account of these sentiments, and sentiments such as these. This brazen instance of royal and noble inconsistency, bamboozle, and chicanery, is a just specimen of what is continually passing in England under the most amiable expressions, emblems, designations, and denominations; and to chime in with it, is a sort of loyalty and social-ordership, that never does a man any harm.

A truce with such trumpery when better things are in view. One ounce of sincerity tried by the touchstone of pain and suffering, is worth a ton of it. The heroic firmness and endurance manifested by Lieutenant Moore becomes a fine trait of character, and well became him as an American officer, so adversely situate. The British of late, however, had witnessed other instances of undauntedness on the part of their hitherto condemned and reviled opponents, which tended somewhat to open their eyes and clear their understandings as to the certainty of prevailing against them: nay, the probability was every day becoming weaker, while themselves furnished not one example of Mr. Moore's constancy and greatness of soul. Indeed, it is astonishing how bravely and patiently some men can endure agony and torment, when full of philosophy or ambition, and when rich in 'the golden metal of the mind.' Be they Christian, Heathen, Turk, or Jew, it mattereth not. Epictetus the stoic, was originally the slave of Epaphroditus, the freedman of Nero. This brute of a master tortured the leg of his slave, who, smiling and not at all discomposed, said, 'You will break it:' and when it was broke, he said, 'Did not I tell you that you would break it.'—Seeing that he could not resist or avoid the suffering, he stoically endured it; yet it must not be ranked so high an ex-

ample of patience as the one relating it so anxiously would infer, but which hath no relevance here.

Major Garden has related of Major, afterwards General Thomas Pinckney, that at the battle of Camden he was desperately wounded and made prisoner. His patience and fortitude, continues the Major, remained unshaken. Conveyed into the town, it was night when he reached Mrs. Clay's house,—then by the fiat of power converted into an hospital. The family had retired, and he was placed on a table in the piazza, where he lay till morning, suffering under a compound fracture of both bones of his leg, as he would not permit the rest of an oppressed and patriotic female to be disturbed. This calm and happy temper of mind contributed in no small degree to the preservation of his life; for an exfoliation of the broken bones followed soon after his removal to quarters, and no surgical aid being at hand, he was obliged to direct the dressing of his wound, and point out to his anxious and intrepid wife the splinters that occasioned the greatest agony; while with tenderness she removed them. The trial indeed was a severe one to a lady of uncommon sensibility; but there is no exertion to which the female heart, under the influence of its affections, is not equal,—remarks the gallant recorder of the heroic sufferings and achievements of his countrymen and women during that war of Patriotism and Love of Country against the King and government and Tories of England.

The playful endurance of a gallant heart under acute pain and suffering, where the evil could not be avoided, was also exemplified in a French officer, the Marquis de la Tour, and since one of Louis eighteenth's minister. He lost his leg in consequence of a severe wound by a musket ball in the thigh, in one of the many battles preceding the restoration of the Bourbons. He bore the amputation with much indifference, and when the operation was over, he conversed jocosely with those around. Perceiving his servant in tears, he said to him,—‘You affect to cry, but you cannot deceive me. I know you to be an idle fellow, and that you are secretly glad to see me in this state; because hitherto you have had two boots to clean, and now you will only have one.’

These are fine traits of mental exertion over bodily misery, and well deserve recording; but of all to be admired is that of one of Napoleon's private soldiers, ‘faithful and true, and loyal to the core. Had it been on the legitimate side, Chateaubriand would have composed an epic upon it, and Southey a doleful ditty, or at best a rhapsody. As it was, the public journals only had the honour of celebrating the sublime exclamation of so humble a warrior. A gentleman who has been the means of handing down to posterity a thousand interesting things of Napoleon and his enthusiastic friends and followers, for which the Tories would hang him if they could, relates from Simpson's Visit to Flanders, that—

‘A singularly wild and almost poetic fancy was the form in which a French soldier, wounded at the battle of Waterloo, displayed his enthusiasm. He was undergoing with great steadiness the operation of the extraction of a bull from his left side, when in the mo-

ment of his greatest suffering, he exclaimed—"An inch deeper, and you'll find the Emperor!"

Never, surely, at any time, was the inmost loyalty of a bleeding heart, so beautifully expressed. What a courtly uproar there had been, had so fine an instance of pure unmingled attachment transpired from the lacerated breast of a private soldier of our own army. What a sickening parade would our fulsome addressers have made about it, as would all their tribe and reptile generation. Indeed, we are so pestered and overrun with cant and mock-loyalty, that the 'faithful and true' shrink from this blazon and display, and scarcely anything is more difficult than to discover where is the real feeling of love and affection for the monarch so eulogized and addressed: but of a certainty, it is no where so deeply seated as to require the surgeon with his probe and forceps to find it.

Very many other anecdotes might be given of the unbounded loyalty and attachment of the French army and the French people towards their fallen Emperor. When a century hence these little things are collected into one great impassioned story, the eventful relation of Napoleon's rise and fall, his dethronement, his exile and untimely death,—and men of feeling, sense, and judgment read it,—my God! what a poor and pitiful figure will the victorious Prince and King of a free people, who became his gaoler, display in the very head and front of it. To so become the slave of passion in its undignified forms of fear and anger, hatred and revenge, as that victorious Prince and King did become;—to so become the tool of the despots of Russia, Prussia, and Austria, as that victorious Prince and King did become, will, a century hence, excite feelings unutterable. Language presents not the mean of expressing the degradation of any event, only half so unmajestical. Something as near it, as perhaps ever will be, was hit off by a spectator of one of the grand reviews of the allied armies in 1819, at Valenciennes.

Mr. Ormsby, an English clergyman, mentions in his visit at that period to Aix la Chapelle, that on his return from the review, he was accompanied by an old Frenchman. After expressing his admiration and astonishment, he remarked that this was a proud day for Buonaparte. I was at a loss, says Mr. Ormsby, to understand his meaning, when he continued—"The sovereigns are magnanimous, your general the greatest captain of the age,—the armies the finest the world ever saw;—and yet they are so afraid of that one man, that they chain him upon a barren rock, lest he should defeat them all."

JUDGE BURKE.

JUDGE BURKE, returning from a circuit in the interior, happened on one occasion to fall in with a long train of waggons near Nelson's Ferry, conveying produce from North Carolina to Charleston. With their conductors he immediately engaged in conversation, and, wishing to ascertain their opinions of passing events, asked if they thought the recently adopted constitution of the United States would prove useful and acceptable to the people? The reply

was unanimous.—‘By no means;—we abominate it, and to such a degree, that, should the President think proper on any emergency to call us into the field, we would refuse obedience to a man.’ ‘Tell that,’ said the judge, ‘to some one that does not know you. Refuse to obey the call of your chief magistrate, when your country is in jeopardy,—impossible! Look to the discipline which every mother’s son of you keep up on your farms, when you wish to know the extent and condition of your stock. Do you not blow your conches, and do not your cattle and your sheep, your pigs and your poultry, gather about you, as it were, to ask your commands? and when danger threatens, and the President blows his conch to call you to your duty, would you have me believe that you would be more insensible than the beasts of the field? The protection which the government he administers affords, is, to you, what feed is to your hogs; and at the first blast not one of the swinish herd would be more nimble in seeking his rations, than you would be in repelling aggression.’ ‘You are a very free-spoken man,’ said one of his auditors, ‘and may perhaps be a clever one; but for your want of civility in comparing us to our hogs, be pleased to pass to the rear; you cross not this river till the last of our waggons has reached the opposite shore.’ The judge was forced to comply; but, recollecting that his presence was required by a particular time in another quarter, he, at the risk of his life, swam his horses and paddled himself across the river, admiring the independency of character of men who would not tolerate incivility, even in a judge.—GARDEN.

WHAT, in England, would so many farmers in such a situation have said and done, after hearing such things addressed to them by a judge returning from a circuit in the interior? They would have said, ‘Yes, my lord, it is very true;’ and, stopping their waggons, would have assisted the ‘great gentleman’ over the river, paying no more attention to his allusion to the swinish multitude, than if it had not been made. I can deduce the malignant expression so rancorously applied to the people of England in 1792 by another ‘great gentleman’ of the name of Burke, from the time of Charles the First, or should certainly believe, that he took the hint from his namesake’s conversation at Nelson’s Ferry with the sturdy and most independent American. I would yet believe so, if I had the means of knowing whether our apostate and the American federalist were scions from the same stock and parentage: and why not? they both were Irishmen, each bore the same name, and were about the same age.

Again I ask, what, in England, would so many farmers in such a situation have said and done? and again I answer, they would have said, ‘Yes, my lord, it is very true,’ and then have assisted the judge over the river. To be sure, in America there are none or scarcely any renting farmers, and consequently the farmers there dare say that their souls are their own; as can, thank God, the farmers in England who till their own freehold and do not shackle themselves with a rental upon the estate of some ‘great gentleman.’ I do not think that any portion of all the community are more in chains than the renting farmers of England, but they never were very wise in their generation. Tell an English farmer that you will turn him out of his farm if he do not so and so, or vote so and so, and the blockhead is thrown into consternation, as though a good tenant were not equally valuable with a good landlord, and that the master is not quite as unwilling to part with the man, as the man with the master. I am sorry to say, and, when saying it,

have no wish to offend them, that they are a race of Englishmen, timid and blind, and it were well that they made a tour through the manufacturing districts, and, when there, be cut for the simples.

The late strictures of an English traveller to America, dwell upon the judges there wearing no great wigs, and of the barristers no gowns, nay, of one even taking off his coat to plead; under an impression of the traveller that the solemnity and gravity of justice require imposing appearances. For my part, I think very little of it. Justice is of herself so pure, that she needs no aid from quackery. Jeffries wore a large wig, as also did another judge, now no more, thank God. His wig was of preposterous dimensions; which, beheld once upon a time by a Lincolnshire farmer, he declared to his friends, on returning home, that the Chief Justice had a wig on that would 'todd two!' A judge, now living, who fined a defendant on his defence, actually while pleading his own cause in court; in the very cant of mock-loyalty fined him because his words were not legitimately placed:—this judge also wears a devil of a wig. Not a much less wig was worn by the judge who about five and twenty years since struck off a magistrate from the list, and that magistrate a clergyman, for having failed in some point of examination of a culprit; and, when Mr. Judge found that he had trenched upon the province of the chancellor, who alone, under the King, can break a magistrate, he trembled and atoned to the lord upon the woolsack, but left his victim beside the bench to pocket the affront of being so displaced. All those judges who grant new trials, two or three times over, to court lords and time-serving minions, against inoffensive villagers,—wear monstrous wigs. Old Bags is a great wig man, and never once DOUBTS of the utility of it; while to a very pretty purpose did —— the other day, at Cambridge, exhibit his wig. To be sure, his concern was not upon quite so large a scale, but from the probationary ode he there recited upon mercy and doubt of reverend guilt, his wig, in coming time, if the game of humbug last, will of a surety 'todd two.'

Our English traveller was rather surprised at the circumstance of a little shabby bare-footed boy telling him that his father was a 'squire;' and that a 'squire in America attends sessions trials and hears causes;' but when he added, that his father 'at other times assisted Mr. H—— at the tavern there, in the bar,' aristocracy was thrown off its centre, and departed not well pleased with this sample of republican magistracy. Now, with the exception of assisting in the bar of a tavern, our 'squires employ their leisure hours in much the same way of those of America: they 'attend sessions trials, and hear causes:' and if in all cases even the tavern exception can be taken, it is well. Not much less than five years since a culprit was taken before the chief magistrate of Grantham, the alderman, not the mayor,—Grantham has no mayor. The prisoner was charged with a misdemeanour, and on his conviction the learned alderman thus addressed him:

'By the act of parliament, I see that this offence is punished with six months' imprisonment, on conviction before two magistrates.'

Now you may think yourself a nation lucky fellow; for if more than one magistrate had been here, you would have had the whole six months, but as I am alone, I can of course only send you to gaol for three months; and before you go, let me give you a little advice. Take care of your conduct in future, and avoid bad company, which has brought you to this situation; for if you had not done that there, you wouldn't have come to this here.'

Permit me to ask the fastidious contemnors of American jurisprudence, how much less fit the squire of Patterson in the Jersey state was to sit in judgment, than the sage and eloquent personage of the borough and town of Grantham, in the county of Lincoln. I do not, upon reflection, think, that the alderman stands on the 'vantage ground,' even in the tavern part of the story, for he had an opportunity of exhibiting in that department, in common with the American justice, and of which he doubtless availed himself. Know we not, that at that time, a neighbouring Peer of the Realm was an Innkeeper, and this magisterial lump of worship might occasionally assist at the bar of the Angel, in honour of his noble patron, and his noble patron's customers. That he was very frequently in the bar during the time of my lord keeping the inn, is fact undeniable; and what he was doing there, may easily be conceived without any great stretch of the imagination.

MAJOR ANDRE.

It is certainly a very singular circumstance, that André should, in a very satirical poem, have foretold his own fate. It was called the 'Cow Chase,' and was published by Rivington, at New York, in consequence of the failure of an expedition undertaken by Wayne, for the purposes of collecting cattle. Great liberties are taken with the American officers employed on the occasion:—with

'Harry Lee and his dragoons, and Proctor and his cannon;'

but the point of his irony seemed particularly aimed at Wayne, whose entire baggage he asserts was taken, containing

'His congress dollars and his prog,
His military speeches;
His cornstalk whiskey for his grog,
Black stockings and blue breeches;'

and concludes by observing, that it is necessary to check the current of satire,

'Lest the same warrio-drover Wayne,
Should catch and hang the poet.'

He was actually taken by a party from the division of the army immediately under the command of Wayne.—GARDEN.

This poem is now, out of all doubt, a great curiosity, and if any good-natured American will furnish a copy of it, he shall have an Englishman's thanks,—things somewhat scarce as times go. More generals than Wayne, perhaps, are mentioned in it, and why not General Washington! Wayne and others lashed by André, might be upon his court-martial, and dwell the while upon the Cow Chase.

Washington, who so strenuously persisted in the sentence, might also think upon the Cow Chase;—such things will fleet across the mind, be that mind never so great.

Upon the grave of poor André were planted two or three cedars, in token of his transient green age, and in memory of his ever green virtues. These were cut down two or three years ago, after growing nearly forty, and sent to England, to be manufactured into some articles to be presented to the surviving friends of the unfortunate soldier, in eternal and heirloom remembrance of him. I saw them in London, but they were good for little or nothing, and I believe that scarcely anything better than walking sticks were made out of them; whereas, there is that connected with this poem of the Cow Chase, which may endure to future ages, and attract many a tear to his memory.

Not all the magnanimity and high-mindedness, not all the unimpeachable intentions and sterling honesty of General Washington, shall ever win my assent to the expediency of executing Major André. True, he was convicted by a general court-martial of being found as a spy within the American lines,—but was that court-martial sufficiently divested of the angry passions inseparable, more or less, from the minds even of the most honourable men? When the execrable traitor Arnold proposed to negotiate with General Clinton for the betraying of his important post at West Point, Major André was employed to carry on the affair with every secrecy. He was landed on the beach at midnight, and, as every one knows, remained so long that morning surprised him, and, after a few contrivances to escape, which failed, was taken, with the papers containing the strength and numbers of the American garrison, concealed in his boot. All bad enough, certainly, but it was Arnold the traitor villain, who got safe over to the enemy, that filled every mind with indignation. Could this boiling rage have vented itself upon him, André had been saved; but he had eluded pursuit, leaving the unfortunate young man to encounter the brunt of it, who was consequently condemned. The old European laws of war were doubtless with the court-martial, but the Americans, who were hourly shedding their blood in resistance to feudal tyranny and inhumanity, had done well to have taken reason and justice for their guide, leaving prejudice and inhumanity to their aristocratic enemies, who inherited both from the warlike ruffians that 'came in with the conqueror.'

General Washington, himself but a man, and though a very good one, was equally under the influence of all the feelings which Arnold's defection had excited in others, and which can only account for his confirmation of the sentence, and the obdurate stand which he made against every mediation in the prisoner's favour. Colonel Hayne, to be sure, had been hanged at the furious fiat of a British general, without any trial whatever; but that general was Lord Rawdon, and surely the Washington of the western world was not to be influenced by a haughty brat of nobility, with a red rag upon his back, a feather in his hat, and a King's instructions in his pocket to hang, burn, and destroy the REBELS, wheresoever he

found them : oh no ! the comparison were odious indeed, and insulting beyond all measure.

Mr. Faux tells us, that two old German gentlemen who were with him on board the General Wade Hampton in 1819, stated that they knew the unfortunate and accomplished Major André. Both sides, they said, regretted, and were unwilling to witness his death ; and the American government would have saved him if the British would have given up the traitor Arnold. He was fairly tried, they said, and no precipitation was evinced towards him. He thanked the court-martial for their gentlemanly treatment of him. Three months elapsed between his apprehension and his execution ; but when he was led out and saw the gallows instead of the rifle, his firmness in some measure forsook him. He was elegantly dressed in his martial suit, and on giving his cravat to his waiting man, only said,—‘ I die for the honour of my King and country : —at which, General Green, the American commander who presided in the midst of the surrounding army upon this sad occasion, shook his head and observed,—‘ No, you die for your cowardice, and like a coward.’

I heartily wish, for the honour of General Green, that when he so shook his head, he had shaken a more humane and soldierly expression out of it. I have not language strong enough, even at this distance of time, to convey my abhorrence of it, and notwithstanding all his military glories, so long as this unfeeling taunt is remembered, it will leave a stain upon them.

The necessity of making an example is but a poor plea, where otherwise there was plenty of room for mercy ; and, that denied, to refuse poor André the death of a gentleman and a brave soldier, he being confessedly both, was disgraceful in the extreme. It was found necessary, say the Americans, to visit André’s offence with infamy, and therefore his earnest request to be shot, and not hanged, was denied. I will not assent to their position : to go over to the enemy’s camp in disguise, is nothing more or less than a stratagem of war, and if the laws do doom a detected military spy to death, they cannot attach infamy to him. The infamy of espionage is in civil society, where, as by the cold-blooded, reckless Castlereagh, and the wretched mealy-mouthed Sidmouth, the villain Oliver was here in England, sent in the character of friend among the Luddites and others : he gained their confidence, brake bread with them, and drained their hospitable cup, only to entice them into crimes which the law calls capital. Many of these deceived, misguided men, were after conviction hanged by Oliver’s employers in complacent triumph, as examples to the general community, as the cant of legitimacy hath it. This spying was indeed infamous on the part of the employers and the employed, and if they had all been hanged in a string, the general community had been the better for the example, and, not doing so, is ‘ one good reason why ’ the people of England are at this moment infested with spies in every direction. Every large city hath five or six of them, every market-town two or three, and every village one ; and more unlikely things have come to pass than their hanging day.

Our 'most amiable government in the world' is very chary of hanging great folks and reverend preachers, for example's sake, be they never so deserving; it is the poor defenceless devils that must go to pot, as is the case in all countries,—

'Where little villains must submit to fate,
That great ones may enjoy the world in state,'

or the Bishop of Clogher must have been hanged, for example's sake; but the bishop had birth, rank, family, and friends, to uphold him; moreover, the cloth would have undergone a deep stain, that not all the mysterious purity of the establishment could have eradicated, and therefore also the Cambridge sodomite was so palpably screened from justice. In like manner the Reverend H—— of Peterborough, W—— of Sleaford, W—— of Stamford, L—— of near Lincoln, and many others of the cloth immaculate throughout every diocese. Among the great sodomites of the laity permitted by legitimacy to escape, may be instanced Lord Courtnay, who at this moment disgraces America in his residence. Also Lord E——, who travelled in Egypt some twenty years since, and who at length returned in a very pretty plight, and entirely unquestioned. About forty more might be mentioned, but lest a mistake occur and the feelings of an innocent man be wounded, I desist; and after placing the beast late of F—— at the head of the numerous wealthy commoners so shielded and screened, who had all been hanged ere now if the gallows had its due; if the most unnatural of all crimes were not openly protected, and heaven thus offended, only to further some vile ends and schemes of worldly policy.

A deep sense of the deplorable impunity, through the connivance at great crime, when committed by great people, was the cause of this digression from my subject, and this dwelling in condemnation of such doing: but I will now return to Major André. A military spy, who braves the danger without violating hospitality or abusing domestic confidence, is surely no more deserving of death, than are the soldiers of an ambuscade, or those of a rifle corps; the first, rising unawares from a wood or other hiding place, and bringing hundreds of brave fellows down, without a chance of their striking a blow in return; the last, standing behind a tree, or lying concealed in the long grass, singling out victim after victim, until sometimes the best leaders of the opposing force are all killed or disabled, without even having the satisfaction of seeing their enemy. These are all stratagems of war to overcome, and the like were André's negotiations with Arnold in the American lines. Alfred was a spy in the Danish camp, but no one ever presumed to speak of it as infamous or even as deserving of death. It was a stratagem of war, which that great monarch followed out to the utter ruin of the enemy,—to which treachery was never applied, and where infamy was at no time attached.

After all, it may, that Major André did not suffer so much as a spy, as in retaliation for the life of an American officer who was hanged at New York by Sir William Howe soon after the action at

Long Island. This was Captain Hale, who was detected in the effort of gaining intelligence of the British in the same clandestine manner, and with the same frankness and liberality of mind that marked the character of André, acknowledged that he was employed in a business that could not be forgiven by his enemies. It is true, that the British had no bowels of compassion or forgiveness for an American, where there was the least colour of martial law to shed his blood; nay, the shadow of a shade would do: neither had Hale the chance of trial,—that were much too much of a good thing,—but was tacked up as a dog on the instant. Hale was Washington's young friend, and he deeply felt the injury, and to his last hour blamed himself for sending him into the jaws of the lion. Indeed, the world blamed him also, as it did Clinton too, for so hazarding André, being both such fine young men, on a business that any foolhardy blockhead could have executed just as well.

At all events, André paid dear for his jest upon 'Harry Lee with his dragoons, and Proctor with his cannon,' upon Wayne's 'military speeches, his whiskey and blue breeches,' and the sneer upon his soldiiership, when he styled him a warrio-drover. Sooner or later, these things are brought home to arrogance in power, and all that appertaineth thereto. If hireling slanderers and lickplate scribes may be held in comparison with so brave and honourable a man as Major André, we would remind certain editors, publishers, and proprietors; certain aiders and abettors of certain Cow Chaise performances, which are continually seen in the columns of such papers as the *Courier*, *Post*, and *New Times*; in the pages of such reviews as the *Critic* and the *Quarterly*, not forgetting Blackwood's stinkpot, which is monthly tossed into our faces; and above all, in that ecclesiastical firebrand which issues forth weekly under a name, that ever until this villainous assumption of it, had been the honest pride of the people of England: we would remind all these, that more unlikely things have come to pass,—than their hanging day.

LORD CORNWALLIS.

WHEN the power to shew mercy is unlimited, its exercise cannot be withheld without guilt. The sentiment was in no manner congenial to the heart of Lord Cornwallis. Forced, for the preservation of their families, to solicit British protection, he, by an increase of severity and unlooked-for exactions, compels his converts to fly to the hostile camps for security; and then, in a letter dated August 18, 1780, thus addresses Colonel Cruger, the commandant at Ninety Six:—

'I have given orders that all the inhabitants of this province who had submitted, and who have taken part in its revolt, shall be punished with the greatest rigour. That they shall be imprisoned, and their whole property taken from them or destroyed. I have ordered, in the most positive manner, that every military man who had borne arms with us and afterwards joined the enemy, shall be immediately hanged. I have now, sir, only to desire that you will take the most vigorous measures to extinguish the rebellion, and that you will obey in the strictest manner the DIRECTIONS given in this letter.'—GARDEN.

From the violence, rapine, devastation, and shedding of blood, on the part of the British, during the whole of the atrocious war against the colonies, one would have supposed that old Harry the Eighth had been King of England during all that time, rather than the good-natured George the Third. As a man, George the Third was truly good natured, and greatly esteemed on that account by friends innumerable. As a private gentleman, he was the genuine Sir Roger de Coverly which Addison drew, as it were, in foreknowledge of him : but as a Tory King, good Lord deliver us all from such another. The Toryism of the Stuarts, which himself restored to this crown and government, after its virtual abolition at the Revolution, has involved the country in difficulties almost insurmountable. It may require another revolution to repair the disastrous occurrences of his reign, and even that not entirely ; for the loss of America, the first fruits of the mischievous restoration, is irreparable.

Not one event can be referred to, of that tyrannical and impolitic inroad upon liberty, life, and property, which is not floating in the blood of his American subjects, or blazing in the conflagration of their substance. Passive obedience was not to be enforced at home, for reasons cogent and strong as banishment and the block could make them ; so the experiment, forsooth, was to be tried upon America. In conformity with the infernal doctrines of Toryism, wherein ' Killing is no Murder,' when they are to be accelerated against a subject people, who hold by the divine law of God and Nature quite another creed ; and who therefore stand at bay against the assumed Divine Right of Kings, whether openly declared, or craftily masked by the acts of a corrupt and venal parliament. Lord Cornwallis, though not distinguished in particular for ability and clearness, did however manage in two or three periods to condense the principle of ' Killing no Murder,' and in language and sentiments that ought continually to be held in remembrance by those who, happily for their country, are not Tories.

Protection from the British ! What business had the British there in arms, to make such protection extraordinary at all requisite ? The law and the chartered liberties of the colonists ought alone to have been their protection, and not an arbitrary slip of paper, signed by a general at the head of an army, to subvert that law and those chartered liberties. Protection from the British ! while all around the Americans, on every side, was one scene of conflagration and devastation at the hands of these barbarian protectors, who themselves so recently had violated the capitulation of Charleston, so solemnly entered into, and signed in all due form, by the contracting parties. From this moment, the Americans saw no safety in British pledge and promise, and therefore flew in self-defence to arms again on the side of their countrymen. No faith with rebels when convenient to break it, is a Tory maxim of the first magnitude, and is never departed from ; while, be it known, that I do not acquit the following out of the faithless example by the Americans, which the haughty, self-approving, and scornful British had set them,

—I only condemn the diabolical barbarities with which it was visited. Engagements must not be lightly broken ; but if anything can justify the departure from a pledge, it must be self-defence, and in so far I palliate the conduct of the Americans who took up arms again, and no further.

Had they not so strong a plea, the crime, under all circumstances, does not call down the Goth and Vandalism which Cornwallis and his associates in command evinced. There was a Colonel Urrey, who served in the parliamentary army against Charles the First, but from some disgust, or thinking to better his fortune, he repaired to Oxford, and offered his services to the King. Not contented with simple desertion, to make himself yet more esteemed by his new friends, he grafted treachery of the deepest dye upon his original crime. He passed with his train in his way to Oxford, through Reading, in the vicinity of which place lay scattered and unapprehensive of danger, two regiments of cavalry, and one of infantry, of Lord Essex's army. The horses were most of them out at grass, and the men were idling about. Urrey observed this with a soldier's eye, and told the royalists of it with a traitor's tongue. To take advantage of this defenceless state of the Parliamentarians, Prince Rupert drew out a sufficient force from Oxford, and, stealing down to Reading, fell suddenly upon these dispersed bodies, when havoc was the word, and reckless was the deed. Not only the butchery of these unarmed men was the loss on that unfortunate day, but the chief of all Patriotism and Love of Country yielded up his gallant spirit also. When Rupert's sanguinary feat of arms was done, he hastened back to Oxford, but not without being overtaken by some of the Parliament's horse, who had escaped from the slaughter and recovered from the alarm. These were unfortunately joined in the pursuit, as a volunteer, by no less a personage than the renowned Hampden. They came up with the enemy in Chalgrove field, and in the charge, as is well known, Mr. Hampden was mortally wounded, and expired six days after, in great agony.

Here was an accumulation of villainy scarcely to be paralleled in the annals of crime. A host of friends not only deserted, but their assailable weakness was most malignantly betrayed to the vengeful swords of an infuriate enemy. Simple murder were a virtue in comparison with this sanguinary wickedness ; and that the loss of the head and front of one of the best causes in which soldier ever drew a sword, should be consequent upon it, dyes the iniquity yet more diabolically black, if possible. Now, this arch traitor was not hanged after the entire defeat of the King and his cavaliers ; we never heard that he was killed in the field, or that he ever took the trouble to get out of the way, and are therefore left to conclude that he walked about entirely unmolested among those friends whom he had so basely betrayed, as though nothing had happened. Had he met his deserts, his descendant, the editor and biographer of Chaucer, a doctor of the university of Oxford, had doubtless loaded Cromwell and his victorious party with a learned diatribe of loyal malediction, which Doctor Urrey did not. How light the offence of the poor

Americans, when weighed against the miscreancy of this second Judas Iscariot, yet Lord Cornwallis, with the hearty concurrence and unfeigned applause of the King and his friends, caused them to be hanged and despoiled, without mercy.

It must not be said, that Cornwallis did not write that letter to Cruger, for even himself corroborates and confirms it in his dispatch to Germain only three days after, being dated August 21, 1780. He there concludes with saying—'The rebel forces being at present dispersed, the internal commotions and insurrections in the province will now subside; but I shall give directions to inflict exemplary punishment on some of the most guilty, in hopes to deter others in future from sporting with allegiance and oaths, and with the lenity and generosity of the British government.' The LENITY and GENEROSITY of the BRITISH GOVERNMENT! Hear him, hear him, hear him, even those who are given to this cant of Toryism and Legitimacy on other occasions; and then listen to the British historian's comment upon it, drawn from the most undeniable documents and authorities of the time.

'In the circuitous march of eleven hundred miles, from Charlestown to Williamsburg, every place through which the British passed had experienced the effects of their rapacity: and, instead of endeavouring to conciliate the minds of the inhabitants by acts of lenity, they alienated even those who were most friendly, by their relentless and systematic severity. Yet was Lord Cornwallis, as an individual, generous, disinterested, and humane; but the favourite and avowed maxim from which the military commanders seem not to have thought themselves at liberty to depart, was, "that the extreme of rigour, by making the war intolerable and resistance hopeless, was in effect the greatest mercy, and the mode of all others to be adopted, therefore, by the PARENTAL AFFECTION of BRITAIN for reclaiming his majesty's DELUDED SUBJECTS of America."

These are sentiments far more adapted to the King and Court of the Infernal Regions, than to a pious monarch of a christian country, his bench of bishops, his ministers, and all his private and confidential friends in rule and governance. 'Such is the delusion,' says an excellent friend of humanity, 'of these great politicians, who consider what they term STATE INTERESTS as paramount to all other duties, human or divine, that, while their whole life is a series of oppression, of troubles, of deceit, and of cruelty, their STATE CONSCIENCE finds nothing to reproach itself with. Of any other conscience it seems absolutely necessary that they should be divested. Cardinal Richelieu on his death-bed made a solemn protestation, appealing to the last judge of man, who was about to pronounce his sentence, that he never proposed anything but for the good of religion and the state.' All history tells of the sinister means which this church and state charlatan practised to maintain the power which he attained by every political deception. Ingratitude to those who raised him, and the destruction of those who in the slightest opposed him, were prominent features of his rule; while those concomitants of despotism, grinding taxation and a

military force to uphold it, went to complete his character, to fit him for the death-bed, and assure his salvation. With this church and state conscience at life's last breathing, went North and Germain to Heaven's bar, as also did Cornwallis, and all their coadjutors in the HOLY WAR against America.

Gracious powers ! Eleven hundred miles of country ravaged with fire and sword and the halter. If in that extent of population all were enemies, Lord Cornwallis with half an eye must have seen his ultimate ruin, and have desisted ; as it was, destruction hung upon his footsteps, and at last overtook him. It could scarcely be, that all were in hostile array against him ; then some were consequently friends, and many perhaps were neutrals, and either might have protections. Of a certainty, where such Goths and Vandals came, the protection of a slip of paper was little to be relied on ; while the flying to the tents of their countrymen, with the brave determination of dying with arms in their hands, was the crime which called forth the vengeance which Lord Cornwallis denounced in his letter to Colonel Cruger, and which his own ' ruffian hand of conquest ' inflicted in every direction, right and left, and front and rear, in the long circuitous line of march from Charlestown to Williamsburg, of eleven hundred miles !

' Ye gentlemen of England that live at home at ease,'

reflect upon these things, place them in your mind's eye, submit them to your unbiassed consideration, and then justify Cornwallis if ye can. Think what an account is standing against him in Heaven's chancery, where nor Toryism and Intolerable War, nor Kings' instructions, will in aught avail him : the hangman's plea for carrying the sentence of the law into execution, were better there.

Mr. Garden speaks of his lordship's change after his surrender, saying, with our immortal bard,

' Sweet are the uses of adversity,'

and that from a Vandal he became a christian ; became ' as much distinguished by gentleness and amiability, by justice and generosity, as he had been previously characterised by an unbending haughtiness of demeanour, and a severity that neither the powerful solicitations of the oppressed, rendered eloquent by their sufferings, nor the imperious calls of mercy and humanity, could ever subject to controul : ' and, what is yet better, he adds, that this goodly change remained with him always. In India, where his power knew scarcely any limit, and in Ireland also, when sent with an army against rebels, as the Tories always call their political opponents. Here as Lord Lieutenant, with martial law to back his fiat, he still was influenced, says Mr. Garden, by the goodly change effected at York Town in Virginia.

Napoleon declared him to be a very honest man, and gave a very decided instance of it. Thus then, therefore, Lord Cornwallis's chance of salvation rests upon the assurance, which the ministers of God give every Sunday morning preparatory to prayers, that—' When the wicked man turneth away from his wickedness, and doeth that which is lawful and right, he shall save his soul alive.'

BRITISH ATROCITIES.

WHEN General Provost invaded Carolina, a considerable British force occupied the house and plantations of Mr. Robert Gibbes, on the Stono river. At the period of their arrival there, Mr. John Gibbes, a respectable gentleman worn down by age and infirmity, was on a visit to his brother. His usual residence was on a farm called the Grove, where the race-ground is now established. In addition to numberless exotics, he had a Green-house and Pinery in the best condition. A Major Sheridan, arriving from the army on the Neck, at Mr. Gibbes's, was asked by an officer in the presence of the brothers—'What news? Shall we gain possession of the city?' 'I fear not,' replied Sheridan, 'but we have made glorious havoc of the property in the vicinity. I yesterday witnessed the destruction of an elegant establishment, belonging to an arch-rebel, who, luckily for himself, was absent. You would have been delighted to see how quickly the pine-apples were shared among our men, and how rapidly his trees and ornamental shrubs were levelled with the dust.'

Mr. John Gibbes, who was a man of strong passions, could hear no more, and, regardless of consequences, with indignation exclaimed, 'I hope that the Almighty will cause the arm of the scoundrel who struck the first blow, to wither to his shoulder.' 'How is this, sir?' said Sheridan, 'dare you use such language to me?' 'Yes,' said Mr. Gibbes, 'and would repeat it at the altar!'—'The provocation,' said the commanding officer present, 'sufficiently justifies the anger of Mr. Gibbes; for your own credit, Sheridan, let the matter drop.' The catastrophe was dreadful. To banish thought, Mr. Gibbes, unhappily driven to an intemperance before unknown, retired to his bed, and rose no more.—GARDEN.

THIS is another atrocious instance of Intolerable War, on the part of the British against their colonies, and is cited by the Major as a corroboration for the twentieth time corroborated, of the political depravity of the King and his government, and 'all in authority' under them, throughout that infernal crusade. At all time of the dispute, even at the very outset of it, atrocity marked the conduct of the British authorities. So early as the year 1775, Lord Dunmore, governor of Virginia, in consequence of his violent conduct towards the people, found it expedient to seek refuge from their vengeance on board the Fowey man of war. He would from the cabin have still governed them, had not the Legislative Assembly divested him of all authority. Upon this he 'carried on a sort of predatory war against the province, proclaimed martial law, and immediate emancipation to all negroes and indentured servants, able and willing to bear arms in his majesty's service!' This is precisely the crime for which the National Convention of France, at the breaking out of the Revolution, have been so loudly anathematized by our hopeful Tory faction here at home, not caring to remember, that it was one of our own true and lawful governors, fifteen or sixteen years before, who furnished the example: nor did the French follow it all out, for the item of the indentured servants was even too bad for them. At length an event took place, which completed the alienation of the Virginians from the English government. I have extracted this account from Belsham, one of our very best Whig historians, and being so, the least read in England, not so much from dislike as from the indirect yet assured suppres-

sion of the work by the confounded Tories and their renegade adherents. He has recorded the demand which was made by the shipping in the bay of Chesapeake to the inhabitants of the town of Norfolk, for provisions and other supplies for his majesty's service; which being peremptorily refused, a heavy cannonade was by order of the governor commenced against the town, the richest and most flourishing in the province, and in a few hours it was reduced to ashes—the loss being estimated at three hundred thousand pounds. This unpardonable villainy was perpetrated before the war had actually commenced agreeable to state formalities, for it was even a few days before the battle of Bunker's Hill.

This wide waste, this reckless ravage, this HOLY principle of Intolerable War, on the part of the British, continued from the savage destruction of the rich and flourishing town of Norfolk, to that of the beautiful plantations of Mr. Gibbes, and thence to the last minute of vengeful power to do such deeds. Three or four years after Lord Dunmore destroyed Norfolk in Virginia, Sir George Collier and General Mathew burnt the town of Suffolk, in the same province; as also the vessels, provisions, and stores, found there, and the same at Gosport, Jenner's Creek, and various other places in that quarter. Another expedition under Sir George and Governor Tryon, commanding the land forces, was projected against New-haven in Connecticut, which was plundered; when these heroic commanders proceeded to Fairfield and Norwalk, which they laid in ashes; and also the buildings and farm-houses, to the compass of two miles round. At the same time, a proclamation was issued by these ruffians, declaring 'the existence of a single house on the coast to be—a striking monument of British mercy.'

Our historian, Robertson, whose every page is conscientious truth, and whose every sentiment is condemnation of despotism and state atrocity, who never fails, as enumerating any of the many acts of the wanton, infuriate barbarities of the British, to curse them as he goes along; only confirms what all history tells,—that, had the King and government been endued with the least feeling of humanity and justice,—had the one referred to his coronation oath, had the other been any other than a horde of traitors to the constitution, America had been saved to the British empire. Dr. Robertson assures us, that in 1775, when General Gage, 'glad to quit the thorny field, bade adieu to a country he had not the ability, and perhaps not the inclination to subdue, the command of the army devolved on Sir William Howe. General Oglethorpe, his senior in office, an experienced veteran, grown old in military fame, had the prior offer of this command. He agreed to accept the appointment on condition the ministry would authorize him to assure the colonies that justice should be done them. He declared, that "he knew the people of America well; that they never would be subdued by arms, but that their obedience would be ever secured by justice."

On Oglethorpe declining, or rather upon the minister's shrinking from his rectitude and disinterested sense of justice, the command

was given to Howe; who in the outset of it published a proclamation, condemning to military execution any of the remaining inhabitants of Boston who should attempt to leave the town, compelling them to form themselves into bodies under officers he should appoint, and to take arms in case of an attack: nor was this all. The most memorable event that took place while he presided in the province, previous to the evacuation of Boston, was the cannonade and destruction of Falmouth, a flourishing and well-built town in the eastern parts of the Massachusetts. One Captain Mowatt, who had recently, says Dr. Robertson, been a prisoner there, notified to the town, that 'he would give them two hours to remove the human species, at the period of which term, a red pendant would be hoisted at the main top-gallant mast-head, and that, on the least resistance, he should be freed from all humanity dictated by his orders or his inclination.'

Three gentlemen repaired on board his ship, continues Dr. Robertson, to enquire the reason of this extraordinary summons. Mowatt replied, that 'he had ORDERS to set fire on all the seaport towns from Boston to Halifax, and that he supposed New York was already in ashes.' He then prescribed the most peremptory conditions of obedience, assuring them, that on their refusal, he should lay the town in ashes within three hours. Unprepared for such an attack, and intimidated by the roar of the cannon, which began to play on the town, the people supplicated a suspension till the morning, before they replied to the proposal. They improved the short reprieve, which with difficulty they obtained, in removing their families and effects, after which they made no further resistance.

Lo, after many, and in the midst of some of these monstrosities and inhumanities, and upon the immediate dread of the French alliance, Lord Carlisle and other commissioners were sent over with conciliatory propositions. Good God! attempt to conciliate a once willingly subject people after such doings as these? Doings of which the wild beasts of the forest had been ashamed: doings which only appertain to the human savages of the wilderness, and the twice savage Tory christians in church and state enormity and unity, in blasphemy against God and the peace and good will of the gospel: doings, in fine, which belong entirely to the treason of the Kings and governments of Europe against the indubitable rights of all mankind!

It was in the earliest period of this Intolerable War, that the Duke of Grafton, Bloomfield's 'good Fitzroy,' after remonstrating with Lord North upon the flagrant injustice and marked impolicy of it, and that proving ineffectual, demanding an audience of the King, which was equally unavailing,—it was at this period that he threw up his situation of lord privy seal with becoming indignation. Coercion, the coarse wisdom of 'our most amiable government in the world,' he found was unalterably resolved upon. Lord North frankly told him so, and his majesty entered into a dissertation upon the justice and necessity—the assured royal cant, whenever war is determined on—of the sanguinary measures then in meditation and

preparation ; and the result was, the loss of thirteen invaluable provinces, and the disgrace of all the people of England of the time being, in permitting his majesty so to fall away from the sacred and solemn conditions of his crown and dignity.

Let me counsel the people of England of the present generation, and of the generation now rising into manhood, that whensoever their King is a Tory, the same hardness of heart, and contempt of all contracts, conditions, and engagements, will be in full force against them while resisting encroachments upon their chartered rights and liberties. I do not say that the reigning monarch is a Tory ; such unhappiness cannot be, for his majesty took Mr. Fox to his bosom as his early friend, and imbibed the Whig principles of that ever-to-be-lamented and most revered patriot. His majesty's father took Lord Bute in the like manner to his heart, and drank of the bitter cup of Toryism which he presented to him, and sucked in the poisonous principles of Stuart rule, and cast into the shade those generous ones which enthroned his family. It is for the best interests of us all, that his present majesty live long and govern well ; for I hesitate not to say, that the next Tory King that reigns, will lose even more than thirteen such provinces as were lost by George the Third.

To be sure, in the civil war which such another reign will inevitably produce, our towns will be burnt by the Tories, as in America ; our country will be devastated by the Tories, as in America ; but likewise, as in America, themselves will be ultimately subdued and ruined, for not all the Tories on earth can cope for seven years together with the People of England. Indeed, if comes the tug of war, after the first burst of their vengeance upon a resisting people, —rebellious, they will yell,—their dear self-interests will a little abate their enormities. Our beautiful shrubberies and plantations may not all come under Tory ravage ' at one fell swoop,' lest retaliation, that keen return of like for like, shall teach them a little moderation. Their palaces, and parks, and woods, and pleasure-grounds, are upon so large a scale, that while they cut us but scarcely skin deep, we can penetrate to the heart and wound them mortally. The Americans had not this to balance against Tory infliction, three thousand miles of ocean dividing them from the pleasant habitations and splendid residences of their ruffianly oppressors ; but we give them to know, before the fray begins, that we have this *lex talionis* within our reach, and by the God that made us and who placed it there, we will use it upon the first aggression.

Trees are delightful things : they fill the mind with fine reflections, and they generate and nurse a thousand agreeable sensations. Colonel Moncrief, who so brutally cut down General Pinckney's beautiful oaks, and the villains that destroyed the shrubs and trees of Mr. Gibbes, were utter strangers to the rural enjoyments of a well-conditioned mind, and for these outrages only deserved gibbeting alive. The ravages of the British in America continually remind us of Rufinus, Claudian's old man, who, at the hands of Alaric the Goth, endured the like devastations. ' His pleasures, his de-

sires, his knowledge, were confined within the little circle of his paternal farm; and a staff supported his aged steps on the same ground where he had sported in his infancy. Yet even this humble and rustic felicity, which Claudian describes with so much truth and feeling, was still exposed to the undistinguishing rage of war. His trees, his old contemporary trees, must blaze in the conflagration of the country; a detachment of Gothic cavalry might sweep away his cottage and his family; and the power of Alaric could destroy the happiness, which he was not able to taste or bestow.' Mr. Gibbon, the author of this elegant passage, avails himself of the opportunity to commend Cowley's translation of Claudian's verse, adding, that perhaps he is superior to his original, where of old Rufinus he says—

'A neighbouring wood, horn with himself, he sees,
And loves his old contemporary trees.'

MRS. CHANNING.

Shortly after the commencement of the war, the family of Dr. Channing, then residing in England, removed to France, and sailed in a stout and well-armed vessel for America. They had proceeded but a little way when they were attacked by a privateer. A fierce engagement ensued, during which Mrs. Channing kept the deck, handing cartridges, aiding the wounded, and exhorting the crew to resist until death. Their fortitude, however, did not correspond with the ardour of her wishes, and the colours were struck. Seizing the pistols and side-arms of her husband, she threw them into the sea, declaring that she would rather die than see him surrender them to the enemy.—GARDEN.

A ROMAN matron had been honoured in the sisterhood of Mrs. Channing. With such women to inspire the men, and in such a cause as the Americans engaged in, a nation becomes unconquerable. She was but one of many,—some of which have been named and others shall be,—while, from the Patriotism and Love of Country evinced by all, these spirited acts and deeds were of daily occurrence; and not being therefore particularly recorded, are lost and forgotten. From these fine examples of enthusiasm, the British were not long left undeceived as to the resistance they had to encounter; and the Bobadil boast of over-running America in one short campaign soon vanished from the proud imaginations of their hearts, and begat some cautious reflections and prudent arrangements. The action at German Town in 1777, I believe, first opened their eyes; they perceived with malignant vexation and disdainful chagrin, that the Americans were not only beaten into discipline, but had become no mean proficients in the art of war.

These fits of scorn would occasionally return after any partial success, and in one of them, the British became cocksure of the impregnability of the posts of Stoney Point and Verplanks, and vaunted not a little about it. Not until General Wayne carried them at the point of the bayonet, were they thoroughly convinced that the word impregnable is one of many meanings. The resistless

intrepidity of the assailants, was only equalled in their clemency, which was as conspicuous as their undauntedness : seeing that quarter in the like cases had frequently been refused by their foes, and sometimes under circumstances most disgracefully ferocious.

Colonel Gansvoort, the intrepid defender of Fort Stanwix on the Mohawk river, read the British another lesson of the kind, which was not thrown away upon them. What force could not effectuate, rude intimidation attempted. Colonel St. Ledger surrounded the fort by a large body of British troops, in conjunction with a formidable appearance of Savages, yelling in the environs and thirsting for blood. At the same time he threatened Gansvoort, that unless he immediately surrendered the garrison, or if he delayed until it was taken by storm, they should **ALL BE GIVEN UP TO THE FURY OF THE INDIANS**, who were bent upon the massacre of every officer and soldier. St. Ledger, by letters, messages, and all possible methods, endeavoured to intimidate the commander of the fortress. He observed, that the savages were determined to wreak their vengeance for the recent loss of some of their chiefs, on the inhabitants of the Mohawk river ; and to sweep the young plantations there, without distinction of age or sex. He made an exaggerated display of his own strength, of the power and success of Burgoyne, and the hopeless state of the garrison, unless by a timely submission they put themselves under his protection.

Dr. Robertson proceeds to record to all posterity, that Colonel Gansvoort, instead of listening to any proposals of surrender, replied, ' that, entrusted by the United States with the charge of the garrison, he should defend it to the last extremity, regardless of the consequences of doing his duty.' This was no gasconade, for he repulsed St. Ledger and his savage allies—those arms, which Lord Suffolk affirmed in the House of Peers, were put into our hands by God and Nature. The christian and heathen barbarians alike intermingled, with precipitation took flight, leaving their tents, stores, and artillery behind them, and their camp-kettles on the fire. The savages became untractable, and were with difficulty prevented from turning their Natural and Godlike arms against their blasphemous and diabolical employers.

It was General Burgoyne who dispatched Colonel St. Ledger upon this infernal errand, and his eyes were opened also upon the failure of it. His own disgrace at Saratoga followed immediately upon it, and he was fain at last to do justice to the basely insulted bravery of the Americans. On his return home, he in his place, as a member of the House of Commons, while endeavouring to defend his own reputation, bore manly witness to it, observing, that ' the tribute of praise due to such troops, will not be wanting in this generous nation ; and it will certainly be accompanied with a just portion of shame to those who have dared to depreciate valour so conspicuous ; who have their ears open only to the prejudice of American cowardice, and, having been always loud upon that courtly topic, stifle the glory of their countrymen, to maintain a base consistency.' He also added, with regard to his own defeat, that, ' if

can be any persons, who, after considering the circumstances of the day, continue to doubt that the Americans possess the quality of fighting, call it by whatever name they please, they are in a prejudice that it would be very absurd longer to contend

may be advanced in objection, that Burgoyne declared this to be his own discomfiture, yet there was truth in it, as events have sufficiently shewn. The surrender of Cornwallis and his army confirmed it true, and the King and government of England, with their host of knaves and slaves and parasites, were at length convinced, that something very serious, and to which their eyes had been blinded, was now the matter. Indeed, not to have now added in the bravery of the American army, had impeached the army and have argued the cowardice of our own,—the last of all such that can ever enter into the hearts of even such wretched beings as composed then and yet do compose the corrupt and abandoned Tories of the Court of England. Such a sentiment, to be added by any other description of Englishmen, were entirely out of question.

Chivalry teems with the heroic courage with which castles and forts and ships, have been defended against an enemy. From immemorial to the present hour, has the trumpet of Fame been in occupation; and the nature of men must greatly change if it be made main idle. To enumerate all, or half, or even the five hundredth part of them, were almost impossible, so just to instance one, to fill up our Record, is all that must be expected. Mahomet highly applauds the heroism of Biagio del Milano, who was of the castle called Montepetroso, which, being not only beleaguered but set on fire by the enemy, looking over the walls and finding no way to escape or preserve the castle, he caused straw and gunpowder and what other clothes he had, to be thrown over where he was; and when the fire was not yet come; and then letting down two of his men upon them, he cried out to the enemy—'Here, take such spoils as God and my fortune have given me; it is in your power to force them, and not in mine to preserve them: but for the sake of my mind, in which my glory and honour consist, you shall not ravish that from me, and I will never surrender it.' The hero was amazed at his gallantry, ran presently to save his children, presented him ropes and ladders, to have preserved himself; but he refused them, and chose rather to die in the flames, than to be sold by the enemies of his country.

As fine anecdotes as these, read volumes to minds endued with Patriotism and Love of Country. A Mussulman's gallant heart shall not be another, and not inferior to that of the Christian: 'When Sir Fletcher had attacked and defeated, in the East Indies, Suja's army, and made himself master of an advantageous fort upon a hill,—the governor of which, after three practicable assaults had been made in the walls, delivered up the keys with his eyes, and with these affecting words: I have endeavoured to act like a soldier, but, deserted by my

prince, and left with a mutinous garrison, what could I do? Good and you,—laying his hand upon the Koran and pointing to his soldiers,—are witnesses that to the faith of the English I now trust my life and fortune.” My narrator of this trait of faithful soldiery with admirable feeling exclaims,—What a noble behaviour! becoming the bravest and most polished European; and adds, that his troops had been without pay for six months.

The soul of heroism is of no sex or gender, nor is the human form which contains it any impediment, when called into action by events and circumstances: be it displayed in wisdom and learning, art and science, religion and virtue, honour and worth, constancy and friendship, generous courage and highmindedness, still it is heroism in man or woman. The truly great are all of one family, from remote antiquity to recent time, the only lineal descent in which a wise man interests himself. The right honourable members of it are planted and distributed pretty equally through the world; and as like begets like, it is a natural consequence, that from such heroines as Mrs. Channing of America and those ladies who, in unison with the kindred spirit of their lords, saved their country, have sprung others of their kind; but, born to peaceable times, they ‘blush unseen’ in social fellowship and domestic quiet.

It is morally impossible that the present race of Pew-wews which Mr. Welby describes in his ‘Visit’ as the women of America, can have any of their mothers’ and grandmothers’ blood remaining in their veins, or of their spirit in their hearts. He must have been unfortunate in his introductions, and therefore not have seen and associated with the best.

‘Light and darkness,’ he declares, ‘are not more opposite than the Roman matron and this modern female republican, who is equally destitute of the sedate, retired manners, so attaching in my own countrywomen, as of the lively wit and fascinating manners of the French females; though, covered with the finery of the latter, the poor things are taught to believe they must be as engaging; possessing forms, too, not all, or the least possible en bon point. Brought up entirely ignorant of every real domestic duty, the method taken to remedy this error, previous to their marriage, is truly laughable. They are sent to some cook and confectioner as pupils to learn economy and to make pastry! and after a practice in tarts, cheesecakes, bon bons, &c., for a few weeks, are declared fit to undertake the important concerns of a wife and a mother! Receiving from nature but little apparent warmth of constitution, they neither excite interest by intrigue, nor respect by the domestic virtues, and become completely insipid beings. Is it then surprising, that with minds so prepared for frivolity, they should be bent alone upon extravagant and childish decoration of their persons, which, together with their total ignorance of domestic economy, is for ever bringing their husbands to bankruptcy!’

Surely to ‘suckle fools and chronicle small beer’ could only have been the purpose of nature in bringing to birth such a community of insipidities; and to suckle them very badly too, according to one

part of the story. However, I will here repeat, what I have said aforetime, that it is for the Americans to set these dissonancies straight, for with them it remains to confute Mr. Welby's book in all its positions: if they do not, the statements it contains to the disparagement of their country, and to the dishonour of themselves, will, upon the principle of silence giving consent, be implicitly believed in England. Let them look to it, and look well to it, for he feels confident that his account of them is 'faithful and true' to his motto, and that he

'Nothing extenuates, nor aught sets down in malice.'

GEORGE THE THIRD.

How little the unfortunates who had accepted British protections were to be depended upon, with what apathy they offered up their petitions to Heaven for the prosperity of their sovereign, and success of his arms, may be judged from an incident that occurred in the parish church of St. James's, Goose Creek. The Reverend Mr. Ellington, in the course of service, praying, 'That it may please thee to bless and preserve his most gracious majesty, our sovereign lord, King George,' a dead silence ensued, and, instead of the usual response, 'We beseech thee to hear us, good Lord,' a murmuring voice pronounced, 'Good Lord, deliver us.'—GARDEN.

SOME four or five years after the death of our sovereign lord, King George the first, now nearly a century since, an inquisitive gentleman enquired, through the medium of one of the public journals, 'How long time must pass after a King's death, before it may be lawful and safe to publish his true and impartial character? Nothing is more abused,' he observed, 'than that old saying, *de mortuis nil nisi bonum*; it should rather be *verum*,—nothing but truth of the dead.' Not receiving any answer, he concluded that silence gave consent, and so went to work, and pretty slashing work he made of it. Now, we do not purpose any such thing, but merely, without any slashing, to dilate upon a dead King's character, and the woeful events of his rule and governance, with not the slightest allusion to a certain other reign, which no prudent man would think of alluding to, for yet sometime to come, perchance.

We speak of George the third, and the Toryism which grew with his growth and strengthened with his strength, as may be inferred, to wit:—

Ere his grandfather George the second was cold in his grave, the name of the Duke of Cumberland, ever dear since the memorable day of Culloden, was struck out of the liturgy. To make room for Lord Bute, a Stuart by name and blood and nature, the rangership of Richmond park was taken from Princess Amelia, the only unmarried and highly favoured daughter of the late king; and were nominated twelve additional lords of the BEDCHAMBER—an office, remarks the historian, of worse than Turkish or Persian servility: and I will add another word to that,—a nasty degrading office for a Peer of the Realm to fill. Well might the heads of all the

great families of England turn their backs upon the favourite Bute, and compel his resignation. Well might the indignant Amelia leave every shilling of her ample property when she died, away from the King and his children; and well might the people exclaim, when himself was dead, that he was a good and worthy private gentleman, but, as a King, the worst of all the Guelphic line that had yet reigned over them.

His majesty had not worn the crown very many years before it became a received opinion throughout the nation, that he was a man of but little feeling. For the horrors of war, he certainly possessed none, nor did I ever hear or read of any King endowed with such humanity; but the total loss, under every aggravation, of his fine dominions in America, having produced insanity, determined feeling to be somewhere. It is idle to call the disorder with which he was visited, a disorder of the family, for we know not of any of his ancestry being before so afflicted; and if any of his progeny have experienced its effects, those about them have kept it very snug, for it is a secret that has not yet transpired to the world, and, until it does, it is not for us even to surmise it.

I always consider the reign of George the Third to have virtually ceased in 1788, for after that period he never was for three months in succession in a sound state of mind to the end of his days. So soon as Dr. Willis released his majesty from the strait-waistcoat, Mr. Pitt took charge of him; upon whose death, Castlereagh, in unison with that redoubted personage by the Louth Club styled the Lion of England, took him into their hopeful keeping,—and as it was in the beginning, they chaunted, now and ever shall be, world without end, Amen.

One of our historians, when coming to the period of his final loss of the brightest jewel of his crown, digresses from his story for a page or two, in order to sketch an outline of his majesty's character. The monarch had now swayed, he says, the sceptre of these kingdoms more than twenty years, and, in the course of a long and variegated series of events, his character, both personal and political, was completely matured and developed. After remarking that the province of history is sacred, he pays no courtly compliments to his majesty's abilities, natural or acquired. He then proceeds with great justice to assert, that in his conduct upon all occasions, an invincible pertinacity was discoverable, which it would be easy for the flatterers of a court to dignify with the appellation of firmness; and that his acknowledged rectitude was clouded by the absence of the nobler sensibilities of humanity. Never, he continues, was it suspected, that the contest by which an empire was rent asunder, by which every political, civil, and social tie, was dissolved, that can unite and endear nation to nation, or man to man, cost this monarch a sigh or a tear.

Upon the subject of religion, this excellent painter of a living King's character, says, that, attached to the forms of the church with a degree of zeal more nearly allied to bigotry and superstition, than to an enlarged and enlightened morality, he regarded all sects which

diverged from it in different directions, with a fixed suspicion and dislike, leading, by easy and imperceptible gradations, to dread and detestation. The reverse of the medal will indeed discover a life passed without any remarkable deviation from the rules of decorum, and much less any direct violation of the higher and more serious obligations of morality and religion. The historian concludes with the declaration of a great truth which should be engraven on brass,—that the virtues of the man, were they such as to entitle him to the honours of canonization, afforded a very inadequate compensation for the errors and imperfections of the monarch; under whose reign it may be justly affirmed, that from the almost perpetual predominance of evil councils, the people suffered all that could be inflicted under the restraints of a constitution, radically excellent. Here endeth the character of George the Third in the twenty-first year of his reign, drawn with the masterly hand of a Clarendon, and with thrice that noble historian's candour and true colouring.

It must be confessed that the King had not always fair play, for there was the overawing spirit of a devil incarnate at his elbow, by his side, in his presence, and remaining with him always. Sufficient for the day was the evil thereof, and commensurate was the effect with the cause, to the grief of us all; to the shame of many who saw it continually, and, because it was dangerous to cope with, they basely truckled to its secret power, and zealously upheld it.

The Queen did not so much govern his majesty, as manage and mould him to her purposes, and very bad purposes they commonly were. Her influence over him became, cemented by time, almost unbounded. To his cold, invincible dislike of the democratic portion of our constitution, she added fury and flames and passion untameable. Fierce as the virago Queen Elizabeth, she possessed not an atom of her wisdom and greatness; yet was it discovered, at the conclusion of the American war, that her and Bute behind the curtain had ruled the empire in the person of the King and his ministers: and the people hated her ever after, nor was any love lost there, for she heartily detested them in return.

The King was the reverse of this, for he had a sort of parental affection for his subjects, and to drink their health after his dinner in a full glass of wine, had almost grown into a custom with him. His conversation, be their station and situation what it might, when brought in contact with them, was that of friendship and kindness, without any of the insolence of Stanhopeian greatness, or the freezing affability of modern condescension;—and his subjects much esteemed him in return.

The Queen had always sour looks and stern rebukes ready cut and dried for every-day use in all her social intercourse; consequently the courtiers and all those in attendance upon her liked her as the devil loves holy water, yet dare not say so,—but gave out to the world that she was the most amiable woman in existence: notwithstanding it has been known to escape them, and they have been heard to murmur, with the American patriot at St. James's church, Goose Creek—Good Lord deliver us.

The King, when dwelling upon the unhappy circumstance of the Americans in arms against his fiat, yet spoke of them with decorum; his deluded subjects of America was a customary expression; while the Queen scarcely ever held any other language towards them than that of villains, traitors, felons, and every other malignant appellative. The opposition members of parliament fared very little better, and to the revered and eternally to be esteemed Mr. Fox, she has been heard to apply all and every of these blackguard epithets, without taking even the decent precaution of privacy. In short, she was at the bottom of every disastrous event of her husband's eventful reign, and held, by the greedy hand with which she seized upon patronage, her sway immovable in the hearts of the selfish and worldly minded. The disposal of the riches and honours of the church became entirely her own, and she grasped at almost everything else, to the great grief and annoyance of the ministry, who are equally greedy of patronage, and must have it, or have no majority. Such was old Charlotte of mean unblessed memory, who died worth a million and a half of money, which legitimate amassment her heirs, we are told, have, someway or other, never enjoyed. As there has long been a Goose Creek, St. James's, in England, as well as in America, it probably became immersed in it, and, having floated down to sea, is for ever lost. This is the most natural way of accounting for it, particularly as all enquiry and search that was made for it proved fruitless, and which being discountenanced by authority, has now entirely ceased.

The reverse of the medal also here will discover, that, as a wife and a mother, the Queen was deserving of praise, and the courtiers never lost sight of those qualities to blazon her royalty to the people. This was a fine theme to dilate upon in the same breath that they vilified poor Caroline, who, as a mother, was equally affectionate, while, as a wife, she could not be known, so great were her sorrows in wedlock. Had Charlotte been otherwise than faithful and true, and I do not say that Caroline was not so, she had been worse than a devil incarnate; for HER husband was most affectionately kind, and invariably polite and friendly to her at all times. His whole dominions could not furnish his superior in the domestic virtues.

Lord Godolphin took great pleasure in relating a conversation that passed between Lady Sunderland and his grandmother the Duchess of Marlborough. 'Amongst the torrent of abuse poured out on your grace,' said Lady Sunderland, 'your worst enemies have never called you a faithless wife.' 'It was no great merit,' said old Sarah, as she was turning over the papers afterwards sent to Mallet for her husband's history;—'it was no great merit, for I had the handsomest, the most accomplished, and the bravest man in Europe, for my husband.' Now, if his majesty did not quite possess all these fine qualities, if he were not so good a general as the Duke of Marlborough, he was a much better stallion, which goes a precious long way, I can assure ye, my masters, with all the illustrious ladies of the Brunswick family.

EVE AND HER BLACKS.

THERE was in the Legion of Pulaski, a young French officer of singularly fine form and appearance, named Celeron. As he passed the dwelling of Mrs. Charles Elliot, a British major, whose name is lost, significantly pointing him out, said, 'See, Mrs. Elliot, one of your illustrious allies,—what a pity it is that the hero has lost his sword.'

'Had two thousand such men,' replied the lady, 'been present to aid in the defence of our city, Charlestown, think you, sir, that I should ever have been subject to the malignity of your observation.' At the moment a negro, triggered out in full British uniform, happened to pass:—'See, major,' continued she, 'one of your allies;—bow with gratitude for the service received from such honourable associates,—caress and cherish them,—the fraternity is excellent.'

GARDEN.

I HAVE met with this anecdote somewhere else, but rather differently related. It was there stated that this insulting worthy's name was B——r, a captain in one of the regiments of Burgoyne's army. He had commanded a detachment of British troops among the savages who murdered Miss M'Crea, and was so employed when the general surrendered at Saratoga. Having in this honourable absence escaped the capitulation there, after continuing with the Indians sometime longer, and learning the use of the tomahawk and the scalping knife, and loyally using them when master of the art, he, with his detachment, joined Clinton's army, afterwards commanded by Cornwallis. This redoubted general, for his faithful service in that HOLY WARFARE,—for the dexterous use of those weapons which, according to Lord Suffolk, God and nature put into our hands, appointed him acting brigade major to the garrison of Charlestown.

Mrs. Elliot's retort upon the ruffian's alliance with the negro, merely as a negro, was not, in my estimation of things, a happy one. There is a prejudice yet prevailing throughout America against the Blacks, that fills me with astonishment. Mr. Fearon relates some incidents to that effect, which in England excite every indignation, especially as occurring in the only land of liberty under the sun. I have heard it as Mr. Welby's opinion, that the Blacks and the people of colour, are, generally speaking, the finest portion of the population of America; and even in the slave states are the most athletic and manly in appearance,—the most cheerful and free from care, and the most likely, in time to come, to make a fearful impression by arms upon that country:—but this is only hearsay. Mr. Welby may not have given so decided an opinion, and he certainly has not written in his book three words of it.

Whenever I reflect upon the marked disdain and rooted dislike evinced by the Americans towards the negroes, I am induced to suppose that they are under the influence of the tradition of the Devil begetting, on the body of Eve, the Blacks in the person of Cain, leaving father Adam to be only the parent of the Whites in that of Abel. Ham, the lineal descendant of Cain, preserved in the

ark, it should seem, to perpetuate the breed, was, after the deluge, cursed by his father Noah for exposing his nakedness when lying in his tent, overtaken by the rich juice of the grape of the vine which the patriarch had planted. If this be the case, if the story be true, if it be possible that the mind can receive it in these enlightened days,—it follows, that the Americans of the nineteenth century, who hold themselves disenthralled from superstition, nursery tales, antiquarian dreams, and old women's rockstaves, stand in so far excused in their marked disdain and rooted dislike of the Blacks, but no farther.

One of our poets hath sung not long since, that,—‘The fiend-like negro, should resume his chain,’ and his verse was much applauded. The old King thought that it was the best thing ever said or sung upon the subject, and quite mortaised in with the joists of his bigoted understanding. Unquestionably this was one of the nice points in theology whereon much is to be said on both sides. The devil asserted original freedom in justification of his rebellion against God; so did a negro named Alfred not long since in the West Indies against the fiat of man. On his trial for this legitimate offence he asserted his unconquerable aversion to labour. He had been a free man in his own country, he said, and ill brooked slavery in this.

This noble-minded black had not the name of Alfred for nothing; it never but once was half so well bestowed. Robert Sutcliffe, a Quaker, soon after the American revolutionary war, published a book of ‘Travels in Part of North America.’ He there instances a manly negro at Richmond Virginia, in full possession of

‘The golden metal of the mind,’—

one of many others who was charged with an intention to rise against their masters. A lawyer, says Mr. Sutcliffe, who was present at their trials at Richmond, informed me, that on one of them being asked what he had to say to the court in defence, he replied in a manly tone of voice, ‘I have nothing more to offer, than what General Washington would have had to offer, had he been taken by the British, and put to trial by them. I have adventured my life in endeavouring to obtain the freedom of my countrymen, and am a willing sacrifice in their cause; and I beg as a favour that I may be immediately led to execution. I know that you have fore-determined to shed my blood,—then why all this mockery of trial?’ I cannot but quarrel with good Robert Sutcliffe for not transmitting to posterity the name of this heroic negro; and if to be fiend-like is to be like him, I would not be ashamed that the devil were my father. This fine fellow must have put his judges to the blush, unless they were of the frontless generation of certain other judges of a certain other country, who hold Star-chamber to be the common law of the land, and passive obedience and non-resistance as parts and portions of the constitution.

Early in old George's reign, and without it seems consulting with his majesty,—at an ordination of priests and deacons at the chapel royal at St. James's, by the honourable and Reverend Dr. Keppel, Bishop of Exeter, a black was ordained, whose devout behaviour

attracted the notice of the whole congregation.' Further sayeth not as to who he was, or what became of him; but probably finding that there was no preferment for gentlemen of his complexion, hands were a second time laid upon him, and he returned to the fiend-like habits of his brethren, and resumed his chain in the West Indies.

Be that as it may, the precedent of ordaining a negro has been followed out elsewhere, and to judge by the first sermon he delivered, that the fiend of black hell was perceived in every sentence of his creed. I speak of the sermon of the Archbishop of Hayti, which in September, 1819, was preached to the Black Emperor of Hayti and his Black Nobility, the church and state text of 'all in authority,' was handled most legitimately. With not much of the cant and flummery of a church of England discourse, from so courtly a scrap of holy writ, the spirit of his grace's prototype was displayed in all its power and might, majesty and dominion.

This is all legitimate enough, for the devil is the saint of legitimacy; but it is highly whimsical what Mr. Faux relates in his *Memorable Days*, on the subject of black hierarchies. An Irish gentleman, says he, from the Missouri, states, 'that he met on board the steam boat, a black archbishop, and several of his inferior clergy. This most reverend father in God was endeavouring to prove, that Adam, Noah, and all the prophets and patriarchs, down to Jesus Christ, were Blacks, and that a small portion of mankind, and that the worst, are Whites, of whom Cain is the progenitor.' Most unique and excellent is this of Blackee turning so neatly the tables upon their massas, and shews, as the Americans would say, with Shakespeare, that the devil can quote scripture to his purpose; and, as a certain reverend free-thinking, free-speaking divine of this country did say, that the Bible could furnish arguments on either and on any side.

Whether the negroes were naturally engendered of Adam and Eve, or were legitimately begotten of the devil upon her ladyship, is of not much moment here; for agreeable with the mild principles of christianity, they cannot by man be made slaves. There are who would not that even a fiend were enslaved, so abhorrent to their minds is slavery. It is here that Miss Wright bears such honourable tribute to the manly disinterestedness of Mr. Coles. At present, in the state of Virginia, she says, the sons of Africa, when restored by some generous planter to their birthright of liberty, they forfeit the protection of a master without securing the guardianship of the law. To exonerate herself from the increasing weight of black pauperism, Virginia has imposed a restriction upon the benevolence of her citizens, by a law which enacts of the citizen who emancipates his vassals, that he shall remove them out of the precincts of the state. In obedience to this law, Mr. Coles, a native of Virginia, and for some years secretary to Mr. Jefferson, lately removed a black colony into the state. On the death of his father, this gentleman found himself in possession of seventeen slaves, valued at from eight to nine thousand dollars. His property

was small, but he hesitated not a moment to relinquish his claims upon his negro vassals. He purchased a tract of land near the settlement of Edwardsville, in Illinois, where he supplies his former bondsmen with employment, encouraging them to lay up their earnings until they shall have realized sufficient to enter upon their own farms.

We will leave this digression and return to observe, that it were far more honourable and humane to be in alliance with the Blacks, nay, even with the Devil himself, than with the yelling, infuriate, blood-thirsty savages, as were this insulting British major and his general, Burgoyne. To the pious humanity of the King, and to the mildness of his government, may be attributed the supercession of Sir Guy Carleton, who remonstrated against the employment of the Indians, and the appointment of Burgoyne, the hero of Saratoga, to the command of the Canadian army, in his stead. This legitimate general approved of this HOLY ALLIANCE, and in his own courtly language informs us, that he 'had thrown himself at his majesty's feet, to be employed in any way that he thought proper : ' and his majesty thought proper to send him to command the Canadian British army in HOLY ALLIANCE with the yelling, infuriate, blood-thirsty savages, against his christian subjects in America. O rare JOHN BULL ! here's Bible and Crown for you, to vapour about until you are tired of it.

My invaluable historian remarks upon this throwing at his majesty's feet, and the effect it wrought, that 'this is such a mode of expression as might become the mouth of a Persian Satrap, in addressing a Sha Abbas, or a Sha Nadir ; unworthy of a mind ennobled by the conscious sense of freedom, virtue, and dignity !

'Go, vassal souls ! Go cringe and wait,
Bend when he speaks, and KISS THE GROUND ;
Adore the follies of the Great,
Ye base-born minds ! But as for me,
I can and will be free :
My soul grows firm upright :
Let slaves and asses stoop and bow ;
I cannot make this stubborn knee
Bend to a meaner power than that which set it free.'

A right and true and well-bred Tory, is always, when in power, of himself a savage, and in subjection a wretched slave. General Burgoyne exhibited to view both these positions most decidedly. We have seen the abject manner in which he obtained command, and we have now to behold him in authority. After whetting the ferocious appetites of the infernal Indians, against the rebels, as he loyally styles the brave assertors and defenders of their birthrights, he issues a Proclamation, as follows :—

'The forces entrusted to my command, are designed to act in concert, and upon a common principle with the numerous armies and fleets which already display, in every quarter of America, the power, the JUSTICE, and, when properly sought, the MERCY of the King.

'The CAUSE in which the British arms are thus exerted, applies

to the most affecting interests of the human heart ! '—Then, after a tedious string of assertions without proof, in bamboozle, and Bobadil cant, he proceeds :

' In consciousness of CHRISTIANITY, my royal master's CLEMENCY, and the honour of soldiership, I have dwelt upon this invitation and wished for more persuasive terms to give it impression.'—We will now present a legitimate specimen of the terms of persuasion with which the general used to bring back the Americans to what he called their duty.

' I have but to give stretch to the Indian FORCES UNDER MY DIRECTION, and they amount to thousands, to overtake the hardened enemies of Great Britain and America,—I consider them the same wherever they may lurk. If, notwithstanding these endeavours and sincere inclinations, the phrensy of hostility should remain, I trust I shall stand acquitted, in the eyes of God and man, in denouncing and executing the vengeance of the state against the wilful outcasts.'—' The messengers of justice and of wrath await them in the field ; devastation, famine, and every concomitant horror that a reluctant but indispensable prosecution of military duty must occasion, will bar the way to their return.' June 29, 1777.

Were a Bengal tiger to find this proclamation in a jungle in India, and, could he read it, what would be his sensations ? Would he not think himself belied by man, who denominates him a wild beast, savage and merciless ? Indeed he would, and, without hesitation, hurl back the slander into the teeth of this conscious christian, and howl with indignation, and in disdain of his royal master's clemency. He would rejoice to hear that this denouncer and executor of the vengeance of the state, this threatener of devastation, famine, and every concomitant horror, was in less than four months from this diabolical effusion, himself defeated, hemmed into a corner, and compelled to surrender to these identical outcasts ; while he would lament to hear, that not a hair of his head was touched ; but that these self-same outcasts most generously permitted him to return home and make the best of his story, and to end his days on a bed of down. Thus would reason and reflect a Bengal tiger upon such atrocities of men,—of men who call themselves christians.

Although Burgoyne died on a bed of down, he probably did not die in peace. We know that he did not live so,—for the Saratoga disgrace was ever a load upon his mind, the reckless barbarities of the Indians, the FORCES amounting to thousands, which he so audaciously boasted of having under his direction, dwelt upon his conscience ; while the cruel murder of Miss M'Crea by them, with all its accompanying horrors, damned his fame and name to all eternity. ' This beautiful young lady,' says Dr. Robertson, ' dressed in her bridal habiliments, in order to be married the same evening to an officer of character in Burgoyne's own regiment ; while her heart glowed in expectation of a speedy union with the beloved object of her affections, was induced to leave a house near Fort Edward, with the idea of being escorted to the residence of her intended husband, and was massacred on the way in all the cold-

blooded ferocity of savage manners.——The helpless maid was butchered and scalped, and her bleeding corpse left in the woods.

Little was it to say that Burgoyne was shocked by the tragic circumstances that attended the fate of this lovely, unfortunate girl ; for we know, that he could attempt to palliate the crime, while he could not, durst not bring the perpetrators of it to justice. He could denounce horrible vengeance against his fellow-subjects, because they would not submit to lawless despotism ; could cry havoc, and let the infernals loose upon them, and, when their outrages gave the lie to his proclamation of their being under his direction, and so inhumanly tomahawked and scalped the beloved mistress of his gallant friend and fellow-warrior, he shrank from the loud cry of justice, and added to his degradation by pardoning the two well-known demons who murdered her ; suffering them yet to remain under his DIRECTIONS, to the scandal of all the army. These were the fruits of his war-feasts to the savages, his consciousness of christianity, his royal master's clemency, and his own worse than savage denunciation of vengeance on the heads of the Friends of Freedom in arms against ' the ruffian hand of conquest,' as General Gates so truly styled the British inroad.

Now there was another charge against another person, which goes, if true, to damn HIS fame and name to all eternity also. General Burgoyne, as a prisoner, was received, upon delivering up his sword, with respect, and dined with General Gates ; but for most part of the time was rather reserved and seemed much dejected. The accounts of that period say, that some of the New England gentlemen were not so polite. They asked him, how he could find in his heart to burn the houses, and lay waste the country through which he passed ? when he answered, that it was by the King's orders. Here's Bible and Crown for ye again and again, my masters of the JOHN BULL faction and conspiracy.

MAJOR EDWARDS.

MAJOR EVAN EDWARDS was of the baptist persuasion, and originally designed for the ministry, but, imbibing the military spirit of the times, entered the army and appeared at the commencement of the war as one of the defenders of Fort Washington. A brave and stubborn-resistance could not save the post, which fell into the hands of the enemy, and Edwards became a prisoner. I have often heard him make a jest of the whimsical and fantastic figure which he exhibited on this occasion. It was not to be wondered, said he, that, starch in my person, emaciated as an anatomy, with a rueful countenance, rendered more ghastly by misfortune, my dress partly military, but shewing much of a clerical cut, that the risibility of the conquerors should have been highly excited.

One of the leaders, however, of the successful assailants, anxious to excite a still higher degree of merriment, ordered me to ascend a cart, and, as a genuine specimen of a rebel officer, directed that I should be paraded through the principal streets of New York. It was at the entrance of Canvass Town that

I was much amused by the exclamation of a Scottish female follower of the camp, who called to a companion,—‘ Quick, quick, lassie, rin hither a wee, and divarte yoursel; they’ve cotched a braw and bonnie Rebel, ’twill de ye guid to laugh at him.’ Hooting and derision attended my whole career, and at the conclusion of the farce I was committed to prison.—GARDEN.

IN every position in which Toryism is exhibited to view, it always appears unamiable, and very frequently brutal and disgusting in the extreme. What a woeful instance is this now before us. To hold up an enemy like Major Edwards, or any enemy indeed, in the moment of defeat, to hooting and derision and foul mockery, puts chivalry to the blush and degrades humanity. It will be seen in another Record, that in the joyful day of American victory, this rascally leader, who so cowardly insulted this gallant gentleman, received at his hands that which would have cut any other than such a blackguard to the soul: he received at the hands of the cruelly hooted, derided, and outraged Major Edwards, a generous, magnanimous forgiveness.

Early in the contest it should seem that this foul treatment of Americans taken prisoners, was not unusual, and was only discontinued when the British became themselves captured by thousands, and thereby presented a full retaliation. One of our hireling critics was pleased the other day to entertain corruption and venality here at home, with nearly such a story. ‘ A trooper of the Connecticut Light Horse, whose services had been declined by the commander in chief, by some means or other found his way to Long Island, and was taken in the battle of the 27th of August. The British officers made themselves very merry at his expense, and obliged him to amble about for their entertainment. On being asked what had been his duty in the rebel army, he answered, that it was “ to flank a little, and carry tidings.” ’

This is related by one who became apostate to the cause of America, his country, and published in England for filthy lucre his Judas Iscariotism; and it is a loyal reviewer who thus gives it at second-hand, accompanied with his own remarks. ‘ This story is of one,’ saith he, ‘ who was an actor during the season of hope, but in that of realization, was one whose patriotism cooled as he advanced in life; one who preferred Burke’s reasonings to those of Tom Paine,—one who has at length subsided into a belief that England has long been and still is fighting the battle of the civilized world.’ The short and the long of all this oneing is, that it is the story of one whose wits are gone a wool-gathering, and his principles to the devil, and there may they eternally remain.

Insult, derision, and mockery of their opponents, have long become the weapons of the servile adherents of corruption and arbitrary power. A valiant soldier of the old school observed, that Fortune may tempt men of no bad dispositions to injustice, but insults proceed only from black and rancorous minds, and have no temptation to excuse them: and the celebrated Junius said, that injuries may be atoned for and forgiven; insults admit of no compensation—they degrade the mind in its own esteem, and force it

to recover its level by revenge. If this be true, and who denies it,—what will become of the editors and proprietors of certain newspapers, reviews, and magazines, in town and country, who have so long been in the habit of insulting and abusing the Friends of Freedom in language that can only apply to felons and cut-throats. This has not certainly gone unmarked, and themselves and their employers and paymasters, for secret service money is at the bottom of it all, can have nothing more to expect at the hands of a maligned and insulted people, than a halter, nor less than their own favourite tread-mill. So let them look to it, for every foul expression is weighed in the balance, and every movement of the miscreants is watched in the background. Had they not better retreat in time,—withdraw from their work of lies and their wages of sin, and voluntarily expatriate themselves,—to Russia perhaps, where legitimacy reigns triumphant; or to Portugal, where church bigotry flourishes to their heart's content, and where the cry divine of Long live the absolute King, resounds through the streets and re-echoes in the mountains.

It was not a little fortunate for Major Evan Edwards, that the tread-mill had not then got into vogue, or he certainly would have exhibited there also, after his parade through New York. Our hollies and reverends now resort to it on all occasions, although it is no more lawful than their own rule and governance. When young Las Cases challenged Sir Hudson Lowe for ill-treating his father at St. Helena, and horsewhipped him because the knight did not like the smell of powder,—the Bible and Crown gentry called out lustily for the tread-mill to cool the young champion's filial courage; but he happily got away and spoiled their game of insult and malignity, and, when among the lively Parisians, posted Lowe as a poltroon, and laughed his legitimate friends of the Bible and Crown to scorn.

When Drakard's News came out in the year 1809, all the bending cringing slaves to the worst government in the world that has any pretensions to Freedom, much less one which pretends to nothing else;—all the host united to vilify, abuse, and cry it down, if possible. 'A venal scribe of the law,' at Boston, fell foul upon the readers of it also, and declared that every one of them ought to be tarred and feathered. Good God! how were the freeholders and freemen of this great county fallen from their once independent eminence, to suffer a Jack-weight, whose only utility in this world is to balance and screw and wind up the righteous accounts between John Doe and Richard Roe,—to talk of tar and feathering them!!

This effusion of mock-loyalty, was not, I apprehend, generally known, or of a surety the servile had ere this been tossed in a blanket upon the iron bridge. The time has too long passed by to now visit the offence, but verily, if he repeat it, he shall not again escape. I am proud to say, that I was one of the original subscribers to that indefatigable paper in the cause of Freedom, and had the honour to be black-booked for it; nay, a double line was passed under my name, because I was a soldier, and a triple one has since

been added for patriotic offences yet greater, blessed be God. In return, our tar and feathering friend shall from this very day be black-booked, when he had better repent in time and reform in earnest, lest, in addition to the blanketting, he do the honours of the tread-mill. A tread-mill with a Jack-weight appended to it, will go round, and round, and round, merrily ho ! merrily ho ! merrily ho !

How soon unmerited contempt and loyal abuse recoils upon the heads of the venal or arrogant maligners. How sublime, after being absolutely driven out of America, must the expression of a 'vagrant congress' appear to the world ! of 'one Hancock,' and 'one Adams,' and 'their crew.' These were the disdainful epithets of the courtiers in parliament and out of parliament, in the outset of the dispute with the colonies. In this scornful spirit Major Edwards was paraded through New York, and in the same bad spirit America was lost. Mr. Fox, some years afterwards, when this same spirit was working against the French Revolution, reminded the court of this disdainful language, and with as much effect as had he spoke to the winds ; yet, ten years afterwards, in spite of their teeth, the court were fain to send Lord Cornwallis to Amiens, to negotiate a peace with the French consul, and acknowledge the republic.

All exultation over an enemy, grounded upon supposed power and might, or even right and positive victory, is unmanly and most undignified. A published letter from Edinburgh, dated June 4th, 1746, announced, that fourteen colours, taken from the Rebels, at the battle of Culloden, were brought in procession under a detachment of Colonel Lee's regiment ; the Pretender's own standard carried by the hangman, and each of the others by chimney-sweepers, from the Castle to the Cross, where a large fire was lighted for the purpose. The Pretender's son's own colours were burnt first, with three flourishes of the trumpets, amidst loud huzzas ; and then the rest of the colours separately, the heralds proclaiming the names of the traitors to whom they belonged, and the ceremony concluded with burning Lord Lovat's camp colours.'

While I most decidedly condemn such ungentlemanly triumph over a fallen enemy, yet, as an entire Whig, the spirit of hostility here displayed to Stuart rule and governance, is very grateful ; and I deeply lament that the same hostility to such rule, is not now in equal activity. As deeply do I lament that Prince Charles did not leave a son behind him, and that another Pretender, who having already become a protestant, now resided at Calais with a proclamation in his hand, saying : that he would govern according to the constitution in its simple, plain, unvarnished meaning. Then should we see wonders worked instantler. He need not trouble himself to come over, for his presence there in *terrorem* would be amply sufficient.

Then should we behold the DEBT in a rapid state of liquidation by some ways and means or other. Then should we see the navy rise from legitimate neglect into all its native glory, and hear our gallant tars sing O be joyful. Then would a standing army cease to be the palladium of corruption to the core. A few regular battalions to guard the colonies, with a regiment or two of horse and foot guards for splendid purposes, would be all that we should require. The NECESSITY of adding ten to eighty thousand men, to compete with the TURBULENCE of the people, would not then fall from the traitorous tongue of a secretary at war. Triennial parliaments would then of themselves return and prepare the way to a full, fair, and free representation; and Bob Southey, in his Quarterly, would not then tell the world, that such was the licentiousness of his 'half Luddite and half Lazzaroni,' of Burke's swinish multitude, of the parson's rabble and of the ladies' mob,—that the liberties of England were necessarily abridged by six acts of parliament 'at one fell swoop.' Indeed he would not;—the apostate would again apostatize back to his Wat Tyler, and to his whining widow; the last of which personage was her that his NOW friend Canning so dextrously wedded to HIS needy knife-grinder.

Our vicars of Bray would no longer take their texts from 'All in authority,' and the Beast of the Revelations, but would preach the plain and never-to-be-mistaken commandment of 'I am the Lord thy God, thou shalt have none other Gods but me;—' would also enforce the mild benediction of the Saviour, of peace on earth and good will towards men. Finally, as a sincere earnest of a return to the truth, and justice of the constitution, the Manchester murderers would be hanged and gibbeted on the field of Peterloo, and the stinking carcase of Castlereagh be dragged out of Westminster Abbey, and thrown upon the dunghill, whence it came. Then all the knaves and slaves of power and the hour would laud and applaud to the skies these things that were done; for, as a great casuist in these matters said on another occasion—Bless their hearts, we know them very well, and what they are all about.

COLONEL TARLETON.

THE haughty Tarleton, vaunting his feats of gallantry, to the great disparagement of the officers of the continental cavalry, said to a lady at Wilmington—
 'I have a very earnest desire to see your far-famed hero, Colonel Washington.'
 'Your wish, colonel, might have been fully gratified,' she promptly replied, 'had you ventured to look behind you, after the battle of the Cowpens.'
 It was in that battle that Washington had wounded Tarleton, which gave rise to a still more pointed retort. Conversing with Mrs. Wiley Jones, Colonel Tarleton observed—'You appear to think very highly of Colonel Washington; and yet I have been told that he is so ignorant a fellow, that he can hardly write his own name.' 'It may be the case,' she readily replied, 'but no man better than yourself, colonel, can testify, that he knows how to make his mark.'—GARDEN.

COLONEL WASHINGTON disciplined and brought into the field against the British, the finest regiment of dragoons the Americans possessed; and wherever with them he came in contact with the haughty Tarleton and his fierce legion, he left them but little to boast of. This created rage untameable in their breasts, and in that of Tarleton in particular, as may be discovered in his language to the two ladies who so elegantly chastised him. Washington, with his own sword, cut off Tarleton's finger by a terrible blow through a highly tempered basket-hilt, which, but for it and a skillful guard, had shortened him by the hand.

It cannot be denied that Colonel Tarleton was a most promptly brave and enterprising officer, but being engaged in civil war, and that on the wrong side, the malignant spirit of loyalty instead of the amiable feeling of it, took possession of his soul, and dashed his vaunted heroism to the ground. His skill and conduct in the command of irregular troops, especially cavalry, in the American war, highly distinguished him in the estimation of the British army; while, next to the Indians, he was to the half-armed and ill-appointed **OUTCASTS**, as Burgoyne denominated the Americans in the outset of the contest, a continual terror, and dismay attended upon the bare mention of his name. Indeed, he all along carried himself towards them as a proud undaunted savage, far more resembling a Mohawk chief on horseback, than a rational and reflecting British officer.

It should seem, by an impartial review of his conduct, as perceptible throughout his own *Memoirs of his Campaigns in America*, that he was not endued with the dignified feeling of true chivalry. He paints himself, rather, as a patrol or police-officer, at the head of a band of thief-takers employed against freebooters, brigands, and banditti,—and, having infused into his followers the fury of infernals,—cries havoc, and falls on; and hunts and bloodhounds his victims night and day, with a ferocity that beggars all soldieryship, out of the ranks of sheer barbarians.

Tarleton crossed the Atlantic under the decided impression that the Americans were destitute both of power and of courage to use power, if they possessed it. Because Lord Sandwich had asserted in the House of Peers that 'they were neither disciplined, nor capable of discipline; and that, formed of such materials, and so indisposed to encounter danger, their numbers would only add to the facility of the defeat,'—because the first lord of the admiralty said this to flatter the King's strong prejudice and confirm his delusion, Colonel Tarleton, forsooth, must stedfastly believe it. This mawkish, second-hand loyalty, was the touchstone of all his ferocious, merciless broad-swording of the Americans, before they had attained the discipline of which time and circumstance evinced them so fully capable, as he found, to the sorrow of his proud heart, when they so completely beat him at the Cowpens. It was by such false and arrogant assertions and expressions, as that made use of by Lord Sandwich, and which the court were continually using in and out of parliament, that much wiser men than Colonel Tarleton were de-

ceived; but who staid at home and only talked about it in strains of eulogy and adulation in the presence of the Lord's anointed, and to the satraps of the Lord's anointed.

No man more cherished this language of arrogant confidence than the King himself; for it was he who willed the war, and no subject was to doubt of its justice, necessity, and final success, without suspicion of a taint, and the frown of proscription. His will was to be law with his ministers, and their repetition of it, in any form or manner, way or mean, was to be received by his subjects as their test of loyalty; while the promulgation of the mighty fiat in the colonies must command implicit obedience, or the crime was **REBELLION**! and thus was America lost. History records, that 'the encroachments of the crown had gathered strength by time; and, after the successes, the glory, and the demise of George the Second, the sceptre descended to a prince bred under the auspices of a Scotch nobleman of the house of Stuart. Nurtured in all the ideas of kingly prerogative, surrounded by flatterers and dependents, who always swarm in the purlieus of a palace, the sovereign, in the morning of youth, and in the zenith of national prosperity, considered an opposition to the mandates of his ministers as a crime of too daring a nature to hope for pardon.' Thus, even as in a mirror, *veluti in speculum*, we view the Tory King and his tutor Bute, and thus, through both, we behold thirteen rich and fruitful provinces rudely torn from the British empire.

Here was the master-key to all the atrocities committed in America from first to last,—from the brutal invasion to the merited defeat. The King was the life and soul of every one of them; and his abject ministers in rule and officers in command, did not fail to profit by his instructions. We have given General Burgoyne's woful confession of the fact, which Governor Hutchinson of the Massachusetts unwarily confirmed. This man, in the earliest period of the tumults in opposition to the stamp act, and its aftermath the insidious duty on tea, never failed to secretly add fuel to fire and insult to injury. It stands upon record, that he refused an application which the captain of the Dartmouth East Indiaman, lying at Boston, had made for a clearance,—saying, that he could not grant a pass consistent with the laws and his **DUTY** to the **KING**, unless the vessel were properly qualified from the custom-house. Upon the instant of this reply, an immense crowd repaired in haste to the quay, and a number of the most resolute, in the disguise of Mohawk Indians, boarded the vessels in the harbour, and in about two hours broke open three hundred and forty-two chests of tea, and discharged their contents into the sea. So soon as the news of this event arrived in England, war was resolved upon, that **INTOLERABLE WAR** upon which we have already dwelt with every indignation. Governor Hutchinson, in a subsequent declaration, assigned as one of the reasons of his refusal of the clearance, 'that, by a compliance with the demand of the people, he should have rendered himself **OBNOXIOUS** to his **SOVEREIGN**.'

Full of this sovereign incitement to Intolerable War, Tarleton

pursued his infuriate career. When he came up with Colonel Burford at Wacsaws, after a march of one hundred and five miles in fifty-four hours, for such was the rapidity of his movements when scenting American blood,—he sent to him conditions of surrender, insolently prefaced, and concluded the summons—‘If you are rash enough to reject them, the blood be upon your head.’ Colonel Burford, with little chance of success, yet indignantly returned defiance, and lost no time in a long letter.

‘Wacsaws, May 29, 1780.

‘Sir,—I REJECT your proposals, and shall defend myself to the last extremity.

‘I have the honour to be, &c.

‘Abr. Burford, Colonel.’

The attack was immediately commenced with Tarleton's characteristic promptitude and fury. A very feeble resistance was made, and by far the greater part, says one account, immediately threw down their arms and begged for quarter: but a few continuing to fire, the British cavalry were ordered to charge, and a terrible slaughter was made among the unarmed and unresisting Americans; and from this time TARLETON'S QUARTER become proverbial. His own account in the history of his campaigns, is, that his horse falling in the volley, the only one the Americans fired—and, before he could get another, the slaughter had commenced; the legion supposing their commanding officer to be killed, ‘which stimulated the soldiers’ to a vindictive asperity not easily to be restrained.’ Ingeniously enough is the story made out, and the period happily turned; from which we infer, that this fierce colonel could not only fight, but write.

This determination of Colonel Burford, to fight it out at all hazards, rather than surrender upon conditions arrogantly couched and peremptorily demanded, is the track to be pursued by all who are by oppression and every state villainy driven into resistance. As Tarleton's cavalry slaughtered Burford's detachment, which had thrown down their arms, so did the yeomanry cut down the people at Manchester, who were not in arms, nor even harboured an idea of hostility, much less of resisting the charge of troops of horse; and thus by some future Tarleton will be assailed the Reformers,—for I believe Intolerable War is already resolved upon, rather than Parliamentary Reform shall be granted: and with the same decisive effect will they be assailed, until time and circumstance produce discipline, and discipline confidence, and confidence the ultimate defeat of the assailants.

Thus went Colonel Tarleton on performing one ruthless exploit after another, until General Morgan at length checked his sanguinary career at the Cowpens. It was here, as said the witty lady to him at Wilmington, that he might have seen Colonel Washington if he had ventured to look behind him; and it was here where that ‘bold dragoon with his long sword’ inflicted the mark which he carried to his grave, and occasioned Mrs. Wiley Jones to apply the caustic of her fine wit to the wound: yet the ladies of America, we are loyally told, have no wit, but are one mawkish mass of insipidi-

ty,—fie, O fie! upon those that tell us so. After the overthrow of the haughty Tarleton and his legion at the Cowpens, he was guilty of very few more brilliant exploits, as the Tories in England called them; his achievements appear to have been confined to those of the poor trooper taken prisoner at Long Island—‘to flank a little, and carry tidings.’

The panic, and consequent confusion, and rabble flight of the once formidable legion, appears to have added to Tarleton’s former Indian qualities, those of moroseness and want of gallantry to women, and that when they were most in need of it. The disloyal replies to his reflections upon Colonel Washington, it seems, did not tend to sweeten not the best of tempers. When the principal houses in Charleston were empty of their native lords and masters, some having escaped to the army before the capitulation, and others being exiled by ‘the ruffian hand of conquest’ to St. Augustine,—the British general distributed them among his principal officers, of which Tarleton in course was one. The rightful mistress of the house of which he took possession, was driven with her family into the back rooms, while the haughty colonel lived in front. She politely by letter requested some accommodation in her own house, which was sullenly refused. If my memory serve, for at the moment I have not Major Garden’s volume to refer to, the substance of the reply was, that he had long suspected the whole of the inhabitants of being inimical to British interests, and that now he knew it: his eyes were open, and, in full conviction of their incorrigibility, he should certainly retain the apartments which the general had assigned to him.

‘What a charming thing’s a battle,’ for opening the eyes of self-intituled heroes, more especially when that battle’s lost, utterly, irrecoverably lost, as was that of the Cowpens by the haughty Tarleton and his legion,—whose asperity otherwise ‘was not to be restrained,’

THE HAUGHTY GREAT.

TILL the last hour that the British kept possession of New York, independent of custom-house forms, they obliged the captains of American vessels, bringing in articles for sale, to dance attendance in many instances for days together, seeking passports to prevent detention by the guardships. An unfortunate Yankee, who had sold his notions, and was impatient to depart, having been repeatedly put off with frivolous excuses, and bid to ‘call again,’ indignantly exclaimed,—‘Well, I vow, for a beaten people, you are the most saucy that I ever met with.’ ‘Make out the fellow’s passport immediately,’ said the superintendant to an officiating clerk, ‘and get rid of him.’—GARDEN.

THIS vexatious tenacity of a little brief authority, is truly characteristic of English Toryism. Its votaries, whenever withstood in their desires, or defeated in their measures, by the powerful voice of the people, or their yet more powerful arm, legitimately insolent to the last, they cling to the tailpiece of what they once head and

front enjoyed, yet have now for ever lost. For instance, the clergy's convocation, now a mute remain of once every mischief ;—our style of King of France, so long persisted in, and but yesterday, as it were, abolished ;—the Lord Mayor's Tom-foolery of permission for the King to enter the city, who the while is laughing at the mummery ;—the rotten borough forms of election, with their patron's lash uplifted to whip them if they hesitate ;—and last, not least, the insolent and vexatious claim of the right to search American ships after being so utterly driven out of the country, which produced another war that ended in a second driving out not much less disgraceful than the first, the Americans having no French allies to share the honour.

Precisely in this little spirit acted Sir Guy Carleton, who was left at New York to bring away the remnant of the British army. In the outset of the war, and all through it even to the last, so long as there existed a chance to save America, he was crafty and politic ; always affable, occasionally accommodating, and sometimes allowed his calculations to rise into generosity. No sooner, however, did he perceive that all hope was gone, than he threw off the mask, and like a peevish blockhead, raised up every vexatious let and hindrance and petty tyrannical impediment, to enjoy the last moment of power and to keep off the bitter hour of embarkation home. Indeed, this unlaurelled return was no common mortification to the army, the commanders of the army, the King and government that employed the army, and all the host of worldly greatness that supported the employers of the army.

Proud as was the carriage of the great towards the people before this revolting event, it was condescension, nay, humility itself, in comparison with their freezing arrogance and aristocratic insolence ever since ; while the subsequent revolution in France has gone to consolidate these legitimate feelings into an uncontainable hatred for every one who is not either a tyrant or a slave or both, as circumstances demand. In their eyes it was treason of the blackest dye for the Americans to unite and combine, *cor unum via una*, against the rule and governance of England, comprising, in their estimation, mitre, crown, and coronet, in holy alliance against the voice of all the community out of the pale of their legitimacy ; but when the people of England clapped their hands and sung the song of loud approval of all that the Americans had done, it became a thing twice told intolerable. It was and yet is an offence never to be overlooked or forgiven ; and it works its way and sinks deeper and deeper in the hearts and minds of the great, year by year, and day by day, even to the present hour, and will continue so to work its way to the last moment of legitimate rule. The people see all this, and know it well, and sometimes feel it to their cost ; yet, strong in the truth and justice of their cause, they every day band themselves more firmly together, and, like the Americans, unite and combine, one heart one way, to recover their constitutional rights and liberties from the insolent usurpations of the great.

I shall speak generally of the great, and be it always premised

and throughout understood, that among them some very excellent persons are to be found, whose private lives are examples of honour and worth; and indeed among so many it would be very extraordinary if it were not so. These, notwithstanding, in their public capacities and political sentiments are more or less tainted with the feeling of aristocratic dislike of the people, though with never so much address they may succeed in partially disguising it. Others of the great there are in the united kingdom of England, and not few of both men and women, so immeasurably proud, and so truly disdainful of all beneath them, as to feel a sort of something like anger that God should have formed them after their kind, and have made people of quality liable to the same operations of nature with the multitude; and, as hath been admirably said,—‘the haughty aristocrat, who, while he bawls against blasphemy, could almost spit in his maker’s face for creating plough-boys and artificers of the same flesh and blood with himself.’

The great, as commonly called, do feel most poignantly this equality of the species, and have just sense enough to know that it is a law immutable. If it were not so, gracious heaven! what would they not think and say and do in scorn and hatred of us? If diseases and casualties were not mutual, and that humbler of the pride of their imaginations, which leads them to believe that they are ‘something above the common level of their kind,’—vulgar perspiration; and that yet more humiliating drawback in every point of view, the imperative calls and necessities of nature:—if exempted from these, gracious heaven! what would not they think and say and do in scorn and hatred of us? If to this, their exaltation, they could add the degradation of their disdained inferiors, by depriving them of the pleasures and enjoyments of love;—if it were ordained that they should propagate their kind by any mode less felicitous than it is, or that themselves were privileged to beget princes and dukes and lords in some manner, mode, or way more delightfully than they do beget these precious things, the men always in high feather, the women never out of tune,—gracious heaven! what would they not think and say and do in scorn and hatred of us?

This dispensation of things would at once go to complete the happy distinction for which the hearts of them all do so anxiously yearn; but God in his wisdom hath ordered it otherwise, and hath placed all mankind upon a natural equality, leaving to adventitious circumstances and political regulations, rank, station, and degree, which those high up on the rounds of ambition’s ladder assure us are so conducive to order and good government in this world, and salvation in the next. Thus Nature only appears to have power over the great; they must submit to Nature: she is continually mortifying their pride in some way or other, but when she laughs in their faces and gybes them with the natural equality of ‘ashes to ashes, dust to dust,’ she brings them at once to their senses: while the poor neglected starving poet exultingly sings in derision of their insolence,—

'The greatest man the sun can see,
Ssprings from the dust, like you or me;
The proudest wretch that wears a head,
Goes with a sexton's spade to bed.'

re no hesitation in avowing, in the very teeth of the proud and less great, that it is with unmixed delight that I read of their as in the newspapers. It consoles many a sensation of the poor s breast that is easier felt than described, and it is a practical re upon the pomps and vanities of this wicked world, worth all sermons in existence; and I always measure the great by the reign contempt in which they are thus held by Nature. Robert s, in his happy days of rural independence, disclaimed all cow- dependence upon, and heart-sinking in the presence of the t. 'To shrink,' said he, 'from every dignity of man, at the oach of a lordly piece of self-consequence, who, amid all his l glitter and stately hauteur, is but a creature formed as thou —and perhaps not so well formed as thou art;—who came into world a puling infant as thou didst, and must go out of it as all go out of it, a naked corse.' Such sentiments as these, such ing opinions of this world's greatness, did not tend, as may be y conceived, to raise the poet in the estimation of the partakers

When Pitt was applied to for an appointment above the hard ings of manual labour, that he might have leisure to devote his as to his darling muses, the minister took an objection to the s principles, and to correct them, in conjunction with his cold empt or political dread of poetry, made him an exciseman. s was held out to the immortal bard of Tam o'Shanter an in- ng temptation to drink that in the evening which he had guaged e morning, to the almost utter neglect and distaste of the pure conian stream in which he once so much delighted.

hoso ventures to remind the great how little they really are, surely rue it, sooner or later, unless he repent and becomes si- ; even then he is not forgiven, for the great never forgive. Be- e, in a drama lately published were found such passages as the wing, and not very thinly strewed, it became inadmissible. ly, reverent, and obedient tools of pomp and pride disclaim a c wherein is said of the great, that

'Offences deeper in their hearts make way,
Revenge and hatred more corroding gnaw,—
And opposition to their wishes stings,
And racks their self-love ten times more acute
Than those beneath them have conception of:
Rankle all these more bitter and more fell,
Beyond comparison than such are wont
In humble state and low.'

ere is enough in all conscience without any more of the like in- ect vituperations to prevent the exhibition of the piece. A lon audience is not yet sufficiently moulded into servility, not ubdued into the cant of legitimacy, as to render it quite safe rust them with such things: not sufficiently drilled into the manners of letting these sentiments pass without the clap of

loud applause. A London audience hath not yet enlisted under the banners of the Holy Alliance which eternally subsists between despotism and slavery ; while for the sins of mankind they are the only allies that never disagree, that never weaken their mutual means by jealousies and separations, but go hand in hand from age to age, to the latest hour of power and to the last acre of dominion ; as did Carleton and his myrmidons at New York when the indignant Yankee so happily retorted upon their vexatious tenacity. One can only *guess* what the *notions* were that the poor fellow had so recently sold, but we feel assured, from the nature of his reply to the petty tyrants, that he had not disposed of them all, but had yet some very good notions left.

A very laconic sententious reverend gentleman has recently told us, that ' those who value themselves merely on their ancestry, have been compared to potatoes, all that is good of them is under ground ;' and it might have been added, that upon examination the roots of many of these would be found very indifferent. Were we to look carefully in the origin of our oligarchs, it would in the persons of some of them be rather disgraceful than otherwise, when in others, perhaps, would be observed, merit in rags ennobled by merit in royalty : while but too many would stand convicted of having attained their riches and honours by grants of the crown and graspings of their own. The researches of a skilful heraldist would make sad work with the coats of arms of almost every one of our noble families. He would detect the tools of their ancestor's trade in all ; but skilful heraldists are such legitimate adorers of this world's greatness, that such uncourtly scrutiny will scarcely ever form a part of their avocations. Hence, the management of matters such as these ; hence the twistings and turnings and bendings to the vanity and pride of the noble wearers and bearers of coats of arms ; hence the original trowel is converted into a spear-head, and the bodkin into a spear,—the cleaver into a battle-axe, and the sledge-hammer into a truncheon ; turbot and cod are the mullets and dolphins ; the fool's cap is not unfrequently the helmet, while almost all the numerous crests were once the signs over the doors denoting the humble trades and callings of their original ancestors.

The late Duke of Bridgewater burnt many valuable family papers, and bricked up more, which, when opened after his death, were found to have perished. It is said that his declared object was, that he did not choose that his ancestors should be traced back to a person of mean trade, which it seems might possibly have been. D'Israeli says that Milton's manuscript of *Comus* was published from the Bridgewater collection, for it had escaped the bricking up, and concludes from that escape how many good things were lost. If a man whose whole life was one admirable exertion of Patriotism and Love of Country,—if such a spice of aristocratic littleness were to be found in any nook or corner of the breast of the late Duke of Bridgewater, where will it not be found, and where doth it not dwell ?

It hath been advanced, and apparently with sound reason, that the lowliness of a great man's origin is a sterling mark of his intrinsic

merit. This is doubtless in some cases founded in truth, and has furnished sometimes a happy retort and always turns a period well. State services, the hot-bed of rank and title, are so very equivocal, often so truly abominable, that real merit becomes the last thing to ensure preferment and exaltation. Burleigh, to be sure, was from the loins of a sieve-maker, but there have been very few Burleighs; while old George Rose, Pitt's most favoured treasury secretary, was begotten by a coal-porter. When George Rose was once upon occasion requested to promote a young gentleman in his office, on the score of merit only—with much simplicity and truth he replied, Merit! did merit promote me?

Daddy Jenky, Liverpool's notorious sire, sprung, I believe, from a cordwainer, but certainly his origin was illegitimately low; Castlereagh from a packman, Eldon from a collier; and Canning absolutely from what his fellow Tories denominate 'the very dregs of the people:' while a certain hopeful Lord Lieutenant derives his blood from a Lincolnshire clown, overgrown with hair and rudeness, and him from a satyr; a pedigree recently made out to a nicety by one of his lordship's highly obliged and well-beloved friends. Now the intrinsic merits of these men being as light as thistle seeds, and as mischievous in their generation, were well suited to the foul air of a corrupt court which wafted them to their high places, and there retained them to vegetate the curse of human industry. Were a haughty Howard or a Percy, in the plenitude of their high descent, to have disdainfully asked them, 'how the devil they came there?' poor indeed had been their answer: whereas had honour and worth exalted them, two plain unvarnished words would have silenced even greater scorers than a Howard or a Percy.

O it was a sublime chastisement which one of the gallant heroes of the dethroned Napoleon's host of heroes inflicted upon one of those wretched lumps of imbecility and old nobility which returned with the restored Louis, and pestered his court:—one of these having enquired somewhat contemptuously of the veteran, a new peer of France, what his sumptuous habit had cost him?—he answered, turning his back upon his enquirer, FORTY BATTLES.

STANDING ARMY.

THE conclusion of the war, though in the highest degree acceptable to a great majority of the citizens of the United States, proved far otherwise to the soldiers of fortune, who sought not only reputation, but support, by their swords. I remember full well, that when the army was reviewed for the last time on James's Island, a feu de joie was fired to celebrate the return of peace, Captain Zeigler of the Pennsylvania line, after saluting General Greene, significantly shrugging up his shoulders, and dropping the point of his sword, gave vent to an agony of tears. The review ended, and, being questioned as to the cause of this emotion, he feelingly said, 'Although I am happy in the thought that my fellow soldiers may now seek their homes, to enjoy the reward of their toils, and all the delights of domestic felicity, I cannot but remember that I am left on the busy scene of life, a wanderer, without friends and without employment; and that a soldier from infancy, I am now, in the decline of life,

compelled to seek a precarious subsistence in some new channel, when ignorance and inability may mar my fortunes, and condemn me to perpetual obscurity.

I have given the purport of his speech in plain language. It certainly was not his usual style of speaking; in which the mixture of German and English words formed a dialect not easily to be comprehended.—GARDEN.

WHAT a novelty in military event it is to see a soldier of fortune draw his sword on the side of Freedom and Independence. Be a soldier of fortune never so worthy, his whole education, from infancy to manhood, and his habits and thinkings ever after, are at variance with civil liberty, while he is eternally enjoined by kings and courts to view the asserted rights of mankind in the light of insubordination, leading to anarchy and confusion. Thus the great body of the people of all countries is seen by him, through this false vision, only to contain the hewers of wood and the drawers of water for their superiors, who, so far from having an opinion upon liberty and laws, taxation and representation, are insultingly told that these are state matters which concern them not, and that they have nothing to do with the taxes but to pay them, with the laws but to obey them. Scarcely anywhere do these doctrines more obtain than in England, and dreadful it is to reflect that they influence almost all the officers of our enormous standing army, who, being native Britons, and many of them possessing great property, cannot, strictly speaking, be styled soldiers of fortune: but what of that?—it was the canting boast of King George the Third himself, in the first hour of his reign, that he was born a Briton; while to the last hour of it, he governed as a petty prince of Germany, where despotism, soldiers of fortune, and standing armies, are held sacred as the altar.

As the American army is now constituted, there can belong to it no soldiers of fortune; neither can it remain embodied in time of peace, and the officers can sheath their swords at the conclusion of a war, and fall into the useful avocations of peace,—can recommence the callings and professions to which they were originally bred, without in the least suffering disparagement therefore in the minds of their fellow citizens. It is here where an American is reproached by an English aristocrat, with not feeling the pride of a gentleman, a reproach which common sense repels and the curse of God condemns, as in holy writ it is recorded. This pride of a gentleman is the soul of the aristocracy of Europe, her splendour and her tyranny; the sometimes open, at all times the covert enemy of freedom and civil liberty all over the world; which it endeavours to keep down under the pretence of sustaining them by standing armies: and the standing army of England is upheld for no other purpose, though the officers and men composing it may not be quite conscious of this their legitimate usefulness.

An aristocrat of the genuine, legitimate stamp, shrinks incontinently from the sight of a people happy and industrious as a hive of bees. He has instinctively the sense to know, that liberty is the basis and knowledge the elevation of this structure of cheerfulness and enjoyment, and that the knee of an independent-minded man is

only bent to God, and the head only bowed to his fellow creatures, in the civilized feeling of friendship and good manners. This to the descendants of the comers in with the Conqueror, and all their kind, is almost worse than the evils of plague, pestilence, and famine, in all their dreadful unity. This darkling spirit pervades our aristocracy from the highest duke and prelate, to the lowest village squire and rector, with certainly some exceptions, but these so few that it becomes lamentable to dwell upon the subject. 'Two English gentlemen happened some time ago,' writes one of our tourists, to be in one of the Swiss cantons, in which the signs of prosperity and happiness were everywhere visible. One of them called the other's attention to so cheering a circumstance. The other, a gentleman of large property in a south-western county, observed in return—"Yes, all are certainly very happy; but still this is not a country for a gentleman." Now this man spake volumes on the feelings and sentiments of our aristocracy, and I therefore here record it, that a happy people may not remain uninstructed as to their debt of gratitude to a genuine, legitimate aristocracy.

With the exception of King William the Third coming between our infatuated monarch James and his infuriated people, and thereby preventing a civil war,—for which good service we gave him no less than three crowns,—it is astonishing how little we owe to King William. For my part, and taking my opinion from all that has followed upon it, it is to be regretted that he ever set sail, that he ever prevented that civil war which must have ensued upon the despotism of King James. The people would have fought him and his Tories with the same determination, and of a certainty with the like success, which crowned their Patriotism and Love of Country against his father Charles and his malignants; and would also have cut off his head at the end of the contest, as was the just fate of that faithless tyrant on the like occasion. This is the true constitutional demeanor of the people of England towards a king of England who trespasses upon their rights and liberties, and who, when remonstrated with, makes war upon them in the name of God to enforce the encroachment.

The bringing in of King William was of a certainty well intended, and therefore I laud and honour our ancestors in the transaction; but William's heart was Dutch, and his views entirely continental. He managed both parties in England so prudently, perhaps craftily, as to bring them into his views elsewhere; and in this we see, that during all his reign, though he came decidedly to save the constitution, not three of his measures were strictly constitutional: assuredly not conducive to the welfare of England, whose crown was the splendid retaining fee of entire devotion to her interests. At the expense of England he carried his projects into execution against Louis the Fourteenth, whom he not only rivalled in military renown, but personally hated, and left us an itch, which has been ever since retained, for fighting France on the continent instead of contending with her on the dark blue sea, our native element.—Moreover, his reign was the cradle of the funding system, the fruit-

ful source of taxation, as the standing army which he entailed upon us is of war; and war being the game of kings, his successors exulting in the example thus set them by a king of the people's choice, have followed it out and played it with tenfold fury, until revolution, the bitter fruit of excess and improvidence in state affairs, is every hour ripening and falling and propagating itself: which presently will become so imposingly predominant that the standing army will rather tend to accelerate than impede its progress.

King William, in his endeavour to saddle us with a standing army, went boldly, if not brazenly, to work, with the villain Sunderland at his ear to prompt every mischief; but a RARE House of Commons defeated them both for that time. On the conclusion of the first war with France, he, under the assurance of his popularity, pronounced, in his speech to parliament,—‘the circumstances of affairs abroad to be such as to oblige him to declare his opinions, that, **FOR THE PRESENT**, England could not be safe without a land force.’ This royal declaration threw the House of Commons and the nation into the highest ferment, as plainly indicating the king's intention of maintaining a standing army in time of peace. They carried their address against his majesty's opinion, leaving one hundred and sixteen scrubs of placemen in the minority, and gloriously voted that the whole number of troops to be maintained should not exceed eight thousand men. By that RARE House of Commons, ‘A standing army was affirmed to be inconsistent with a free government, and absolutely destructive of the English constitution; a **STANDING ARMY ONCE ESTABLISHED, WAS ESTABLISHED FOR EVER**: and the records of every country and of every age had shewn that the establishment of a military force had been ever fatal to liberty. A people are no longer free when the sword is wrested out of their hands, and transferred to an army of mercenaries. If the people have not a power within themselves to defend themselves, they are no free nation. It is an opinion professed by the famous Machiavel, and which he undertakes to prove in form, that the prince ought not to suffer the people to acquire the knowledge of arms. No writer, it was said, had ever treated on the subject of a free government without expressing his detestation of a standing army. “Whoever,” says Lord Bacon, “doth use them, though he may spread his feathers for a while, will mew them soon afterwards.” In a word, if a standing army is once established, all that the nation has gained by the Revolution is a precedent in favour of resistance, which they would never be permitted to have the benefit of any more.’

These were the chastening sentiments, and this was the castigating vote of that RARE House of Commons, and so it has been recorded to all posterity by one of the most valuable of the very best of our historians. Never were affirmations more solemnly true, never predictions more completely verified. The army now on foot of eighty thousand men, in the midst of peace and plenty, confirms the prophesied thralldom beyond all doubt, nay, not even

the shadow of a shade of doubt can exist in the mind of any thinking man. Even our Tory ancestors disapproved of a standing army, as not congenial with the best interests of England. Clarendon's second son, in his dedication of the Oxford edition of his noble father's history to Queen Anne—it the altar-piece of the Tories and she the wet nurse of mother church—tells her majesty that 'the situation of this country adapts it for advantages by sea: the trade of it enables it to go on with a war by sea, and neither of them can long bear a great expense of a war in a foreign land. The experience of former successes at sea makes the nation ever fond of employing its vigour there: and the perpetual jealousy, that, sometime or other, endeavours may be used by the increase of land forces to advance another greatness and another interest, will fix the genius of the nation still to depend on its greatness and its security by sea.' Well done, my Lord Clarendon's second son; such good old English sentiments make some little amends for altering your noble father's work from the History of the Civil Wars, which he entitled it, to the History of the Rebellion, by which you distinguished it, to curry favour with the Queen, and to gratify the malignancy of the university; which university, while it has been at all times in its learning an honour, has also in its politics been the disgrace of England.

Saddled, for our sins, with a standing army we assuredly are; and it remains to be seen whether it will act so promptly and decidedly against the people of England, in this century, as it did against those of America in the last: perhaps not; nothing to my mind is more doubtful. That the parliamentary reformers here will assert their birthright with no less vigour than did the patriots there, is evidenced in the progression that the cause is making, from the united conviction of its justice and necessity; and it is only that they have not yet agreed upon the manner of it, that the irresistible force of OPINION hath not spoken with the VOICE of millions. The experience of all ages hath shewn what Englishmen are capable of, when united heart and hand in what they conscientiously feel and know to be the cause of their country. In the mind's eye it is clearly seen that the sword on the part of legitimacy is more than half out of the scabbard against reform; nevertheless if it were all out, the reformers would not submit to the oligarchical usurpation which so grieves and oppresses them. The people of England were never yet subdued by any power, foreign or domestic; and the close reader of history continually remarks, that even the Conqueror, as he is styled, did not conquer them: he only defeated Harold's army. With them he negotiated, and it was not until himself and his ruffian followers had got possession of all the strong holds, that he proceeded to confiscate their estates and trample them down at will and pleasure. The people of England, be it known to all the world, have always been cheated out of their rights and liberties by their kings and governors; but have never in the end been subdued when once provoked to the field in defence of them.

DESOLATION OF WYOMING.

AN American soldier, flying from a party of the enemy, sought Mrs. Richard Shubrick's protection, and was promised it. The British pressing close upon him, insisted that he should be delivered up, threatening immediate and universal destruction in case of refusal. The ladies, her friends and companions, who were in the house with her, shrunk from the contest and were silent, but, undaunted by their threats, this intrepid lady placed herself before the chamber into which the unfortunate fugitive had been conducted, and resolutely said: 'To men of honour the chamber of a lady should be as sacred as the sanctuary! I will defend the passage to it, though I perish. You may succeed and enter it, but it shall be over my corpse.'

'By God!' said the officer, 'if musquets were placed in the hands of a few such women, our only safety would be found in retreat: your intrepidity, madam, gives you security; from me you shall meet with no further annoyance.'

GARDEN.

IN that nefarious, malignant, and impious war, the blood of an American seemed to be the prize of every officer or soldier of the British army, who was so lost to chivalrous humanity as to take it out of the field of fight; and every regiment of every army has concealed always among its numbers a portion more or less of such ruffians. Before the Americans became disciplined they were in course unable to stand long in the open plains against the regular troops of their enemy. They therefore carried on the war with their rifles, shielding themselves behind trees or in ravines, and by other concealments taking every opportunity of destroying without being destroyed. In this manner they constantly intersected the line of march, and poured destruction into the enemy's columns. Enraged beyond endurance were the British that death should thus be sent into their ranks, but from no tangible quarter, for the fatal marksmen were changing and shifting in all directions, leaving one tree only to slip behind another, and repeat the mortal mischief. If sometimes remaining too long in a hiding place, until partially surrounded and pursuit were successful, the darkling assailants were never spared, but even on their knees beseeching mercy and quarter, were instantly immolated at the shrine of vengeance. Nothing is more probable than that the American soldier so pursued into Mrs. Shubrick's house, was one of these deadly shots, whose own destruction was certain, had not that undaunted lady so opportunely saved him.

However highly provoked the British must have been, and their pride mortified, by this desultory yet sanguinary warfare, their own of extermination in return, was, to say the least of it, very impolitic. As a measure tending to weaken the number of the Americans, it was not conducive to the end proposed, as so few could be thus cut off, while the ferocity of it but served to inflame yet more the already inflamed colonists against them. It partook of the extirpatory war which Edgar, our Saxon monarch, waged against the wolves that he had driven into Wales, without its success and pa-

triotic usefulness. It furnished a precedent of itself for the horrors of the Vendean war against the French republicans,—which unnatural conflict, if Pitt and his atrocious colleagues did not kindle and foment, we know that they kept up the blaze of it by adding fuel to the fire, which was only quenched by the sacrifice themselves offered up in the blood of the unfortunate emigrants whom they sent in hecatombs to the slaughter at Quiberon. It became an example to be followed out by Lord Balcarras in Jamaica against the Maroon Indians; while it formed a part of the cold and calculating creed of Castlereagh and Judkin Fitzgerald against the poor fleeced and ground-down and at length resisting peasantry of Ireland in that memorable stand which they made against the most abandoned oppression on earth: a resistance, a stand, which all the host of

‘Princes, placemen, Pittites, priests, and peers,’

have audaciously dared, in the face of God and justice, to style a rebellion.

It was only in the avenging execution done upon the destructive riflemen that the British had a shadow of an excuse for their rancorous thirst for American blood. Full many a sanguinary instance is upon record of their reckless outrages upon the unarmed and inoffensive,—swearing, ‘If ye are not with us, ye are against us,’—while of all the atrocities which branded their arms with indelible disgrace, was the infernal desolation of the utterly defenceless colony Wyoming, a young settlement on the eastern branch of the Susquehanna. If the inhabitants had sent out their warriors to join the continental army, in the field they were to be found; while themselves remaining at home in confidential security, and wrapt in the bosom of peace, were but a defenceless colony, ‘in that kind of primitive simplicity, only enjoyed before the mind of man is contaminated by ambition and gold.’ In the summer of 1778, this hapless settlement was assailed by a motley body of Indians and half-blooded Englishmen, headed by one Butler. A treacherous negotiation duped the few that could have made some effectual resistance. These surrounded and taken, the fiends demanded the unconditional surrender of the remainder. ‘The demand was accompanied,’ says Dr. Robertson, ‘by the horrid display of a great number of scalps, just torn from the heads and yet warm with the blood of their nearest friends and relations. When their leader, in this situation of wretchedness, went out himself with a flag to ask the terms of surrender, the infamous Butler replied, “THE HATCHET,”—and the unfortunate man returned in despair, and bravely defended himself to the last: but another historian shall relate the dreadful catastrophe.

‘The garrison, though resolute to sell their lives as dear as possible, were soon overpowered; and the savage conquerors, after gratifying their infernal rage by a most bloody military execution, shut up the greater part of the survivors in the barracks, to which they set fire, and consumed the whole in one general blaze. The entire settlement was now given up to all the horrors of Indian

barbarity, of which the detail is not to be endured. A terrestrial paradise was in a short time converted into a frightful waste; and men, women, and children, underwent one common butchery, in all the possible varieties of torture. A provincial officer of the name of Bedlock, being stripped naked, and his body stuck full of sharp pine splinters, and a heap of knots of the same wood piled around him, the whole was set on fire,—two other officers also, Captains Ransey and Durgie, being thrown alive into the flames.

‘Such are the accursed consequences of that princely ambition which is exalted so high above the level of common life as to admit of no sympathy with human misery. Feeling deeply for the honour of Britain, a veil has been perhaps too partially cast over the enormities committed by the Indians employed in the northern expedition, and in other parts of the continent. There are indeed degrees of human depravity and wickedness creative of sensations which no tongue can express and no language impart.’ This is the humane and dignified recital of that neglected historian, whose pages are destined to live in the hearts and minds of generations yet unborn,—what time the tomes of the shameless screeners and eulogists of the villain Tory all over the world, shall have sunk into their merited disgrace, or natural oblivion.

This expedition in conjunction with Butler, was conducted by one Brandt, by birth half an Indian, who led on the savages, himself thrice a savage. Induced by British atrocity, he headed his own of the Mohawk nation, and many other Indian tribes, against the province of Pennsylvania where was situate the colony of Wyoming. Mr. Campbell, in the preface to his poem of Gertrude of Wyoming, observes that ‘the testimonies of historians and travellers concur in describing the infant colony as one of the happiest spots of human existence, for the hospitality and innocent manners of the inhabitants, the beauty of the country, and the luxuriant fertility of the soil and climate;’ and these were by British atrocity forsooth to be desolated and swept away by means of the thrice-savage Brandt and the blood-loyal Butler. This Brandt was a war-feast recruit of Colonel Johnson’s, Governor Johnson, afterwards for his pious and humane services to the BEST of KINGS, Sir John Johnson, knight; who in the outset of the crusade presented to one of the chiefs of the six nations a very large black war-belt, with a HATCHET depicted upon it, inviting him and his brethren to banquet on a Bostonian and drink his blood:—the selfsame Johnson who also delivered over the war-belt with a HATCHET depicted upon it to several other tribes, calling on them likewise to banquet on a Bostonian and drink his blood.

It is mentioned in Wild’s Travels as noted by Campbell, that this Brandt with a considerable body of his troops joined the British under the command of Johnson. ‘A skirmish took place with the Americans; the action was warm, and Brandt was shot by a musquet ball in his heel, but the American troops in the end were defeated, and an officer with sixty men were taken prisoners. The officer, after having delivered up his sword, had entered into con-

versation with Colonel Johnson, and they were talking together in the most friendly manner, when Brandt, having stolen slyly behind them, laid the American officer low with his tomahawk. The indignation of Johnson was roused by such an act of treachery, and he resented it in the warmest terms. Brandt listened to him unconcernedly, and when he had finished told him that he was sorry for his displeasure, but that indeed his heel was so extremely painful at the moment, and he could not help revenging himself on the only chief of the party that he saw taken. Since he had killed the officer, he added, his heel was much less painful to him than it had been before.

Colonel Johnson's indignation must have been momentary or very evanescent, otherwise he would not have retained such a fiend in the service. It is more than doubtful whether any subsisting friendship was broken; and many were given to believe that he knew more of the desolation of Wyoming than he afterwards found it prudent to boast of. Burgoyne pardoned the savage chiefs that murdered Miss Rea for reasons best known to himself, and Johnson passed over this enormity of the thrice-savage Brandt, only, if all the truth were known, that he might commit greater enormities: always perhaps having Wyoming in view. In what a dreadful condition must be the mind of that man, who could be induced by any consideration to draw his sword upon young children, which he that employed Butler and Brandt against poor Wyoming stands guilty of in the highest; for he must know, did undoubtedly know, that savages in war spare not man, woman, or child. Whether Dunmore, Burgoyne, or Johnson directly caused the desolation of Wyoming I will not enquire, but do indirectly charge them all with it, for employing the savages at all. The ministers at home were equally guilty in empowering these heathen commanders to employ them, the King that sanctioned their employment, as also that blasphemous demon Lord Suffolk, who dared to declare in high senate, that the savages were weapons which God and Nature had put in our hands. The christian world is lost in astonishment, and finds not language sufficiently strong to express its disgust and abhorrence of such kings and ministers, lords and generals.

The fiercest beasts have been known to spare young children, and in the hottest of the battle an infuriated covered-with-blood soldiery have saved them. 'When Thurot effected a landing in Ireland in the seven years' war, while the French and English troops were engaged in the streets of Carrickfergus, a young child got between the combatants,—which a French soldier observing, quitted his rank, and led it out of danger: and while he was employed in this humane action, both parties suspended their fire.' What a sublime lesson is this for the kings and ministers of the earth, the lords of their courts, and the commanders of the armies. O for the honour of the British name then, now, and for ever, that a troop of such heroines as Mrs. Shubrick could have stood between Brandt and Butler and the utterly defenceless colony of Wyoming, as did that intrepid lady herself between the British officer and party and the

poor run-down American who implored her protection, and was so undauntedly protected. Over their bodies they must have passed ere the colony was destroyed, and had the barbarians thus paved their way, all the grateful and admiring population of North America, man, woman, and child, would have united in transmitting their generous Amazonianism in the simple but impressive colloquy by which those of South America are now handing down their heroines to all posterity.

In South America it was not only the men who were conspicuous in the revolutionary war against the no longer to be endured oppressions of the mother country; the wife of General Padilla, who accompanied him to the field, was nominated a lieutenant-colonel for taking with her own hands a Spanish colour. The women of Cochabambo were stationed to defend a post on the attack upon that town, and all perished. In upper Peru so long as the war lasted, it was customary to enquire at every roll call if the women of Cochabambo had presented themselves? and the answer regularly given to perpetuate the exploit was, 'No, they have all perished in the defence of their country.'

RETORT COURTEOUS.

THE enmity of the contending armies during the siege of Charleston, was not confined to open hostility, but manifested itself in the indulgence of irony too pointed not to give increase to mutual animosity. Towards the conclusion of it, the British, believing that the fare of the garrison was both indifferent and scanty, a thirteen-inch shell was thrown from the lines, which passing immediately over the horn-work, manned by a detachment of the ancient battalion of artillery of Charleston, fell into a morass immediately in the rear, without exploding. An officer of the corps, who saw it lodge, approaching it after some time, perceived a folded paper attached to it, directed 'To the Yankee Officers in Charleston;' the contents of which expressed a wish, 'that in their known state of starvation, they would accept from a compassionate enemy, a supply of the necessaries they so much delighted in.' The shell was filled with rice and molasses.

To return the compliment, a shell was immediately filled with hogslard and brimstone, and thrown into the British works, accompanied by a note, expressing thanks for the present received, and begging that the articles returned by a considerate enemy might be appropriated to the use of the Scotch gentlemen in the camp, to whom, as they were always of consequence, they might now prove peculiarly acceptable. It was understood after the siege, that the note was received, but not with that good humour that might have been expected, had it been considered as a *jeu d'esprit*, resulting from justifiable retaliation.—GARDEN.

It is in the genuine spirit of Insolence to commit wanton, unprovoked aggression; and, when visited in return by the assured retaliation which aggression sooner or later never fails to attract, when the tables are turned upon itself, as it were, what a volley of malignant abuse and execration is the consequence. Pride is wounded where it least expects a blow, and hath no remedy but in brutal

sulky hatred. The sending of the shell into Charleston crammed with wretched diet, was not of much moment ; it merely went to shew a mean spirit of insult, and met with its proper return. It hath ever been, that when a real or supposed superior has practically drawn the disdainful comparison, at the expense of the inferior, that ridicule or disgrace hath befallen it. I knew a colonel of dragoons who formed circle and addressed his men upon the vile habit of swearing ; but being more zealous than discreet, he concluded his oration with the most vulgar oaths and profane execrations against this same vile habit of swearing. I also know a Tory High-Church baronet of this redoubted county, whose favourite bawl hath ever been against the blasphemy of the people, and their jacobinical neglect of religious observances ;—while himself has been seen with his painted dandy scythe, on a Sunday morning, during the hours of divine service, busily employed in mowing thistles in his pleasure grounds. We all know that Dean Sherlock, at the Revolution, affected to stand out against King William, by declining to take the oaths of allegiance and supremacy. Many clergymen under the like scruples consulted with his very reverence upon what was best to be done. He strenuously advised them to hold out, for that James of a surety would recover his crown. In an evil hour they relied upon the counsel of this Holy Devil, who, on the latest day allowed by the proclamation for recusants to come in, went to the council board and took the oaths himself : leaving his poor dupes without bread, and with not even the consolation of self-approval. The long and short of these instances only go to prove, that, when a superior would influence an inferior to fall into his views and wishes, before all things it is necessary that he set him the example.

Malignancy and insolence towards the handicraftsman, the mechanic, and the peasant, have become of late a visible sign of kindred and clanship in church and state, and a bond of hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness, which in due time, by the help of God, will find its own reward. It was once, and not very long since, a wholesome and constitutional maxim with the rich, the substantial, and the well to do, that ' It is a poor heart which never rejoices ; ' but since the events of the French Revolution, the unsophisticated obstreperous joy of the poor and some few classes above the poor, has been construed into something bordering upon sedition and riot : hence so frequently does their every relaxation encounter the freezing grin of disdain, or the magisterial scowl of disapprobation, followed out by hindrance and obstruction in every possible way.

The loud and joyous laugh of the hewers of wood and the drawers of water, once held so politically wholesome by the rulers of our gymnastic population, is now by dunderhead anti-jacobinism decried as turbulent or barbarous. The village feast and rural wake are frowned down into mere insignificance, while balls and banquets, routs and operas, are retained, with increased splendour and profligate extravagance. The fashionable world has banished from its diary that portion of light and sunshine the afternoon, which three-

fourths of the year is so cheerful and so adapted to rural exercise ; the ingrates denominating the sports of those beneath them at this period of the day as vulgar, low, and democratical, and no decent person forsooth is to be seen partaking of them. A long morning is the genteel time of day for business or field diversions, cry the hypocrites, and to lose no time for these things they travel on a Sunday, and may be seen everlastingly on that day, rattling post through the towns and villages, attended by their valets and grooms, with every complacency. Shall a few individuals of the working classes, who but seldom have another day in the week ; shall these after divine service be found at football, leaping, wrestling, or playing at chuck-farthing, the constable, the stocks, the justice, or the devil, are forthwith resorted to, in legitimate contempt of the once-wholesome and constitutional maxim that ' It is a poor heart which never rejoices.'

STAMFORD is one of the oldest towns in England, and out of its antiquity hath grown an annual bull-running, which, until of late, was the delight of the inhabitants of the place and all round about the place. The damnable cant of anti-jacobinism has succeeded in crying down this ancient diversion of the people on the score of cruelty. I am no bullard, but only the determined enemy of cant and hypocrisy. To destroy the animal, whether he shews high game and great diversion, or whether he be a sulky coward, is badly judged: otherwise, the sport, though rough, is a manly one. There are more men in England killed yearly by bulls, than there are bulls baited and run to death by men, which at all events is some set-off against the alleged cruelty of the diversion : a set-off which lords and gentlemen have not to plead in mitigation of their cruelties upon horses, stags, and foxes, pheasants, hares, and partridges, and many other animals which are the continual victims of their field sports, their ennui, and their luxurious and lustful appetites.

Compared with bull-running, the field sports of those in England who are neither poor nor industrious, are cruel even to cowardice ; for the objects of their pursuit can make no resistance. They do neither toss nor gore, unless it be the stag, and that only under the peculiar circumstances of nature, nor even then with the dreadful force and ferocity of a bull ; while others, it may be said, are utterly defenceless. An American gentleman takes his gun, and with his faithful dogs pursues and hunts the wolf and the bear, with the full knowledge, that while he is following this manly chase, he is liable to set his foot upon the horrid rattle-snake. His hunting, therefore, is not a diversion of impunity ; and cruelty is entirely out of the question. A bear, when killed and bagged, stands for something, and puts the shooting even of Lord Kennedy to the blush, and shames, if possible, the wanton slaughter of from two to three hundred brace of game in a morning, with no other motive in view than to shew the guests at the great house that the despot lord of it had so many to so cruelly destroy.

Is the bull-running at Stamford more cruel as a diversion than the fox-hunting all round about Stamford and elsewhere, or in fact,

the hunting of any kind and everywhere throughout the united kingdom? The fine, fleet, high-bounding stag, is hunted until he cannot move another furlong, when he takes the water, and, if not too scarce, is never saved. When torn by the hounds to his last gasp, a murderous falchion knife is presented as a high compliment to the person in the field whom that day the noble owner of the pack delights to honour; who dismounts and cuts the throat of the far more noble animal. This mark of honour is now in many stag-hunts dispensed with, but the huntsman performs the bloody deed before their eyes, which they complacently witness, while in either case the cruelty is the same.

Is bull-running more partaking of cruelty than fox-hunting? where a small and most valiant animal unflinchingly lives for two and sometimes for three hours before a pack of hounds in full cry, and a yet larger pack of horsemen in full whoop, when at length, exhausted and overtaken, sets his teeth into the first dog that seizes him, and never leaves his hold while life remains. Nay, not unfrequently, when his sagacity has so far assisted to foil the fine energies of the high-bred hounds, he gains no credit in his pursuers' esteem; but if, after gradually sinking, wearied and worn down, he earths,—is it not, ye canting hypocrites, yet more cruel to dig him out and throw him into the jaws of the ravenous hounds, than to throw a powerful and savage beast as is a bull, over a bridge into a river, after having run him down also? If a bull possessed the durable and unyielding courage of a fox, let me tell ye, my masters in cant and hypocrisy, he never would be thrown alive over any bridge whatever into any river whatever.

What is hare-hunting but cruelty in every sense of the word? Nothing short of the want of scent upon the ground can save poor puss. Her remarkable speed serves only to stiffen her frame while she stops to listen or to foil; her foiling is never very sagacious, and at last, with her heart bursting with terror and fatigue, she is either worried by the dogs, or is induced to make some desperate effort to avoid it. I once witnessed, not as a hunter, but as a casual spectator, this climax of her distress. Chased down to the shore of the raging sea, she dashed into the roaring tide, and swam off without a point of land to make, or an atom of rock to rest upon. I saw a boat put off after this poor hunted drowning hare, which having overtaken, returned with her to the beach: this poor distressed and tortured animal, stiff with running, cold with swimming, was **CRUELLY INDEED** turned up again before the dogs, and, after staggering less than a hundred yards, was killed outright for the diversion of the hunters.

One would suppose that foxes, stags, and hares, were sufficient for our lords and gentlemen, who cry cruel, savage, brutal, and cowardly, when the people, their disdained inferiors, one day in a year bait or run a bull; while their legitimate sports last day by day and week by week throughout all time. Even summer is pressed into their service, and the water for the scene of it.—Trolling for pike and angling for perch, become the amusement of the

easy or indolent, while the active country gentleman unkennels his harriers and hunts the otter. It would be loss of time, and waste of ink and paper, to describe minutely the destruction of this aquatic animal. Imagine the poor thing so exhausted in the endeavour to evade his pursuers, as to be unable any longer to dive, and scarcely to make a swim of it; imagine the poor animal to be at this point of time transfixing upon a trident, a dreadful three-tined spear, and held up writhing in agony, while the dogs below are loud in every ravenous tone raging for their prey,—yet denied it by their masters, who, to save the skin of our English beaver and thereby turn a penny, thus hold the poor impaled creature up until he dies: now what ye, my masters in cant and hypocrisy, is cruelty, if this be not cruelty, even to the running of a thousand bulls?

A certain worldly-minded personage, in the private and confidential trust of a noble game preserver, whose slaughter-days are those of a most wanton effusion of the blood of hares and partridges and pheasants;—this worthy, when hearing the field-sports of the great contrasted with the bull-running of the small, turns short round upon his illegitimate opponents, saying, 'It may be so, but I am no sportsman.' True, but he was once a bullard, and a keen one; and would have been a bullard till now, had not the noble patron of his rotten borough, in unison with all that appertaineth thereto, sought to do away with the diversion: that same noble patron whose breech this same trustworthy personage would kiss ten times told, rather than disoblige him. The fiery anti-jacobin, Windham, with all his faults, was a dear lover of the gymnastic sports and diversions of the people; and if any more than other can be named that he delighted in, they were bull-baiting and bull-running: how he would have disdained this kiss-breech subserviency, need not by me be told. Mr. Windham not only advocated the rural manly sports of our ancestors, in parliament and all other places, but he at all times, where accident threw him in the way of them, became for a few minutes one of the most joyous of the party; and the bullards of Stamford may rest assured, that, were he at any time of his life, even when a minister of state, to have been passing through their town on the thirteenth of November, they would have seen him among them for the short period that he staid to change horses, the keenest of the keen, and the bravest of the brave, in facing the bull of all that had espoused it, since the bonny sport began.

Mr. Windham's biographer dwells upon this decided trait of his manly character. He, in the very face of cant and hypocrisy, declares, that his lamented friend 'deprecated all attempts which were made to deprive the peasantry of their accustomed sports and exercises. From the practice of those exercises resulted, in his opinion, not only much of the personal bravery of Englishmen, but also that hatred of bloodshed and assassination, and that humane forbearance in victory, by which the British character is happily distinguished from that of many other nations. Nothing roused his indignation more than the vexatious spirit of interference with the holiday-en-

joyments of the poor, which he thought some of our magistrates had lately shewn a strong desire to exercise. The suppression of a village-hop, or horse-race, or even a boxing-match or bull-bait, while the magistrate was quietly enjoying his own ball or hunting party, he thought an act of the most scandalous injustice and oppression.

In the course of a warm debate in the House of Commons, upon Mr. Dent's bill to suppress bull-baiting, Mr. Windham maintained these sentiments, which greatly shocked the feelings of Sir Richard Hill, who, working himself up to the highest pitch of sympathy, expressed himself with not his accustomed clearness, for on other occasions he was a very eloquent speaker. A wit of the House of Commons—for there were wits in those days in the House of Commons—amused the town with the following epigram:—

‘ While St. Stephen’s assembly were deeply intent
On the bull-baiting bill brought forward by Dent;
Where Windham’s experience was gravely relating
A singular pleasure attendant on baiting;
Where Grosvenor declared that the animal’s note,
Was more tuneful to some ears than Billington’s throat;
Where Courtenay, in drollery’s cause ever hearty,
Instead of a brute wished to bait Buonaparté;
Sir Richard, of sympathy’s softness brimful,
Got up and declared “that he felt as a bull:”
And the question being put with due care and precision,
The fact was agreed to without a division.’

I repeat that I am no bullard, but I will not quietly see bull-baiting and bull-running put down by the rich and the great, on the score of cruelty, while themselves are as cruel as cannibals. I have already enumerated the barbarity of their diversions of the field, and will now but glance in the slightest at that of their pleasures of the table, and other sensualities. Luxuries, the lower classes cannot have, nor scarcely do they want them; but the higher and the highest will have them, ‘whatever may betide it.’ They feast with expressed delight upon lobsters which they know have been boiled alive, or roasted upon a wooden spit. Themselves place live oysters between the burning bars of the grate, and greedily devour them as they become brown and savory. Sucking pigs at their particular instance are whipt to death, to make them yet more tender and delicious: while the poor boar in feeding is constrained to one position for many months, in order that the part of his neck denominated the shield, may thicken and grow into what is called brawn: a standing dish and never out of fashion at their side-tables.

Codfish and skate, alive from the water, are crimped, that is, cut into yawning gashes, to make them firm. Tench are thrown alive into the stew-pan, and eels are skinned alive, with the inhuman jest of—that it does not hurt them because they are used to it. All these delicacies, in their season, are served up at the tables of the luxurious wealthy and great, who cant upon the cruelty of bull-running, not so much that it is cruel, as that it is a sport delighted in by the handicraftsman, the mechanic, and the peasant. Even ladies, much too fond of ‘the melody of music’s note,’ have added

to their imprisonment for life of a dear, sweet bird, the sorrow of blindness, and have deliberately ordered the torture of a red-hot knitting needle as the means of operation, by putting out its eyes, to improve its song. Insects, by collectors of curiosities for museums, are impaled on corking-pins, and aquafortis poured into their wounds to preserve their colour; their intestines have been pressed out behind, and the orifice has been filled up with hot wax to preserve their shape: and these are but a scantling of the manifold cruelties of those who cant and bawl against bull-running.

Horses too,—gallant, generous, noble horses,—how they are barbarously used and cruelly abused, by the selfsame canters and whiners, who declaim against bull-running. The most ponderous folio would scarcely contain the revolting facts and instances. In war, the game of greatness, their sufferings need not be dwelt upon; in peace these are every day before our eyes. Behold 'the gay licentious proud' transported from place to place in their cushioned chariots, by horses 'often better bred than themselves, always too good for such ill usage. Could the poor post-horse, sang the kind-hearted poet,—

' Could the poor post-horse tell you all his woes;
Shew you his bleeding shoulders, and unfold
The dreadful anguish he endures for gold:
Hired at each call of business, lust, or rage,
That prompts the traveller from stage to stage.'

The horses which Whitaker's 'most amiable government in the world' run in the mails night and day, beyond fair travelling speed, have woes innumerable, unpitied and untold; as have all the poor animals that are sooner or later jaded to death in the public stages: and do not gentlemen in their own esteem, do not the scarlet-coated fox-hunters most cruelly and not unfrequently kill their gallant horses by shamefully riding them past their condition, strength, and capability? while, last not least, if not worst of all, behold the poor miserably worn-down horses of the hackney-coaches in London!

Poor dogs, faithful dogs, beautiful dogs, have been by medical students and lecturers nailed to a table and opened alive, to BENEFIT MANKIND by improving the science of anatomy! Hath the frame of a dog the least resemblance to that of a man? I wish, from the bottom of my heart, that men in general possessed but one half of the generous qualities of a dog. Beautiful, faithful, highly-valued dogs, have been brained or poisoned, hanged or shot, by brutal slaves, and screened from justice by tampering knaves, to gratify the pride and domination of titled game-preserving despots, who, flattered and eulogized by the sons of Belial that surround them, scarcely know whether they go upon their heads or their heels.

In London, in Charles the Second's reign, a horse was baited. Evelyn, who makes mention of it, was a most humane man, whose mind dwelt upon rural objects in the simple elegance of nature, and he consequently speaks of it as very revolting to his feelings. It requires not this refinement to be greatly shocked at the brutality and barbarity of it. 'There was,' he says, 'a very gallant horse

e baited to death by doggs ; but he fought them all, so as the best of them could not fasten on him, till they run him through their swords. This wicked and barbarous sport deserv'd to be shed in the cruel contrivers to get money, under pretence that horse had killed a man, which was false : I would not be perer'd to be a spectator.' Now here gentlemen must have been erned, for swords were used against the noble animal, and none swords in Charles the Second's reign but gentlemen. elyn, in his most entertaining Diary, tells another baiting story, onny sport there must have been. In 1659, he notes that ' the East India Company lost their business against the New Comby ten votes in parliament, so many of their friends going to tiger baited by dogs.' Rather than not have seen this exhibit, one could almost have endured the reproaches of the Old India Company for neglecting their interests. Perhaps, if all ruth were told, some knowing ones of the New East India pany kicked up the row with the tiger on that same day, in that the sporting senators, not in their interests, might be r employed than in voting against them. This is what a cerson of Mars of our time, with more spurs on his heels than s in his head, calls making a diversion against the enemy. ave enumerated a portion of those cruelties which are an ine disgrace to the commonest humanity, much less to an ened and refined description of men, who call themselves ians and gentlemen ; whose continual boast is of a greater of benevolence, charity, generosity, and humanity, than is ssed by others of their rank and station in other countries ; ho wind up their self-complacency with an hypocritical sigh e sorrows of a bull that is run or baited to death by dogs and ers ! I know the price of thus bearing witness against them : atred and vengeance as opportunity may offer,—saying, although use, we are not to be retorted upon ; and when we insult, it to be resented. In this bad spirit was the shell thrown into eston,—while, as in the just principle of tread upon a worm will turn again, was the shell thrown out of Charleston.

MRS. WRIGHT AND GEORGE THE THIRD.

commencement of the Revolution, Mrs. Wright, a native of Pennsylvt, a distinguished modeller of likenesses and figures of wax, was exhibit-pecimens of her skill in London. The King of Great Britain, pleased her talents, gave her liberal encouragement, and, finding her a great cian and an enthusiastic republican, would often enter into discussion ive to passing occurrences, and endeavour to refute her opinions with re-to the probable issue of the war. The frankness with which she de-ed her sentiments, seemed rather to please than to offend him ; which was unate circumstance, for, when he asked an opinion, she gave it without raint, or the least regard to consequences. I remember to have heard ay, that on one occasion, the monarch, irritated by some disaster to his

troops, where he had prognosticated a triumph, exclaimed with warmth,—‘ I wish, Mrs. Wright, you would tell me how it will be possible to check the silly infatuation of your countrymen, restore them to reason, and render them good and obedient subjects.’ ‘ I consider their submission to your majesty’s government is now altogether out of the question,’ replied Mrs. Wright: ‘ friends you may make them, but never subjects: for America, before a King can reign there, must become a wilderness, without any other inhabitants than the beasts of the forest. The opponents of the decrees of your parliament, rather than submit, would perish to a man; but, if the restoration of peace be seriously the object of your wishes, I am confident that it needs but the striking off of **THREE HEADS** to produce it.’ ‘ O, Lord North’s and Lord George Germaine’s, beyond all question; and where is the third head?’ ‘ O, sire, politeness forbids me to name HIM. Your majesty could never wish me to forget myself and be guilty of an incivility.’

In her exhibition room, one groupe of figures particularly attracted attention; and by all who knew her sentiments, was believed to be a pointed hint at the results which might follow the wild ambition of the monarch. The busts of the King and Queen of Great Britain were placed on a table, apparently intently gazing on a head, which a figure, an excellent representation of herself, was modelling in its lap. It was the head of the unfortunate Charles the first.—GARDEN.

EVERY independent-minded Briton must detest and abominate the reign of George the Third, if it were only for his conduct towards America, and the loss of that country in consequence of it; while his ministers and the whole oligarchy in church and state, who fell so decidedly into his views, stand unforgiven even unto this day, ‘ be they alive or be they dead.’ The load of misery, mentally and bodily, with which the King was afflicted at the hand of God, to the end of his days, begets commiseration in his earthly atonement.—Search all history through that may be relied on, and no monarch will be found to have been more decidedly visited for his falling away from the declared principles which enthroned him. Loss of America, accumulation of a national debt that will ultimately ruin his ———; madness upon the reflection of these things, blindness upon that, and a protracted duration of existence to the extreme verge of entire uselessness. His ministers, counsellors, and advisers, his oligarchy in church and state, his vast majorities in parliament, and all the electors of these, may be damned to their own dearly beloved hell flames nine thousand years and welcome, but it is hoped and trusted, that his majesty’s sufferings on earth may have worked out his salvation: no unfriendly wish, by the bye, and with a little more loyalty in it than was contained in all the humble and loyal addresses he ever had presented to him.

The Tories and the remains of the Jacobites, were so delighted with his marked and most undisguised renunciation of the principles which set King William on the throne of Great Britain, that they took his majesty to their bosoms as the child of grace, miraculously descended from their fallen Stuarts, and profited by it most exceedingly. It was their private boast and public happiness, that they could consistently revel in riches and royal smiles, without sacrificing their own principles: like a coat laid aside as out of fashion, which, to the surprize of the owner, many years after becomes again quite the thing, ready cut and dried, and fit for wear, without a farthing’s expense.

Mrs. Wright must surely have been the only person who spoke unwelcome truths to a ruler of the land with impunity. The King's natural good nature never was shewn to finer advantage than in his endurance to Mrs. Wright's unwelcome truths. That lady appears to have been a kinswoman of pretty *Die Vernon*, who, in criticising her friend's poetry, said, that she 'belonged to the unpopular family of the *Tell-truths*, and would not flatter *Apollo* for his lyre.' A Tory scribe, a little smarting under a box of the ear which he got for once in his life, intimating a little truth to the present King of widowed blessedness,—told his readers next day, that 'unwelcome truths are perhaps the most unpalatable things which can be presented to those who consider them as such, whilst the person who administers them is sure to be soundly rated.'—Indeed, nothing is more grating to the rulers of the land, be they kings or governors, than truth. If received with a steady countenance, it but sinks the deeper in the heart, and there it commonly rankles, to the ruin of the bold teller of it, when the time comes, and then of all sins it is the first to be remembered.

At the very outset of the dispute with the colonies, 'the virtuous *Dowdeswell*, who combined,' saith *Belsham*, our imperishable historian, 'the inflexibility of a *Shippen* with the liberality and generosity of a *Stanhope*, called upon the House of Commons to recollect that the province of the *Massachusetts* had flourished for fourscore years under their old democratic charter. It was granted in the reign of King *William*, and breathed a spirit of liberty unknown to modern times. They have increased their possessions and improved their lands to an unexpected and unexampled pitch, and we have reaped the benefit of their labour; yet you are now, said this true patriot, going to destroy that very charter which has subsisted to the mutual advantage both for this country and America.' This, so early in the business, from the lips of such a man as *Mr. Dowdeswell*, to the ministers of a Bute-instructed King, and their iniquitous majority, was indeed an unwelcome truth; for it told, that chartered rights and British thrones were built of the selfsame materials, and were cemented by the selfsame blood: but woe, woe, woe, to the people of England, OR to the ——— of England, for *George the Third's* was one continued reign of fierce war upon war, against the chartered rights and liberties, not only of the subject, but of all mankind.

It was the senatorial admission of one of our sapient rulers the other day, that 'our former wars were often occasioned by the personal feelings of the sovereigns,' and when a member instanced quietly across the table the American war—the right honourable gentleman seemed to bow assent. Never until that hopeful hour, just now about a year since, was it admitted by a Tory that wars arose out of the personal feelings of our sovereigns: which means, if the expression have any meaning, murder, state murder, upon the most enormous scale. The cant of 'just and necessary' is thrown by it entirely into the shade, while stands horribly forth, murder, state murder, upon the most enormous scale.

Be it so, saith the unblushing Tory,—for know ye not that a King of England has two consciences. When Charles the First hesitated to pass the bill of attainder against Lord Strafford, as contrary to his conscience, his council referred him to his bishops, whom they made no question would clear the way there for him. The Archbishop of York was at hand, saith LORD CLARENDON, —who, to his argument of conscience, told him, ‘that there was a private and a public conscience; that his public conscience as a King, might not only dispense with, but oblige him to do that which was against his private conscience as a man; and by such unpretentious ignominious arguments in plain terms advised him, “even for conscience-sake to pass the act.”’ When Lord Clarendon, the backbone friend of kings and prelates and priests, thus honestly lets fly his indignation against this two-conscience priestcraft and charlatanism, not a word need be added to it only to remark, that George the Third, in all instances of his rule, was so advised and by such, had these two consciences, and that he resembled Charles the First in all things, even as one pea does another, save and except that George died with his head upon his shoulders, and Charles did not.

A homely witticism might be applied to his majesty, for he was taught by Bute and fed by us; which was exemplified in his portly, robust, and comfortable bodily appearance, and in his lack of understanding in the principles of Freedom which enthroned his family. Plutarch was happy in repeating the apothegm of Carneades, that ‘Princes learn nothing well but riding; for their masters flatter them, and those who wrestle with them suffer themselves to be thrown; but a horse considers not whether a private man or a prince, a poor man or a rich, be on his back—for if his rider cannot rule him he throws him.’ I will not say that a horse should have educated George the Third, but it had been well, more than commonly well, for these kingdoms, if Bute had not been his teacher, and Porteus and other unpretentious men his advisers. ‘Segrais,’ relates Mr. Seward, ‘says that some young noblemen about the person of Louis Fourteenth, were talking one day before him, when he was about eleven years old, of the despotic power of the Emperors of Turkey, and what great things they did in consequence of it. “Aye,” said the young prince, “this may be called reigning indeed.” The Marshal D’Estrees, who happened to be present, said, “Your majesty perhaps does not know that even in the course of my life, I have known three or four of these emperors put to death by the bow-string.” Marshal de Villeroi, governor to the young King, immediately rose from his seat, went up to D’Estrees, and thanked him for the excellent lesson which he had given to his royal pupil.’

All history knows how little good was worked upon the mind of Louis by these two honest courtiers of pretty Die Vernon’s tell-truth family, yet he might have been worse without them, as George might have been better without Bute and his bishops. Voluntary and meanly submissive as are the millions of mankind, yet even

they, unless lost in Asiatic reptilism, prefer justice to breast-law, fair dealing to chicanery. Milton, in his letter to Salmasius, who defended Charles the First, avers that 'there are but few, and those men of great wisdom and courage, that are either desirous of liberty, or capable of using it. The greatest part of the world choose to live under masters; yet they would have them just ones. As for such as are unjust and tyrannical, neither was God ever so much an enemy to mankind, as to enjoin a necessity of submitting to them; nor was there ever any people so destitute of all sense, and sunk into such a depth of despair, as to impose so cruel a law upon themselves and their posterity.' If George the Third had studied the patriotic writings of Milton with the same attention that he listened to the Tory sentiments of Bute, he would have been a King that his PEOPLE would have delighted to honour in the best and truest meaning of the expression: nay, not only Milton, but all the enlightened subjects of Charles the First, furnished a study both for King and people, that even unto this day has not been exceeded.—Right well has it been observed, that 'so thoroughly was the subject then examined, that modern times have not produced one argument in favour of LIBERTY which was not repeatedly adduced and enforced by the enlightened politicians of Charles's reign.' Indeed, in a few years' history there of that period of event, may be seen the tenure of obedience to kings, in all its patriotic truth and law and justice.

I would not trifle with kings, nor with the heads of kings, neither should themselves make a jest of such tender concerns. In 1807, when King George the Third was advised to pass the bill which Lord Howick brought into the House of Commons to emancipate the Irish catholics, he unhappily sate down and penned the following note to that nobleman:

'My lord,

'I am one of those that regard the sanctity of an oath. I can descend from my throne and retire to a cottage. I have the firmness to lay my head on a scaffold, if my people require it; but I have not firmness sufficient to violate an oath which I made with so much solemnity at my coronation.'

What human being but a king, and that king believing as was counselled to King Charles the First, that he had two consciences, would have availed himself of so jesuitical a distinction. His majesty in his private capacity was much too honest a man not to have blushed at such chicanery. His coronation oath went most solemnly to the inviolable preservation of chartered rights and liberties; for instance: 'Will you solemnly swear to govern the people of this kingdom of Great Britain, and the DOMINIONS THEREUNTO BELONGING, according to the statutes of parliament agreed to and the laws and customs of the same?' 'I will,' answers his majesty, or no crown is placed upon his head. Had the solemnity of the oath which he took at his coronation been sincerely reflected upon, he never would have assented to those acts which went to dismember the British empire, as it was dismem-

bered by the bills for taxing America in direct violence of her charters ; he would not have so wantonly provoked that resistance which so justly lost to his crown the finest colonies in the world, and where the block might have been admirably resorted to : and that it was not, generations yet unborn will have to lament, be they never so loyal.

In the cant of laying his head upon the block rather than assent to the bill to relieve the catholics, that identical bill which his son passed immediately on coming into power, and which he has confirmed since he took the coronation oath, his sacred majesty deceived no one, while he most royally exposed himself. The experiment, even as a state-trick, might have turned out contrary to his expectation ; his head might have been whipt off before he knew what the matter was, and the person employed to stitch it on again might have wittily said with a brother wit on a like occasion.

' Thomas Tropham was surgeon to the Lord Fairfax, and was created bachelor of physic by the university of Oxford. After the execution of Charles the First, he was appointed to embalm the body, and sew on the head. This he did in the presence of many spectators, and exclaimed to them afterwards, that he had been sewing on the head of a goose.'

Of all men on earth, kings should most study history, and especially court history. His majesty never read a book, but employed a courtier or two to wade through libraries, and tell him in easy fluent manner the contents of them. A most excellent method, by the way, to gather knowledge if the commission were honestly executed ; but what courtier would read the writings of our Reformers, and impartially report their contents to the King ? What courtier would in the American war have reported to the King what Duplessis said to Louis the Thirteenth ?—' Sir, it is always a mark of weakness when a sovereign makes war upon his subjects. True regal authority consists in the peaceable obedience of the subject : it is established by the prudence and justice of him who governs.' These things, and many others, to be gained if honestly and unflinchingly yielded up, would have an effect indeed upon kings and the rule of kings. The numberless miseries and atrocities attendant upon civil war, would scarcely have an existence, beyond the lamentation of the anxious and zealous peace-officer of Charles's wicked war upon his subjects. This quiet man kept a journal of the events of that period, wherein on one occasion he steps aside to exclaim,—' And there never was heard of such troublesome and distracted times as these five years have been,—but especially to constables.'

' England,' said the Great King of Prussia, astonished at the madness of the American war, ' England at this period had involved herself in a war with her colonies,' undertaken in the spirit of despotism and conducted in that of folly. It was Bute who still governed the King and directed the councils of the kingdom ; like one of those malignant spirits who are perpetually talked of but

never seen, he enveloped himself in darkness, whilst, by means of his secret instruments and emissaries, he moved the whole political machine at his pleasure.—‘The English nation,’ continued Frederic, ‘DEGRADED by its SOVEREIGN, appeared to have no will separate from that of the court. If this were not enough, the minister Bute engaged the King to attempt an arbitrary taxation of the American colonies, at once to augment his revenues, and to establish a precedent which might at a future time be imitated in Great Britain. The Americans whom the court had not deigned to corrupt, opposed themselves openly to these imposts, so contrary to their CHARTERS, their CUSTOMS, and to the liberties which they had enjoyed uninterrupted from their first establishment. A wise government would have hastened to appease these growing troubles, but the court of London acted upon other principles. The rigour and violence of their proceedings completed the alienation of the Americans.’

Such were the sentiments of not only the greatest warrior of his age, but of the greatest monarch, statesman, and philosopher; and, to use a simile of Horace Walpole’s, ‘all this happened while England, like an infant, was delighted with having set its frock in a blaze.’ Not only the King of Prussia saw the folly and iniquity of these things, but Holland entertained the same opinions also.—‘The King of England, in a letter to their High Mightinesses, written by his own hand, signified his desire to have the Scots brigade in their service, that he might employ them against the Americans; which met with a flat refusal. ‘In what an odious light must this unnatural civil war appear to all Europe,’ said one of the Dutch senators in debate upon the royal letter;—‘more odious would it appear for a nation to take part therein, who have successfully resisted oppression, and fought themselves free. Superlatively detestable must it appear to those who, like me, regard the Americans as a brave people engaged in defending those rights which they derive from God, and not from the legislature of Great Britain. For the purpose of suppressing such a revolt, or, as some please to call it, such a rebellion as this, I had rather see Janissaries hired, than the subjects of a free state.’ Whatever their motives might be, it is the incontestable fact of all history, that throughout the war between England and her colonies, not one of the powers of Europe declared against America; but on the contrary, most of them, either secretly or openly, espoused her cause.

Franklin augured so well of the sentiments which the King of Prussia evinced in favour of the American cause, that he ventured to solicit his majesty to lend him some assistance against the British; but the old despot was not to be caught napping there. ‘The King was fully sensible,’ saith my informant, ‘of the contagious nature of Liberty. He knew that the spirit of Freedom was epidemical, and he did not choose to employ his subjects in any manner that would put them in the way of catching the disorder. When Franklin applied to him to assist America,—“Pray, doctor,” asked the veteran, “pray what is the object you mean to attain?”

"Liberty, sire," replied the philosopher; "Liberty, that Freedom which is the birthright of man." The King, after a short pause, made this memorable and kingly answer: "I was born a Prince, I am become a King, and I will not use the power I possess, to the ruin of my own trade."

Our haughty High Church of England men appear to entirely deny the existence of a spiritual world. Next to the angels, in their arrogant esteem, are bishops, priests, and deacons; and the invisible agency, under every denomination, as thought by the pious to form a chain, link by link, even down to man, is held by them as visionary and absurd. Omens are heathenish, dreams superstitious, and signs and tokens are old women's rockstaves. Notwithstanding this bloated pride, undisputed history tells, that with as much pomp as existing circumstances would admit of, King Charles the First, in person, with a small train, rode to the top of Castle-hill at Nottingham,—Varney, the knight-marshal, who was standard-bearer, carrying the standard, which was then erected on that place, with little other ceremony than the sounds of drums and trumpets.—This was according to proclamation, on the 25th of August, 1642, about six o'clock in the evening of a very stormy and tempestuous day. My old-fashioned authority goes on to relate, that melancholy men observed many ill presages about that time. The standard was blown down the same night it had been set up, and could not be fixed again in a day or two, until the tempest was allayed. Now this, to my mind and to thine, I ween, good reader, was a pretty plain sign of his majesty's fall, the nation's rise, and of Charles the Second's ultimate restoration.

When Dalrymple speaks of the abdication of James the Second, he observes, that 'the populace, struck, and, according to their nature, perhaps pleased, with the instability of human grandeur, reminded each other how the crown had tottered upon the King's head at his coronation; pointed at the statue of James at Whitehall, which was placed with its back to the palace and its face to the river; and remarked, that the day on which his throne was declared vacant and the oaths of allegiance fixed to his successor, was the anniversary of his accession.' This also, good reader, is not without its meaning, notwithstanding the sneer at the populace by Master Sir John Dalrymple.

No fact is much better known and authenticated, than that, at the coronation of George the Third, the finest jewel of the crown fell out of it at the moment of the archbishop's placing it upon his majesty's head; and all England, Ireland, Wales, and Scotland, have emblemized this jewel with the loss of America, and very close reasoning it is: which the Tories feel so far as they can feel anything, as instanced in their note of admiration on the death of old Queen Charlotte, and expressed through the infernal agency of the *Morning Post*, thus:—"It is a curious circumstance, that a large diamond dropped out of the Queen's diadem, which is deposited in the jewel closet, on the morning of the decease of our late revered sovereign." The fate of poor Caroline, her successor, is the best

comment upon this, while the following out of all these events becomes the clearest illustration of the signs of the times.

Nevertheless, and notwithstanding, our self-willed, obstinate old King, regardless of signs and tokens, omens, warnings, or anything else, pursued his royal stiff-necked course against America, until all was lost; when he most complacently sits himself down and says to North and Germaine, how UNFORTUNATE we are.

Gibbon, the historian of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire, in the midst of the war publicly declared at Brooke's, that 'there was no salvation for England, unless six of the heads of the cabinet council were cut off and laid upon the tables of the Houses of Parliament as examples.' This was so much in unison with Mrs. Wright's opinion, that she must have modelled him into it; but the wax soon was melted,—for in less than a fortnight after this declaration, he took an employment under that same cabinet council; which occasioned the following verses, and, as believed, by Charles Fox:—this Lord Holland denies, but without in the least shaking the credence of it.

‘ King George, in a fright
Lest Gibbon should write
The story of Britain's disgrace;
Thought no means more sure
His pen to secure,
Than to give the historian a place.

But his caution is vain,
’Tis the curse of his reign,
That his projects should never succeed;
Though he write not a line,
Yet a cause of decline
In the author's example we read.

His book well describes
How corruption and bribes
Overthrew the great empire of Rome;
And his writings declare
A degen'racy there,
Which his conduct exhibits at home.’

GENERAL ARNOLD.

THAT treachery creates its own punishment, and to the detestation of the world, adds the inward agony ‘that passeth show,’ is strikingly exemplified in the history of the apostate Arnold. What were the results of his desertion? The fair fame acquired by his early exertions as a patriot soldier, was blasted. Children that had learned to lisp his deeds of gallantry, now shuddered with abhorrence at his name. Execrated by his former friends, despised by his new associates, proscribed by his country, reluctantly obeyed, and by the meanest centinel held in supreme contempt,—his life was a constant scene of apprehension, misery, and remorse. A cloud hung over his fortunes that shaded his countenance with the gloom of despair, and betrayed the increasing ago-

nies of his guilty heart. The contempt that followed him through life, is further illustrated by the speech of the present Lord Lauderdale, who, perceiving Arnold on the right hand of the King, and near his person, as he addressed his parliament, declared on his return to the commons, 'that, however gracious the language he had heard from the throne, his indignation could not but be highly excited, beholding, as he had done, his majesty supported by a traitor.'

On another occasion, Lord Surrey, since Duke of Norfolk, rising to speak in the House of Commons, and perceiving Arnold in the gallery, sat down with precipitation, exclaiming, 'I will not speak while that man,' pointing to him, 'is in the house.' I myself witnessed a remarkable strong proof of it. Sitting in a coffee-house at Cowes, in 1792, with a British officer of high distinction, he purposely turned the conversation on the blessings of the Americans, declaring with earnestness, that he believed them happier and more to be envied than any people in the world. A stranger, who sat near and who appeared intent on these encomiums, rose hastily and left the room; when my companion said, 'I perceive that you are unacquainted with the traitor, once the pride of your army;—the man who has just retired is Benedict Arnold. The language which I used must have appeared extravagant. I spoke of America with enthusiasm, to make him feel his degradation, as no one, in my opinion, so highly merits execration.'—GARDEN.

If the British people do sometimes turn a little surly upon their rulers and governors, when attempted to be trodden under foot by them, they can, good easy souls, be most forgivingly kind to those of their leaders who betray them. Pulteney's treachery is now scarcely ever spoken of; Pitt's apostacy is even celebrated before their eyes by a band of canting hypocrites, belching out that at tavern dinners in eulogy and praise, for which as Englishmen they ought to blush;—while Burke's desertion of the cause of Freedom is esteemed by 'all the powers that be' in church and state, and all their corrupt retainers, as the true and lawful measure of a gentleman's political principles. The people see all this and know all this, as well as they see and know anything, yet, with an apathy and indifference that can only belong to the terrible storm that is brewing in the portentous black cloud which hangs over the united kingdom, they bestow not a thought upon it. How well, when reminded of the facts, thousands upon thousands recal to memory that these three brazen unprincipled men, identified themselves in early life with the best feelings and interests of the people, advocating their constitutional rights and liberties with the most commanding eloquence, thundering state charlatanism into the ears of state charlatans, while in loud acclaim their constituents responded in grateful approbation. How well they recollect that Pulteney was the pride of his day, Pitt the hope of his country, and Burke the terror of Toryism; as well do they know that these were all betrayers of liberty all over the world, were all descended from Judas Iscariot in a line as true as that of the wild Arab from the outcast Ishmaelite: they know that the whole and sole bent of the philosophy of these men was pride and ambition, the recorded virtues of the infernal regions, and the legitimate principles of the rulers and governors whose rod they kiss and whose yoke they bear.

How decidedly do the affected to be despised people of America differ with the people of England in matters such as these. It is

now upwards of forty years since Arnold apostatized from the inestimable cause of his country, yet is the treason as deep in the mind and as fresh in the memory of every American, and as remote from his forgiveness as is the day of resurrection from the grave of Adam. It was but in the summer of 1819 that Miss Wright, an English lady, was travelling in America, and came to West Point, the scene of the villain's iniquity. Everything in substance which she had heard and read of the transaction, was minutely confirmed by the dwellers in and about the place, and every American elsewhere was equally versed in every particular of it. The lisping infant knew the story and told it with abhorrence; the growing youth had it impressed upon the very soul of his existence; while the man of years contemporary with the execrated deed, saw that in the timely detection of the conspiracy, the Providence of God was there to save his country.

The Tories of England say, and what is it that they will not say,—that Washington, Franklin, Green, and many others of the great leaders of the American revolution, have no longer a place in the grateful remembrances of their descending countrymen. This vague assertion without proof, I for one do not believe, nor do perhaps themselves believe it. If, as sages tell, contrasts agree, we have no better evidence of its falsity, than in the known disgust and execration in which the Americans hold Arnold's apostacy: hence inferring that they remember the virtues of their great patriots with undiminished gratitude and admiration. Our amiable countrywoman gathered the existing feelings and sentiments of the Americans upon the spot, which are very little like those of English apathy and indifference to apostacy here at home. 'It was,' she says, 'in the fastnesses of West Point, that in the moment of his country's worst distress the traitor Arnold planned his scheme of treachery.' There is a moral that breathes a tale, most elegantly observes Miss Wright, and that is thus pointed out by the historian;—'it enforces the policy of conferring high trusts upon men of clean hands, and of withholding all public confidence from those who are subjected to the dominion of pleasure.' This she sets forth, in allusion, no doubt, to his profligate mode of living when in the high trust and confidence of his country. She points out that the example of Arnold served as a warning to the American people, and induced them to scrutinize the secret conduct of those citizens whom they promoted to offices of public trust. In fine, she writes upon Patriotism and Love of Country with all the fine feelings of a woman, combined with the strong understanding of a man.

Intent upon the subject, and fervent in the good cause, Miss Wright further remarks,—'It is a proud and gratifying reflection, that an arduous revolutionary struggle of eight years' duration, brought to light but one such character as Arnold, and this single exception indeed was an atrocious one. The romantic position,' adds this fine-spirited lady, 'held by Arnold's detachment of the patriot army, increases, if possible, the interest of the moment: it was

posted in a fastness, if not impregnable, yet such as to give to a handful of men a superiority over thousands. Perched like an eagle in his eyrie, the little army looked securely on its foes. Again, she continues to observe, 'had this treasonable scheme succeeded, it is painful to calculate the consequences to the country and the cause. West Point was perhaps of the most importance throughout the whole of the union. Not the least calamitous of the effects that would have accrued from the loss of West Point had been the blow given to public confidence by so nefarious a treachery. The people might have seen in every officer another Arnold, and the soldiers have attributed every subsequent disaster to the treason of their commanders. From these calamities America was spared, and the traveller, in visiting this romantic pass, recurs to the tale of Arnold as to that of some demoniac hero of a wild drama.'

Leaving Miss Wright to her truly excellent meditations on Freedom and fidelity, we will refer to other accounts of Arnold, whose life was a portrait of no common personage. It appears that he was bred a surgeon, which profession he left to follow commercial speculations at sea, first as supercargo and afterwards as master of a trading vessel of his own. He carried live stock to the West Indies, whence he passed in the estimation of his brethren as a horsedealer. At the breaking out of the revolutionary war, he was chosen captain of a troop of volunteers, and fought himself up to the rank of brigadier. So much was he in the personal esteem of congress, that, when in the action at Redbank he had his horse shot under him, and only saved his own life by shooting as he lay on the ground the soldier that was about to bayonet him, they presented him with another horse. When the British evacuated Philadelphia, he was appointed to the command of the American garrison. Here he lived expensively, and supported his extravagance, as well as he could, by privateering; but that becoming unsuccessful, he, to repair his shattered fortune, set up a claim against the American government, which their commissioners, upon examination, disallowed; when he blackguarded them, and used violent language towards the leading characters of the revolution, which occasioned his being tried by a court-martial and reprimanded. From this period treason lurked in his mind, and his ultimate villainy followed upon the hourly increase of it. Prior to this he had richly merited a visitation of martial law for his bad conduct at the engagement on Lake Champlain in 1776. Brave as a lion, as he assuredly was on land, he appears to have been very careful indeed of his person on the water. General Waterbury, who commanded under him, whose galley struck to Captain Schank, since the able commissioner of our transport board, charged him with running away with part of his fleet and burning it when he was superior to the British in vessels and guns. This misconduct, which could easily have been proved, met with leniency, in consideration of his military services, and the belief that the sea was not his element.

When Arnold was apprised of the seizure of Major André, with

whom he negotiated his treason, he was struck with astonishment and terror, and in his agitation and agonies he called for a horse, and rode down a craggy steep, never before explored on horseback, —whence he got safe under the guns of the Vulture, a British sloop of war lying off to receive him, and thence he escaped to New York. Here he wrote to General Washington, in behalf of his wife, left to the angry feelings of his deserted countrymen, and urged the release of Major André; which Washington immediately noticed by demanding of the British no other than Arnold himself in exchange, which the Tories, true to treachery wherever there is a bit of loyalty tagged to the end of it, refused; and thus was the unfortunate André left to his fate and doomed to die that death 'which gives the brave the keenest wound.'

What a subject for the pencil was the traitor villain Arnold's rush down the craggy steep! Where was Sir Joshua Reynolds, not to perpetuate the terror, the astonishment, the agitation, and the agony of the guilty wretch, in the very act of his escape? What a fine design had been the imp of darkness that guided the horse, and the demon that supported the miscreant in the saddle. Alas! the artist of eminence is seldom forthcoming to hazard his present bread and temporary fame in the delineation of treachery with a bit of loyalty tagged to the end of it; for such is the legitimate scowl of authority, that whoso undertakes to transmit an event to posterity in hostility to its views, on canvas, marble, or paper, in a country so corrupt and rotten as is England, must of a certainty lose his present bread and temporary fame.

The vile traitor's bargain with Sir Henry Clinton was, to receive, in consideration of giving up the post of West Point and the garrison of it, the sum of five thousand pounds, employment against his countrymen with colonel's pay and the rank of brigadier-general; and in that rank he remained unpromoted, for his new friends liked the treason, but, as is ever the case, hated the traitor. The reputation of a soldier, held General Monk, was irreparable if it once suffered a stain or a blot. 'War,' said he, 'the profession of a soldier, is that of all others, which, as it conferreth most honour upon a man, who therein acquitteth himself well; so it draweth the greatest infamy upon him who demeaneth himself ill: for one fault committed can never be repaired, and one hour causeth the loss of that reputation which hath been thirty years acquiring.' Nothing can be more correctly defined than this delicacy of a soldier's character, and the general sat for a picture of himself, which he drew to a hair. Had Monk been timely detected, as was Arnold, in his intrigues when he deserted his cause, when he planned and executed the restoration of Charles the Second unconditionally, he must have fled, as did Arnold; but his schemes having ripened in his craft, he carried his army with him, and his memory remains in his success with not more foes than friends. The balance, after all, remains in an equality of vileness; Monk was a successful traitor, with thousands to uphold his treason,—Arnold, the solitary

Judas Iscariot, who had only to throw up the thirty pieces of silver and hang himself on the elder tree, to complete the similitude.

The British generals in America, not over nice, by the bye, as we have well seen, in their knightly distinctions upon delicate points, were ashamed of associating in command with a deserter. In a dispatch of some consequence, of Clinton's, to ministers, dated June, 1781, which related to that part of the seat of war where Arnold was employed, he disdains to once mention his name, or to even allude to him. Not so the feeling of 'all in authority' in England,—as made mention of by Major Garden. Our accounts differ somewhat as to the circumstances which go to the effect of Lord Surrey's indignation against—for we have it that it was him that reprobated the indecency of General Arnold being placed at the King's elbow—a man, he said, perhaps the most obnoxious to the feelings of the Americans of any in the King's dominions: and this at the moment of the House of Commons carrying up an address to his majesty to put an end to the American war. This was a rap of the knuckles for royalty not easy to be forgiven, and George the Third, possessing the devil's memory and his own also, on matters of this kind, my Lord Surrey, many years afterwards, when Duke of Norfolk, had the compliment returned most legitimately.

After Arnold had deserted and sought to betray the strong hold entrusted to him, he had the audacity to address his countrymen in justification of his treason. There is scarcely a clearer evidence on record, of guilt bewildering the understanding, than that which appears upon the face of this address; and it obtained the same credibility with the brazen sonorous 'not guilty' of the notorious felon arraigned at the bar of justice. He went even more than a step beyond such a state of reprobation, for at the moment of writing, he was engaged in atrocities against the Americans, his late deserted friends and brethren, yet more atrocious than British desolation. In the absence of General Philips, his superior officer, from illness, he details, in a letter to Sir Henry Clinton, the devastation which they had jointly executed. On the 26th of May, he informs the British commander in chief, that they had destroyed at Petersburg four thousand hogsheads of tobacco, one ship, and a number of small vessels on the stocks. On the 27th himself marched to Chesterfield, and burnt four ships, five brigantines, and a number of small vessels. On the 30th, at Manchester, he destroyed twelve hundred hogsheads of tobacco, and the same evening, returning to Warwick under the order of Philips, they together set fire to a magazine of five hundred barrels of flour, and Colonel Cary's fine mills were reduced to ashes in burning the magazine. We also burnt, the monster reports, several warehouses with one hundred and fifty hogsheads of tobacco, a large ship, and a brigantine afloat, three vessels on the stocks, a large range of public rope-walks and storehouses, and some tan and bark-houses full of hides and bark.

Woe, woe unto the wanton triumph and destruction of war, in

any case and at all times, when they fall upon the sustenance and comforts of man, obtained by the sweat of his brow from the earth that he cultivates; but for a traitor like Arnold to confess, and revel in the confession, that he has thus destroyed the means and substance of his countrymen, in conjunction with their ferocious enemy, argues a depravity of mind, a deeply dyed infernal blackness of soul, with which we do not often come in contact: and belongs to the damnation and hell which priests so much find to their account in preaching to mankind, and in that hell, if such a place there be, the villain traitor Arnold must flounder. Not content with these desolations, he at New London put to the sword the Americans who defended a fort which the British under his command had taken. Deep as this man's monstrous crimes had sunk in the breasts of his countrymen, this last diabolical deed found a place with the deepest. As the Americans were penning up Cornwallis in York Town, it became necessary to storm two redoubts occupied by the British. The word, or what in mighty language is styled the war-cry, on marching to the assault, was, 'Remember New London!' and on the forts being taken, although otherwise, in vengeance for the slaughter at New London, it was the original intention, the lives of the British were spared to a man. Being afterwards asked why they did not carry their sanguinary purpose into execution, as brave and gallant soldiers they replied, that 'they could not tell how to put men to death, while begging on their knees for quarter.'

Malignants, legitimates, apostates, renegadoes, and high priests in political community,—collectively speaking, TORIES, with the sword in their hand and the power to use it, seldom fail so to do; they take no warning, and a day of retribution is the last thing they think of. If Arnold's atrocity at New London were not visited in kind, that of Sir Ralph Hopton in Cornwall was dreadfully remembered at Naseby. 'After the battle of Naseby the conquerors fiercely pursued the routed royal army, and killed, besides many men, ladies, whose coaches were overturned in their hasty flight, particularly in the south part of Farndon field, within the gate place in the road between Naseby and Farndon. The Parliament horse galloping along, as Morton, the author of the Natural History of Northamptonshire, was informed by an eye witness,—cut and slashed the women, with this sarcasm at every stroke,—"Remember Cornwall, you whores!" Sir Ralph Hopton, as they said, having used their women in Cornwall in the like manner. In this pursuit the enemy killed above one hundred women, whereof some were the wives of officers of quality.'

I do not cite this at all in approval of the sanguinary unmanly conduct of the Parliamentarians, in thus making war upon women, but only to intimate what has a thousand times being intimated to the Tories of the present day, that the savage slaughter of men, women, and children at Manchester, will never be forgotten or forgiven until justice be done upon the perpetrators of the infernal outrage, or it be overtaken by revenge.

How unhappy it was for the ends of justice, that Arnold was not among those penned up and subsequently captured at York Town, but he had taken flight in time and escaped to England. After the war he went to Nova Scotia, to take up a grant of land which government had assigned to get rid of him, but was fain to leave it on a charge of perjury. Early in the French revolutionary war he was found in the West Indies as a sort of spy-volunteer under Sir Charles Grey, and was taken prisoner in that capacity by the Republicans, who would have made a proper example of him had not his friend and protector on earth, the Devil himself, assisted him in making his escape from the French ship. He got back to London, where he resided until the month of June, 1801, when he took his departure to the regions below, as agreed upon a long time before between Satan and himself, for services rendered: first, in assisting him to ride down the craggy steep at West Point, and last, in aiding his escape from the French ship. Old Nick need scarcely have been at the trouble of either, for in the theological nature of things, he had of a certainty been sent to him. Be that as it may, to affront America, our 'most amiable government in the world' intrigued with certain knaves and slaves to attend the outcast, in seven mourning coaches and four state carriages, to his grave at Brompton: a most legitimate cavalcade indeed, and right well worthy and truly becoming all the parties concerned and interested therein.

LORD CORNWALLIS.

HAD Lord Cornwallis, as a chief commander of the British, exhibited a spark of humanity, had he soothed the afflictions of the wretched, softened the pains of captivity, or with generous compassion assuaged the agonies of the wounded spirit; some grateful heart that had been cheered by his smile and rescued from despondency—some parent, thankful for a child preserved, or wife whose tears had saved the partner of her affections from unmerited persecution, would have proclaimed the deed and blessed his memory. In vain do we seek such testimony of his worth. One universal sentiment towards him is cherished in every bosom:—'he but enjoyed power to abuse it.' The flagrant violation of the capitulation of Charleston in innumerable instances, being considered a sufficient reason to deprive Lord Cornwallis of the benefits of that which was granted to him at the surrender of York Town, it was moved in congress by the Honourable Arthur Middleton, a delegate from the state of South Carolina, that, 'In order to prevent future controversy on the subject of an exchange, congress, who represent the feelings as well as the sense of the nation, do declare, that Lieut.-general Earl Cornwallis ought not to be exchanged by composition; not from any apprehension of his influence or superior abilities, but because they look upon him, not in the light of a British general, but a barbarian.'—GARDEN.

ALREADY in these Records have numberless proofs been instanced of the cold, deliberate barbarity of this genuine Tory of this HOLY WAR. Indeed, atrocity is a component part of Toryism all over the world, and, lamentable it is to say, the most prominent, as all

events evince, and as all histories record. A more faithful follower of all its tenets never graced the malignant councils and commands of George the Third's inglorious, wicked war against his American subjects. His desolating march of eleven hundred miles; his repeated orders to those acting under him to also desolate and destroy; his letters to Rawdon, Tarleton, and others, do sufficiently evidence him to have been a barbarian in America, however in after life he might have altered for the better. His letter to Major Ferguson, found in that officer's pocket after his defeat and death at King's Mountain, is not exceeded in bad feeling and deep-seated ferocity by anything of the kind not belonging to absolute barbarism.

Sir,

Wacsaws, 23rd September, 1780.

I have just received yours of the 19th, and last night had the SATISFACTION to hear from Lieut. Colonel Cruger, that he had arrived in time to save Browne, and had retaken the guns and totally routed the enemy, who had retired with great precipitation; that the INDIANS had pursued and SCALPED many of them.

'The general officer in high trust and authority, who could write such a letter,—could so decidedly express his satisfaction at the horrid execution here done upon the defeated Americans, declared christians, by the chasing savages, reckless pagans,—could himself do, and cause to be done by those in authority under him, anything were it never so bad, never so blood-thirsty and atrocious. By and under the directions of Lord Cornwallis, Major-general Grey, in the autumn of 1778, surprised in the night, asleep and naked, a regiment of American light horse, stationed near the right bank of the North River. Quarter being refused, and the men wholly incapable of resistance, a terrible execution took place, which the congress, in a subsequent remonstrance, scrupled not to stigmatize as "a massacre in cold blood." A similar enterprize,' continues my historian, 'was undertaken with similar success by Captain Ferguson, against a detached corps of Pulawski's legion of light infantry; and the Americans were not a little embarrassed to conjecture what those worse extremes of war could be, which the manifesto of the commissioners menaced them with in the future conduct of it.

This Captain Ferguson was the same man to whom Lord Cornwallis addressed the letter of satisfaction from Wacsaws, and this General Grey, the father of the now Earl Grey, who inherits the rapacious fortune which was afterwards made in the West Indies, and the peerage, in consequence of his 'massacre in cold blood,' of the defenceless regiment of American light horse, and other services of the like nature,—but, thank God, he does not inherit the atrocious principles which dictated the massacre, and which prompted the rapacity. If I be not mistaken, he was also the father of a Major-general Grey, who was recalled from the Cape or some post contiguous, for tyranny of the most glaring description over the officers and men placed under his command. No slight display of Martinetism would induce our Germanized school of discipline to recal an officer; therefore let it be taken of certain science, that he

was as bad as Prince Edward in Canada, as the Duke of Kent at Gibraltar, or worse.

From Sir William Howe, at the commencement of the war, to Lord Cornwallis, with whom it terminated, all was atrocity. Our historians, when dwelling upon the conduct of Howe, affirm, that 'the footsteps of the British army, in their route through the Jerseys, were everywhere marked. The soldiery, and the licentious officers, spread misery and despair indiscriminately through every village.' Perhaps among all, and ruthless indeed many of them were, it is difficult to find one that exceeded in diabolism the slaughter in cold blood of the American light horse, by Major-general Grey. Cromwell's sanguinary butchery at Tredagh, Suwarrow's at Ismael and Warsaw, were scarcely more execrable than this slaughter of Grey's at North River: only that more hath been said and written about them. How loud and passionate were our legitimates throughout the late revolutionary war with France, in charging Napoleon and his armies with every atrocity, reviling him therefore most abundantly, and Non-mi-recording the shameless and revolting conduct of their own in America. How would one of our inhuman commanders there, Cornwallis for instance, have relished a challenge, as was sent into the French lines at Sarre in 1813, by General Sir John Downie, when in Spain, to General Vilatte? After retorting upon him the term, 'Chief of Insurgents and Robbers,'—he calls him one of 'the leaders of a troop, which, by its conduct in the Spanish war, ought to be compared to the hordes of barbarians which in past ages desolated the same country.' What would be the private opinion of such a home-thrust? and perhaps without the polite conclusion of Sir John to the French general;—which humourously enough runs after the pointed abuse, 'I have the honour to be with distinguished consideration, general, your very humble servant, John Downie, knt. &c.'

It were natural to hope that the disgraceful and irreparable catastrophe which ensued upon the atrocities of the American war, would have had a tendency to a little humanize our rulers and governors, and all in authority under them, did not the annals of Ireland disappoint the hope, and the wanton and savage slaughter of our unarmed countrymen at Manchester confirm the disappointment, past all denial. The dread of Reform and amendment is the assured feeling which grows out of corruption, injustice, and abuse; and as the cry for Reform arose out of the American war, and continues undiminished even unto this day, because the evils yet exist unabated, it must at length be silenced, or the dreaded Reform must take place. Hence the coercive and unconstitutional enactments during the Pitt ministry, and hence, at the very conclusion of George the Third's blood-stained reign, the Manchester slaughter.

With all the inherent principles of Toryism in their full force and vigour, and with all the power in the hands of the Tories, what must be the consequences to come, other than resistance? and what the result of that, other than the disgraceful and irreparable catastrophe

which they experienced in America? for England is no country for slavery long. English blood has already been spilled upon English ground by Englishmen, and the commencement of a civil war may be dated Manchester, August 16th, 1819. I will not throw all the odium upon the magistrates, and say that they acted of themselves on that fatal day; on the contrary, I do believe, in common with thousands and tens of thousands, that they were instigated from on high; not from Heaven, but from those who corruptly were seated in the high places of Toryism and legitimacy. That sanguinary transaction reads a lesson for Englishmen to study, and become enlightened therefrom. It is there laid down, in practical knowledge, what our theory hath long forboded; that the standing army is kept on foot to subdue the spirit of Reform, by meeting in deadly hostility the impetus of its operation. The yeomanry had not charged the people on the 16th of August, unsustained by hussars, artillery, and troops of the line; neither had ministers advised the Prince to approve of and thank them for the service, had they not also been sustained by hussars and artillery and troops of the line. We know how forbearing the regular forces were upon the occasion, and we feel assured that the greater portion of them ever will be so when ordered to cut the throats of their countrymen; but this does in no manner alter the principle upon which they are kept up by our rulers and governors.

Yet are the magistrates deeply implicated in the guilt of the slaughter, and though they, 'in breathless haste,' were pardoned by their Prince below, there is, they ought to know, a Prince above, whose forgiveness is yet to be obtained. It will not be forgotten by us all, that H—y and H—lt—n attempted to ally their guilty loyalty with the honour and glory of God, making their cause his cause, to shade their blood-guiltiness and shield themselves. If to H—lt—n's share in the bloodshed be not added the crime of perjury, it may be better for him hereafter, for his evidence at the Inquest was of the most unblushing description. It is truly in the spirit of church and state worldliness, and has been reprobated as such,—'the affixing a sacred character to a bad act, which renders the act so much worse, as perjury is a greater crime than simple falsehood; and to murder men under the pretence of justice, a greater crime than simple murder.' This was the manly sentiment of a friend of Freedom in the Stuart times, and boldly avowed by him at every hazard.

We are arrived to a sad time of day, surely the eleventh hour,—when murder is to be justified in loyal argument, where the ministers of God become the doers of the deed, and where the ministers of the crown fly 'in breathless haste' to thank them for it, and in the King's name to pardon it. The blood of the multitude is to flow like dishwashings, and the matter is as nought in the eyes of legitimacy, if a state object is to be gained. To be sure, the blood of their betters is sometimes shed for ends the same, but great is the lamentation thereof, not only for the thing itself, but for the necessity of doing it. Lord Clarendon's pages are full of this feel-

ing, and Sir Walter Scott, in his novels, whatever may be his inward principles, is often whiggishly inclined to rally or condemn it. He makes Morton say to Claverhouse and Ralfour, 'You both shed blood without mercy or remorse.' 'Surely, returned Claverhouse, with the same composure; but of what kind? there is a difference, I trust, between the blood of learned reverend prelates and scholars, of gallant soldiers and noble gentlemen, and the red puddle that stagnates in the veins of psalm-singing mechanics, crack-brained demagogues, and sullen boors;—some distinction, in short, between spilling a flask of generous wine, and dashing down a can full of muddy ale.'

Here is the legitimate secret of the pardon dispatched under the form of thanks by the ministers of the crown, in their Prince's name, to the Manchester magistrates. It was enough that the business was done; stricture and enquiry into the nature of it were needless. If it were not so melancholy a subject, we could almost smile with the learned biographer, when he records the pardons obtained by Cardinal Beaufort of murderous memory, if all be true that is told of him. 'On Cardinal Beaufort's return to England from France, in the reign of Henry the Sixth, he thought it necessary to take some precautions against the repeated attacks of the Protector, the Duke of Gloucester. Wherefore he prevailed with the King, through the intercession of the Commons, to grant him letters of pardon for all offences by him committed contrary to the Statutes of Provisors, and other acts of *præmunire*. This pardon is dated at Westminster, July 19th, 1432. Five years after, he procured another pardon under the great seal, for all sorts of crimes whatever from the creation of the world to the 26th of July, 1437!' Would it not be good policy in the Manchester magistrates to obtain a pardon under the great seal, from August 16th, 1819, to the end of their lives?

AMERICAN VICTORY.

DR. M^CCAULA, sometime since intendant of Charleston, who served with distinction during the war of the Revolution, has frequently declared, that after the surrender of York Town, while the continental troops were preparing to receive the British, who were to march forth from the garrison and deliver up their arms, he heard the commander in chief say,—addressing himself to the division of the army to which he was attached,—'My brave fellows, let no sensation of satisfaction for the triumphs you have gained, induce you to insult your fallen enemy: let no shouting, no clamorous huzzaing, increase their mortification. It is sufficient satisfaction to us, that we witness their humiliation: POSTERITY WILL HUZZA FOR US!'—GARDEN.

For some time previous to this great event, the British had discovered that their enemy was no longer to be despised, even in the article of generosity, which here indeed amounted to a magnanimous display. Even the haughty Tarleton concludes the history of

his campaigns in praise of the skill and foresight of the French and Americans in the conquest of Cornwallis. The final victory of the colonists worked a sense of decency in his mind, and his language was commensurate with the change. General Washington is highly complimented, at least as highly as Tarleton could bring himself to compliment an American; but, good Lord! in doing this justice to that great man, he turns short round upon Cornwallis and makes him an arrant old woman.

What had been the fate of Washington in case the British had prevailed? The same as that of Riego in Spain but yesterday, at the fiat of the base and infamous Ferdinand, whom the Spaniards are now saluting as their Absolute King! When this is considered, yet more excellent indeed was the generous forbearance of Washington and his Americans. The Kings of the old governments of Europe know nothing of forgiveness; their ministers of God but seldom care to instruct them upon this first and last principle which their master laid down for the guidance of man; and their ministers of state have no precedent for it. Mercy is continually in the mouths of all of them, as are justice, magnanimity, and many other of the amiabilities; but they are only there, and woe betide the man that puts an iota of confidence in them. At Saratoga the conduct of the American commander, General Gates, was in the true spirit of republican generosity, when he would not suffer a man to leave the camp in triumphant witness to the humiliating spectacle of piling the arms of Burgoyne's defeated and surrendered army.

Not only in the aggregate was this forbearance shewn towards an insulting, desolating, blood-thirsty enemy, but individuals were equally guided by the magnanimous example. The disgraceful manner in which Major Evan Edwards had been hooted and insulted by the British, when made prisoner, has been with every indignation dwelt upon in another Record. Major Garden informs us, that 'in the eventful changes of the war, it so happened, the very commanding officer who had so ungenerously abused his power, became a captive, experiencing the additional mortification of yielding his sword into the hands of the man so lately treated with scornful indignity. Struck with the singularity of the rencounter, and thoroughly ashamed of his former behaviour, he with frankness said:—"You are the last man, sir, that I wished to meet on such an occasion, for no one have I ever so wantonly offended: from you I have nothing to look for but merited retaliation." "Not a word more on the subject, I beseech you, sir," was the reply of Edwards, "the surrender of your sword destroys every recollection of former animosity; rest assured, therefore, that while you remain with us, it will be equally my pride and pleasure to sooth the pains of captivity, and to render you every service in my power."

The taunting British, all in their turn, met with the proper rebuff for their contempt of the Americans. The lords and sons of lords in administration, declared from the first that the mother country would never relax till America confessed her supremacy, and obe-

dience must be enforced by arms. Lord Gower, president of the council in the earliest of the business, most insolently said, 'Let the Americans, so long as these measures are enforced, sit talking about their natural and divine rights, their rights as men and citizens, their rights from God and Nature.' Thus talk the Lord Gowers and all the Tories of the present hour,—so long as our measures are enforced, say they, the Reformers may sit talking about their natural and divine rights, their rights as men and citizens, their rights, from God and Nature,—little thinking that the same fate awaits them at home in this century, as that which annihilated them in America in the last century: for the same causes must and ever will produce the same effects. Even Lord North, who possessed more understanding than did any minister, with the exception of Mr. Fox, in George the Third's unhappy reign,—even Lord North ventured to affirm in parliament, in the year 1775, that 'the DISPUTE with America was not so alarming as some people apprehended: he had not the least doubt but that this DISPUTE would end speedily, happily, and without bloodshed:' so blind are the clearest of the Tories, when bent upon their doctrines, their measures, and their means to enforce them.

This confidence produced disdain and ridicule in every grade, civil and military, enlisted under the banners of this HOLY WAR. At home all was ballad singing in praise of unconditional loyalty; and the loud laugh at rights and liberties was the chorus of every knave and slave throughout England, Ireland, Wales, and Scotland. In America, it was the wit and humour of the British, from the baton to the bayonet, to revile and turn into ridicule the courage, the discipline, the manners and appearance of the Americans. This was keenly felt, but commonly retaliated with good humour, as we have seen in the shell thrown out of Charleston, and many other facts of the kind which might be instanced. To appear as gallant soldiers, men and gentlemen, was ever an object with the American army, from the general officer to the poorest fellow that carried arms. It frequently occurred, that from recent atrocity of the British, the passion of anger was kindled in the highest throughout the ranks of the suffering Americans, when it required all the persuasive influence of the officers to preserve that chivalrous decorum which gives such polish and metal to the sword. This laudable ambition Major Garden humourously instances in the person of the gallant Captain Zeigler, who, he says, was 'an excellent and intrepid soldier, and was particularly proud of the discipline and military appearance of the company he commanded. On one occasion, while conducting a number of prisoners to a British outpost, addressing himself to his men, whom he was ambitious to shew to the best advantage, he said, assuming an erect posture, and an air of great dignity:—"Gentlemens, you are now to meet with civility the enemy of your country, and you ~~must~~ make dem regard you with profound and respectful admiration. Be please, den, to look great—to look graceful—to look like de devil—to look like me!"' Poor gentleman! his eloquence gave the will for the deed, for as

his friend hath before observed, his usual style of speaking was in a mixture of German and English, which formed a dialect not easily to be comprehended.

These and a thousand other matters of no moment, became the theme of British derision at home and abroad, from first to last of the crusade. To abase our enemy and exalt ourselves, is as strong a feature in our English character as it is in that of any other nation, and stronger than in many; but the abuse of the Americans was at all times of all the most malignant. That giant of literature, and at the same time that ruffian in temper, Dr. Johnson, spoke of the Americans even so far back as the year 1769 with a rancour which in those days would have earned him a pension of five times the amount it procured him in those, though never so welcome. He concluded a courtly tirade against them by declaring with the voice of a stentor, that they were 'a race of convicts, and ought to be thankful for anything we allowed them short of hanging.' This man after the King's own heart, was delighted in an opportunity of telling the story of a governor of Virginia, who was appealed to by two ladies at a ball on a question of precedence, and who was pleased, in the plenitude of his wit and good manners, to call for the Newgate Calendar, to see whose ancestor was first transported to the colony. A gentleman at heart would have blushed at so wanton a decision; and the relator of it, had he been a gentleman at heart, would have reasoned that it were far, far better to be descended of convicts, not being themselves such, than to spring from a long line of ancestors, and become such bloodthirsty, arbitrary, desolating ruffians as were all those lords of the administration and lords not of the administration, who aided and abetted, supported and carried on the American war.

Mr. Hollis, whose study through life was perfect freedom, and whose practice the attainment of it, always foresaw that foul play towards the colonies was not very far in the distance; and he emphatically warned them of it. A gentleman of Harvard in Connecticut, writing to his friend in England, June 1, 1774, says—'This being the day when the Boston Port Bill took place, the same was observed here as a day of mourning. The bells began to toll early, and continued to do so late; the town-house was hung with black, and the shops were all shut. The late worthy Mr. Hollis, well known throughout the learned world for his love of arts and liberty, in the frontispiece of a book presented to Harvard College, inscribed with his own hand this prophetic admonition to the inhabitants of the rising province:

"People of Massachusetts,

"When your country shall be cultivated, adorned like this country, and ye shall become elegant, refined in all civil life,—then, if not before, WARE TO YOUR LIBERTIES!"

How soon this prophecy was fulfilled, was evinced, first by the passing of the Boston Port Bill, which invaded the chartered rights of the colony of Massachusetts Bay; and secondly, by that which followed immediately upon it, 'for the better REGULATING the govern-

ment of the province of Massachusetts Bay ; ' which went entirely to subvert them, by vesting in the crown the appointment and removal at PLEASURE of counsellors, judges, magistrates, sheriffs, and every officer of every kind. A patriot Englishman, in a letter at that time addressed to Lord Dartmouth, foreseeing the inevitable result of these iniquitous and most impolitic measures, tells him, as a minister of the crown, that ' the folly of government may be sometimes forgiven, its injustice never ; but when folly and injustice unite, it must be odious, weak, and contemptible.' He concludes by repeating the opinion of every sensible honest man then living, that the measures pursuing would end in ' distress and humiliation ; ' which Lord Dartmouth, and the den of thieves with whom he acted, saw not clearly until the surrender of Cornwallis and his army at York Town ; who, in ' distress and humiliation,' delivered up their arms, while their taunted, reviled, and basely treated once fellow subjects, now their conquerors, most generously refrained from taunt and insult in return, and magnanimously leaving the loud huzza of exultation to the friends of freedom down to all posterity.

To what tricks and chicaneries the Tories resorted, to first delude England into a war against the colonies, and then confirm them in it, because it was too late to recede. Lord Mansfield, in the chief seat of judgment, whose every expression ought to have teemed with law and justice, declared aloud to all the world :—' We have passed the RUBICON, and are not now at liberty to consider the questions of original right or wrong, justice or injustice.' To the same effect cried out the chief priests and the rulers of the Jews when they had nailed our Saviour to the cross ; and in like manner bawl out all the church and state charlatans on earth, when they have some infamous blood-stained measure to carry, and some vile end of worldly policy to pursue. We cannot treat with REBELS, yells Lord Stormont, another of the brood, and we will not, re-echo all the gang, and in the name of God, my lord rejoins—' The blood be upon their own heads.' It were as well to have whistled to the winds, as to have told these MISCREANTS that ' the guilt of civil war, the miseries which it brings in its train, lie at the door of those who provoked it by illegal oppression, rather than of such as are drawn to arms in order to assert their natural rights and liberties.' In vain were it to have told them, that if an independent republic followed upon their injustice and oppression, they would have only themselves to thank for it. With equal effect the learned and patriotic moralizer upon Æsop, in allusion to this future event, reminded them that ' bitter words and hard usage freeze the heart into a kind of obduracy, which mild persuasion and gentle usage only can dissolve and soften. Persecution has always fixed and rivetted those opinions which it was intended to dispel ; and some discerning men have attributed the quick growth of christianity in a great measure to the rough and barbarous reception which its first teachers met in the world.' This, throughout the history of man, hath ever been the case with Liberty : in America it was so,

in England it hath aforetime been so, and so in England will it be again : for out of the injustice, abuse, oppression, and usurpation of our rulers and governors, and the oligarchy, of our elective rights, will grow the People's day of Victory, and their oppressor's day of ' distress and humiliation,' as at York Town. In the very nature of things it must be so, and cannot be otherwise.

The bad government by the English of their colonies, at all times and places, has been strikingly pointed out by Carte the historian, who, in his life of the Duke of Ormond, takes occasion to say, that ' the English never understood the art of governing their provinces; that they always treated them in such a manner as either to put them under the necessity, or subjected them to the temptation of casting off their government, whenever an opportunity offered : that it was a series of this impolitic conduct which lost them Normandy, Poitou, Anjou, Guienne, and all the dominions which they formerly had in France : that in the King of France's Trésor de Chartres, there are an infinite number of appeals and memorials for grievances which the inhabitants of the English provinces suffered from the English government : that for these reasons they never appeared in arms to assist the English against the French, according to the obligation of their tenures ; and whilst one hundred thousand vassals under the like tenures served in the armies of France, the English were forced to fight their battles themselves : that from an abhorrence to the English government, when Rochelle, Saintes, Angoulême, and other towns in those provinces, submitted to the Kings of France, they took particular care to insert in their capitulations an express article, ' that in no distress of the affairs of France, they should ever be delivered back into the hands of the English,' A very sensible man remarking upon this passage, says : ' Had Mr. Carte lived in our times, what a melancholy addition he might have made to his catalogue of provinces dismembered from the British empire by the narrow and illiberal policy of its government ! He would also have increased the number of stinging remarks, by asserting, that even after the loss of America, the concessions in favour of Ireland were not obtained from the generosity, but extorted from the fears of its rulers.'

The peace and quiet with which women so much affect in domestic life, requires a very strong feeling indeed to ruffle, disturb, and do away ; and he or they that excite it, are always impolitic and unwise, and commonly criminal. The determined and most enthusiastic manner in which the ladies of America entered into the general feeling of indignation at their country's wrongs, was remarkably striking. How many are enumerated by Major Garden : how many he confessedly left unmentioned, only for want of an acre of parchment to inscribe their names and their deeds and the fullness of their Patriotism and Love of Country. In these Records I have attempted to preserve a few of them, as a study for the ladies of England, now so unhappily inclined to submit, in common with their lethargic fathers, husbands, brothers, friends,

and relatives, to every fleecing oppression, every shameless robbery and covert invasion of all that was once so dear to their fathers and mothers of old. Fine names and courtly epithets, holy sophistry and jesuitical distinctions, now weave the delusive web which blinds their eyes to what is doing; while for their corrupt husbands, arguments are produced from the Mint and the Bank of England, which support the luxurious extravagancies of living, corrupt the understandings, and steel the hearts of all that give way to them.

When will a woman of genteel life in England be found to resist the harsh mandate of Paul's 'all in authority,' and the parson's 'powers that be,' whom she must know are invading the freedom and ruining the prosperity of her country? when will one of these, like Mrs. Thomas Heyward, of America, decline to rejoice in their success, and refuse to illuminate for their victory? Never; no, not one of them all, I fear, of the present generation, however their daughters and granddaughters may conduct themselves, if ever placed in so trying a situation. Rather would she cry with the degenerate Spaniards, 'Long live the Absolute King! and down with the constitution.' When would she, as the lively Mrs. Brewton, who walking in the Broad-street of Charleston in deep mourning, according to the fashion of the Whig ladies for the sorrows and miseries of their country; when would she pick up the crape flounce which was accidentally torn from her dress, and hang it upon the gate of an absent patriot, driven from his home by the foul oppressors of her country, as did Mrs. Brewton hang the piece of crape so torn from her dress upon the gate of the absent governor, Rutledge, whose house was then occupied by the brutal Moncrief: exclaiming to one of the enemy standing by: 'Where are you, dearest governor; surely the magnanimous Britons will not deem it a crime if I cause your house as well as your friends to mourn your absence.' When, with the same lady, who, entering Charleston with Major Hyrne, appointed to negociate a change of prisoners, and being asked by the British what news in the country? replied, that 'All Nature smiled, for everything was GREENE down to Monk's Corner;' alluding to the recent conquests of that distinguished general of her country. Rather would our legitimately, hoodwinked, voluntarily blind Englishwomen of this generation, underrate the glad tidings and cry with the degenerate Spaniards, 'Long live the Absolute King! and down with the constitution.' The numerous fine examples of the Whig ladies of America, have no weight with her, for she is lost to every sense of Public Freedom.

Some singular coincidences occurred in the course of and towards the conclusion of the war, which passed not unobserved by thinking men. When kings and ministers seize the scales of justice, short weight to the people is the assured legitimate consequences; but when poised by the King of Kings, oppression kicks the beam, and Freedom triumphs. So was the HOLY WAR of George and his Tories found light in the balance, when so weighed against the rights and liberties of the Americans; for the finger of God was

there, and the sacred wisdom of fiat justitia was made manifest to men, even as the church and state maxim of might overcomes right, was humbled to the dust. No common occurrence, in illustration of this, is related by Major Garden, who had the fact from Judge Peters. 'On entering Philadelphia in June, 1778, after the evacuation of the British troops, we were,' he says, 'hard pressed for ammunition. We caused the whole of the city to be ransacked for cartridge paper. At length, I thought of the garrets of old printing offices. In that once occupied as a lumber room by DOCTOR FRANKLIN when a printer, a vast collection was discovered.— Among the mass was more than a cart load of sermons on DEFENSIVE WAR, preached by a famous Gilbert Tenant, during an old British and French war, to rouse the COLONISTS to indispensable exertion. These appropriate manifestoes were instantly employed, as cases for musquetry, were rapidly sent off to the army, arrived most opportunely, and were fired away at the battle of Monmouth against our retiring foe.' With a more interesting anecdote than this, when viewed in all its relative points and bearings and situations, I confess myself to be entirely unacquainted.

It will be the impartial award of posterity that the efforts of heroism, of both men and women, were of no common stamp, to so fight out of the fire as the Americans did fight out of the fire their Independence. Our degraded Tory King and government, foiled in their attempt to ruin them, took comfort to themselves in dwelling upon the delusive hope, that a system of power so democratic as that which the Americans proposed to erect, must necessarily fall to pieces from the nature of the materials composing it. They assumed, that either by being independent as provinces, they would be weakened in their jealous watchings of each other, and thus become an easy conquest, or that they would in anarchical confusion fall a prey to the powers of Europe in general; in which scramble, from our prior claim and powerful navy, a very large portion must fall to the share of England. Under this Machiavelian impression, the ministers advised and the King signed the treaty of peace, acknowledging the Independence of the United States; and the result is, that America, to the utter chagrin of every Tory upon earth, has become the nursery of freedom, the sanctuary of the oppressed, and the terror in principle, of despot Europe.

So transported with heroic delight were the Americans at the happy result of their exertions, that vengeance had no share in their demeanour towards their late outrageous and destroying enemy.— One of the most deliberately malignant of these, Lord Cornwallis, was in their hands a prisoner. They merely offered him in exchange for Mr. Laurens, who had been so long and unjustly confined in the Tower of London. Mr. Burke, saith our patriotic historian, with his usual dexterity of combining and bringing into view objects the most striking and impressive on the passions of men, observed; that the British ministry had been brought to some sense of justice in a moment. 'Warned by a star that had arisen in the west, which had convinced them of the danger of longer persevering in their

rigid treatment of Mr. Laurens. This was no other than the news arriving, that the son of Mr. Laurens, an accomplished officer in the American service, had Earl Cornwallis in his custody : and that his treatment of his noble prisoner was directly the reverse of that experienced by Mr. Laurens's father, who was then locked up in that Tower, of which Lord Cornwallis was the constable.' This is another of those singular coincidences I have so recently alluded to.

Indeed, had congress insisted upon it, they might not only have had Mr. Laurens for Cornwallis, but the traitor villain Arnold would also have been forthcoming; whom they then could have hanged upon the highest gibbet ever erected, and upon the highest mountain in America. The King would have inwardly rejoiced in the riddance of Arnold, even as his heart yearned for his dearly beloved gossip, Cornwallis; and ministers would not have opposed the arrangement. Instead of this act of simple justice, they generously allowed this legitimate violator of the capitulation of Charleston, this loyal barbarian in a thousand other respects, to return quietly to England upon his parole of honour. Mr. Faux speaks of having met in America with a Major Young, who was entrusted by General Washington with his discharge from his parole. His lordship received it from the major at his house in London, and was much pleased that he was not compelled to return to America.—Verily, he must have been much pleased on many accounts; the trouble, expense, and hazard of the voyage, being the least of them.

GENERAL JACKSON.

GENERAL JACKSON, at a very early period of his life, aspired to obtain celebrity. At the age of fourteen he commenced his military career, and shared the glory of the well-fought action at Stono. Made a prisoner in his native settlement at the Waccasaws, shortly after the surrender of Charleston, his manly opposition to the orders of an unfeeling tyrant who wished to impose on him the duties of a hireling, gave superior claims to applause. Wounds were inflicted and increase given to persecution, but without affecting either the steadiness of his principles or the firmness of his resolution. He told his oppressor—' You may destroy, but can never bend me to a submission.'

The severity of this treatment arose from his refusal to obey an officer who ordered him to clean his boots. The spirit of the youth, which ought to have called forth applause, excited no sentiment but that of unbridled resentment.—GARDEN.

WITHOUT justifying in the least the conduct of the British officer, whose name might as well have been given, yet there is something, perhaps, to be said in mitigation of it. Not a word is mentioned of the youth being an officer, or even a volunteer; therefore, we are left, if we please, to understand that he was a private, or a lad attached to his corps and carrying a musquet on fighting days. This, so far as European manners and military aristocracy is concerned, takes something away from the wantonness of the tyranny

on the part of the officer, leaving him only in the unhappy plight of an ungenerous man. Now, if young Jackson were an officer or a volunteer, not even European manners would bear such treatment out, and the officer stood condemned as a vulgar, low-lived, petty despot in a little brief authority; a mean character that belongs in particular to no country, but is to be found, without much seeking, in all.

For my part, I do entirely impugn the conduct of the officer in every point of view, it being altogether unsoldierly, unmanly, and ungentlemanly, to strike or in any way ill use and abuse a prisoner of war. Again, the bad treatment of those Americans who by the fortune of war fell into the hands of the British, proceeded from many causes, and not the least was an overweening confidence in the ultimate subjection of the colonists, as Rebels and Traitors, as they called them; not dreaming of a day of account, when their great and little despotisms were to be rendered up to a victorious enemy. The conduct of the Jack in office who caused Major Evan Edwards to be so grossly insulted, arose out of this base and recreant sense of impunity; who, so far from supposing that the hour would arrive that he was to deliver his surrendering sword to that generous gentleman, believed that nothing was so unlikely to come to pass as the discomfiture and loss of two British armies in the conflict: hence the servile and rascally sense of loyalty evinced in the base contumely which he passed upon the brave and bonny rebel, as designated by the Scotch lassie. Not only the British were blinded by this imaginary feeling of all power and might, but those wretched Americans who sided with them against the chartered rights and liberties of their country, laboured under the like delusion. Mr. Faux speaks of conversing with a General Cantey upon this subject, who told him that he was a prisoner with the English at that period, and, in common with others in that situation, was very rudely treated. I once, said he, told Colonel Rugely, one of the degenerate Americans adhering to the British, that I thought we rebels should succeed;—when he scornfully replied—‘What, they succeed? Aye, you may as well expect the sky will fall to catch larks!’ Just so are the Tories of England now taking disdainful comfort to themselves upon the question of Reform; and from their might and power, under bribery and corruption, and their standing army, believe that the sky will fall as soon to catch larks, as that the Reformers will succeed: nevertheless, be it known to all the gang of them, that the Reformers will succeed in spite of the devil himself, with whom the Tories are in HOLY ALLIANCE against freedom and good government, throughout the world.

The surest test of independent-minded men is their steadfast resistance, at all hazards and events, of the lawless mandates of power, in whatsoever shape they come, and from whomsoever they may issue: and this with sterling inflexibility from their cradles to their graves. A host of these are becoming banded together in England now, and will work out their freedom, even as did the

Americans forty years ago. Let the Tories look well to this, for it will surely be ; and when the trying hour comes, shall they, like the devils, their coadjutors, believe and tremble. A friend to the cause once elegantly said, that ' a good bow springs from under the hand that bends it : ' so sprung Mr. Jackson from the hand of his tyrant—so sprung his brother heroes from the tyrants that oppressed his country—and so will spring the people of England from the Tories of England. It is an axiom, drawn from the inmost bosoms of men, that ' subaltern tyrants are ever most intolerant and intolerable ; ' and it applies with unerring truth, not only to the case of young Jackson, but at this moment to the people of England. To see delegated authority in every department of church and state, grade by grade, from high to low, incessantly at war with the best interests of man ; to see the magistracy intruded upon by the priesthood, the elective franchise usurped by the peerage ; to witness the bold objections taken by the learned judges of the law to the inherent rights of the subject, and to hear the curses loud and deep which are showered upon the heads of the hewers of wood and the drawers of water, and the few friends they have, by all the host of legitimacy, needs no tongue to tell that such is intolerant and intolerable, and will not much longer be endured. The concession of a few odious taxes cannot seriously be intended by the Tories as a sop for the Reformers, but rather as a state trick to retain their always purchased retainers. It matters but little what is conceded by them, so long as the grand constitutional object of the Reformers is to prevent a recurrence of fleecery and despotism in future, under cover of bribery and corruption, and to put it entirely out of the power of the few to levy imposts upon and make laws for the many, without their representative consent. In doing this, the hateful powers that be, and all their crew, may curse the Reformers loud and deep until their tongues become dry, and Hell's fierce oratory fails them ;—the Reformers care not, for **POSTERITY WILL HUZZA FOR THEM**, while this world's gear they know is forfeited in their disdain of subserviency.

It is the private opinion of one of our Tories who has lately visited America, that the race of heroes which won the independency of the states is run out, and that, were the like question to be agitated again, the present breed of Yankees could not stand two campaigns. He was about to say but one, when recollecting the decisive battle before New Orleans, subsequently to the burning of Washington, he thought it was better to say two campaigns. Castlereagh, whom this gentleman had latterly thought proper to admire, was of the like opinion, and acted upon it, and, until that rap of the knuckles, had been dreaming of recovering America or the greater part of it. General Jackson, in the Revolutionary war, was but a stripling, but in the fullness of his manhood it appears to our cost that he found in the present generation some of the remains of the heroes to co-operate with him against the desolating invasion of the common enemy. In the last war, which Castle-

reagh and his gang so arrogantly provoked, it appears, that, as before, the British employed the savages; and it was General Jackson's fortune not only to give themselves in the first instance the most signal defeat they experienced, but afterwards to chastise their savages, almost to extirpation.

Can it be believed, that the acts of barbarity committed by the savages in this short war, would fill a quarto volume? At Burlington Heights, at Meigs, at the Moravian village, at the black rock of Buffaloe, their yells are described as most appalling, and their cruelties most revolting to humanity: but their infuriate barbarities at French Town exceeded anything of the kind that men calling themselves christians ever witnessed or permitted. The Americans surrendered upon capitulation, on receiving a message from the British commander, Colonel Proctor, that unless they immediately did so, they and their village would be delivered up to the fury of the savages. On this they capitulated upon the honourable terms of saving their village, taking care of their wounded, burying of their dead, and the protection of the prisoners from the savages then howling round them for their prey. This was no sooner negotiated and agreed to, than Proctor marches off his troops, giving the poor prisoners in charge of the damnable savages from whose ruthless barbarities he pledged himself to protect them. The result was, that with the wounded and the dying the greater portion were tomahawked, the remainder were reserved to be roasted and tortured at the stake when they had dragged them home, reviling, scourging, and otherwise tormenting them as they passed along. Some of the British officers, indignant at the treachery of their commander, dashed into the woods after the infernals, and, tracking the Indians for many miles, at length came up with them, and succeeded in saving by purchase, at a high price, such of the naked, fainting, and wearied Americans as were left alive. Proctor is not yet hanged, and the gallant gentlemen who so gloriously preserved the few unfortunate prisoners that were left alive, have not yet been rewarded; and, such is the quality of legitimacy, that neither of these devoutly to be wished acts of justice will ever be performed.

The Americans were not in any instance, during this short but fierce and sanguinary contest, unkind to their prisoners, which, when once mentioned in the House of Commons, the heartless, cut-throat Castlereagh ascribed to FEAR! In what a dreadful state must this charlatan's mind have been, to have put so base a construction upon an act of knightly humanity! What an estimate must he have made of the relative strength and weakness of the British and the Americans; and what a salutary lesson must have been the signal defeat of Packenham and Gibbes before New Orleans, by the troops of that nation, whose humanity to their prisoners of war he attributed to FEAR! General Jackson was the American officer entrusted with the command in the state of Louisiana, of which New Orleans is the capital. He met the British army there, which, flushed with success and desolation, proposed

also to burn and destroy that emporium of the American corn-market. With ten thousand men of a side the fight commenced, when the British army was so decidedly worsted, as to entirely put an end to all hopes of future success; which having sobered the intoxication of master Castlereagh and his legitimates at home, a treaty was entered into, and this wanton predatory war of invasion and atrocity was concluded.

Mortified and confounded by the disastrous intelligence, the Tories would have cast reflection upon the bravery and conduct of the troops, but they could not with any feeling of decency, for they were a portion of Wellington's victorious army, drafted on purpose to chastise republican America; and to legitimize the only quarter of the world where Freedom remained unshackled by kings and priests and oligarchs. It was in the true spirit of this ultra loyalty that Colonel Drummond, at the attempted re-capture of Fort Erie, repeatedly yelled out to his men to 'GIVE THE DAMNED YANKEES NO QUARTER!' After this man had performed prodigies of valour, he fell, and his troops retreated with unusual loss, and the 'damned Yankees' generously returned evil for good, by giving Drummond's wounded and prisoners QUARTER.

Had the officer who five and thirty years before so disgustingly ordered Mr. Jackson to clean his boots, and maltreated him that he would not; had he been in the field with the British army before New Orleans, when this youth, now grown up to General Jackson, commanded the American forces which so decidedly defeated the valiant Wellingtonians,—what, good God, had been his sensations! What but those so deservedly experienced by the officer that so grossly insulted Major Evan Edwards, and was afterwards compelled by the fortune of war, to yield up his sword to him. In all these eventful things I read the coming discomfiture and humility of our Tories here in England, now so insolent, so lawless, so wantonly insulting, and so exultingly oppressive: and it is, of all the lessons I do read, that which yields me the most heartfelt satisfaction.

General Jackson is known as the condign punisher and root and branch castigator of the savages who had joined the British standard, and committed such barbarities upon the Americans, when so unhappy as to fall within their power. At Tallushatches, Talledega, Hillebeetowns, and Autosse, all Indian villages, he defeated them, and consigned their villages to the flames. They fought with the fury of devils; they gave no quarter, and disdained to receive any. Many tribes combined and formed a fortress covering a hundred acres of ground at Tallapoosa, on the southern extremity of New Yonka; the general assailed them there, scaled their rude defences, and cut every man to pieces, with the exception of about twenty.—He, in these sanguinary acts of justice, served his country most essentially, and acquired the title of the Hero of the Wilderness. In future, however inclined the British may be to employ the savages, not a tribe will be found to accept their delusive offers; for they will not only never forget the example that was made of them,

but they will remember that their allies neither could nor would render them the least assistance.

Here endeth, we hope to God, the employment of the savages.—This atrocity of the Norths and Germaines of the Revolutionary war, was renewed by Castlereagh, in the same diabolical spirit, and with the same blood-thirsty doctrine of which Lord Suffolk was the broacher,—that the savages were a weapon put into our hands by God and Nature. It was a doctrine in which Castlereagh, from the bottom of his heart, was truly orthodox,—by the same token that he mortally hated the Americans, once our successfully revolting colonists, and now a nation of rank republicans in the very teeth of the Holy Alliance and all conquering legitimate Europe. To be sure, of God he knew nothing, and only once in his life studied Nature; and that was, to find the vein which would most speedily stream life away when he purposed to finish his legitimate career by cutting his throat.

The republican principles of the United States will chasten the revived tyrannies of Europe, daily and hourly in silent succession, commencing with England and concluding with Russia; and do they all unite and combine yet closer and stronger in their dearly beloved Holy Alliance principles to invade America and destroy her republicanism, the bayonets and rifles of her free population will repel the blasphemous inroad, and in turn will chase back across the Atlantic the invaders to their own doors, and revolutionize them all. Not even the sarcastic policy of the American officer during this last war, will twice avail them, for humanity by despots is attributed to fear, and forbearance to weakness. Miss Wright tells the admirable story:—A body of the American militia had repulsed a party of the British, and were pursuing them to their boats, when their officer recalled them. A zealous citizen, angry at losing so fine and vengeful an opportunity of doing execution upon the invaders, observed, that ere they could have reached them two thirds had been dead or prisoners. 'True,' replied his officer, 'we might possibly, with the loss of a dozen men, have deprived the enemy of some hundreds, but what would have been the dozen? sons, husbands, fathers, and useful citizens: and what would have been the hundreds? men fighting for hire! which loss in the balance had weighed the heavier?' Britons, reflect, deeply reflect, upon this keen sarcasm against standing armies, for machinery is in their formation and despotism is in their uses, and no country was ever free that suffered itself to be saddled with one.

Far be it from me to reflect upon our truly gallant army; let their employers receive all that is intended, and pocket the affront as well as they may. If we must keep up a standing force, let it rather be sent against the despotism of Spain, than the democracy of America; rather let it make an example of the degenerate Spaniards, who cry all hail! to the pest of all the earth, an absolute King, than to subvert the Republic of America; rather let them gibbet the villainous, ignominious Ferdinand alive, than depose the President of the United States—as was the object of its employers

when the draft was made from Wellington's victorious troops to cross the Atlantic : and never again let it be heard that a British army became the instrument of enrobed and legitimately sanctioned incendiaries, as were Castlereagh and his gang, when they ordered it in imitation of the Norths and Germaines, to burn and destroy, plunder and desolate, the maritime towns and cities of America.

It was not a party assertion without proof, that the destruction of Washington materially served the cause it was intended to injure ; and this is as apparent to those who can see things in the distance, as are the clouds above their heads, and as big with storms. Toryism and atrocity are one and the same at all times and seasons, and the Tory atrocity of England towards America, has been as consistent as the winter in January and as the summer in June ; and has kindled a never-dying flame of Patriotism and Love of Country against our name and nation. The burning of the arsenals and dockyards at Washington, however bad the policy, stand justified, it appears, by the law of nations ; but when General Ross, upon gaining possession of the city, set fire to the Capitol, the Senate-house and House of Representatives, the Treasury, the War-office, the President's palace, and the great bridge across the Potowmack, he dishonoured himself and disgraced his country : and, yet more, though he might not know it, fought the enemy's battle. From that hour federalism was no more, and uprose unqualified democracy, in gigantic unity, peace, and concord. In that atrocity alone the oligarchy hath established the Republic of America on the surest foundation, and hath shaken the legitimacy of England to its very centre.

When the better part of the people of England cried out against this villainous warfare, the scribes of the ruling faction denied it, and, as usual, had found some votaries, had not the exulting dispatch sent home by the general confirmed the fact, and this dispatch in the moment of rejoicing been published in the Gazette.—The same was the case in regard to Alexandria, Baltimore, and other places burnt and plundered. I have heard it said, that Ross Trevor in Ireland, had the war continued, was marked down in the volume of vengeance and retaliation, as one of the places to suffer for the deadly insult put upon Washington. Ross Trevor, the beautiful village belonging to General Ross, the conflagrator, even though he was killed, was yet doomed to the flames. A privateer was to have landed a party at the entrance of Carlingford Bay in the night, which, dividing, could have easily burnt and destroyed the house upon the mountain wherein resided Mrs. Ross, as also the beautiful village below, before the troops at Newry could have got under arms, much less have advanced six Irish miles to save them. In case of another war with America, let the descendants of General Ross look well to this, for what has been once planned is ever subject to be executed ; and as the burning of Washington will not hastily be forgiven, it is not likely that the burner of it will be much sooner forgotten.

On the fall of Napoleon, Russia attempted to mediate a peace

between England and America, which Castlereagh, who possessed nine-tenths of the wickedness of Machiavel without a tithe of his judgment, very insolently declined ; as, forsooth, in his intoxicated brain, President Madison was to be deposed, and the government of the United States was to be legitimized upon the basis of those of Russia, Austria, and Prussia : after which great work, it is said, that England was to undergo the like regeneration. If ever a statesman were a curse on earth, to his own and to every country to which as a statesman he directed his views, it was Castlereagh. Possessing all the virulence of the serpent without its wisdom, all the smoothness of the dove without its meekness, he was continually involving the honour and compromising the best interests of his own by his errors and crimes towards other nations. It was this man's maligancy to suffer the seasonable moment of making peace to be proudly neglected, when in a few months after he was compelled to treat, from the vast expense of conveying fresh troops over the Atlantic after the defeat before New Orleans, and from the dread of the naval powers of Europe assisting America to establish her maritime rights : so the treaty of Ghent was concluded.

It was whimsical enough his pretensions to the province of Maine on the Canadian frontier, because the Americans left it undefended in their anxiety to meet more important circumstances, knowing that at all events it must follow the fortunes of the war. The British generals meanwhile had overrun it, and required by proclamation that the inhabitants came in and took an oath of allegiance to his majesty. Require indeed ! why the Americans would rather swear allegiance to his Infernal Majesty than to the King of England ; and this is a secret they never pretend to keep. The demand of Maine was that of the frowardness of a spoiled child crying for its rattle, but the making a peace without setting straight the contentions of the war, deeply reflects upon the diplomacy of both parties. This is a quality in peacemaking so truly legitimate and European, so much partaking of king-craft, which never permits a treaty of peace without leaving a door open for another war, that one is surprized that the American plenipotentiaries fell in with it. The first article of the Treaty of Ghent declares that ' All discussion of our maritime rights is waved on both sides ! '—which meaneth, that it suits neither of us to fight it out now, but so soon as one or both have recovered strength and wind, we will go to it again. O Jonathan, Jonathan, never again make peace on our side of the water.

Castlereagh is gone to hell, thank God, and Canning rules in his stead, thank the devil. Canning at Liverpool lately, in allusion to this war and this peace, carried himself like a blockhead, begging his pardon ; while Mr. Hughes from America, on the same occasion exhibited himself as any thing else than a prodigy of diplomacy, begging his pardon also. It could only be to a turtle-feast meeting of stupid ignoramuses, as are Mr. Canning's late constituents there, that he durst have hazarded such bad history and such tasteless metaphor. The parent angry with her child, God help the man, and, after sometime retaining her resentment, a reconciliation takes

place, and they, God help them both, are better friends than ever ! It is beneath contempt to seriously descant upon such fustian, such cant, and such hypocrisy. Enough has been said in these Records, as to my opinion how far such domestic friendship had followed if coercion of the most brutal stamp had availed,—and, it not availing, how much the parent hates and abhors the child therefore, and how little love is lost between them.

This sea-saw of witless dissimulation, might have done very well in a coterie of old women round a tea-table, or of men like old women at a private party, over a bottle of claret ; but from the mouth of the secretary of state to the King of England, at a public dinner, where every sentence was intended, and if not intended, would go forth into the world, it was unpardonable.

ABUSE OF THE AMERICANS.

THE Harry Barry, so frequently mentioned in these anecdotes, while in public he flattered with marked attention, was well known in the circle of his intimates to ridicule in miserable doggrel the females at the shrine of whose beauty he affected to pay his adoration. After the war I heard a very respectable refugee declare, that, having been absent from England some time, and on his return meeting in the streets of London with Major Skelly, who, when in the garrison of Charleston, had been received in his family on the footing of a brother, he began anxiously to enquire about the fortunes of many of their former acquaintances,—when, laconically and with a very magnificent bow, he replied, ‘ Mr. R——, I am a man of candour and would not wish to deceive you. My American acquaintances were altogether those of convenience, and I have CUT them all.’—GARDEN.

THE English, who so complacently flatter themselves, that in comparison with every other nation, generosity and magnanimity are personified in them, do never, even into this self-sufficient account, condescend to include America ; for they, God wot, are ruffians and barbarians. The selfishness of outward loyalty, the pride of aristocracy, the hatred, not unmixed with envy, of a prosperous republic, combined with the consciousness of the lesson of ‘ tread upon a worm and it will turn again,’ having been so dreadfully realized, do all in all contribute to the torrent of abuse which continually is rolling across the Atlantic from England into the very teeth of America. The first moment that an English traveller lands in the United States, he evinces his native, isolated, habitual haughtiness towards the inhabitants, not always perhaps knowing what he is about : without using one rude or even unpolite expression, his every look and gesture, gait and manner, betray him. This is quickly discovered, and if not keenly, is sneeringly resented ; which makes the aristocrat intentionally offensive, and the democrat yet more provokingly so, and so they pass on to the end of the chapter. The one writes a book about it when he gets home, professing to ‘ nothing extenuate nor aught set down in malice,’ which is read with great satisfaction by the parsons, the old women, and the kiss-

breeches of Toryism, as their rulers wish it should be ; whose only policy towards America is to impede every amalgamation of feeling between the two countries.

To this description of traveller there will be found an occasional exception ; and it may here that the bias may turn rather too partially in favour of the Americans : in this case both must be consulted, and common sense must decide as well as it can. Those who have taken up their opinions against the people of the United States from the publications of Parkinson, Ashe, Moore, Fearon, and Welby, will not lose their time in accompanying Mr. Faux and Miss Wright over the same ground. Reflections upon countries have seldom much philosophy in them, for every people hath its peculiar excellence, and every nation its drawback ; therefore, reflections upon countries must proceed from a lack of wisdom or an overflow of the angry feelings, neither of which can long be dwelt upon by enlightened men ; and to be enlightened, let me tell the proud ones, does not require what is called a **FINISHED** education.

When Anacreon Moore was in America, himself, or others in some manner connected with him, soon made it known that Lord Moira was his patron, which did him no good ; for his patron's name was odious throughout the country, from end to end and side to side, from centre to circumference. From what grew out of this, we may bottom Mr. Moore's affected disdain of and real asperity towards the people of the United States. Although they were disposed to admire the elegant lyric poet, it is possible that some dislike of the patron might have been displayed, which by a true poet would not go long unresented. He passed through the States into Canada, and, mixing with the British officers and principal inhabitants of Fort George, Quebec, and Montreal, amused them not a little at the expence of the Yankees, forgetting their hospitalities and numberless endeavours to please. It is not with the least disrespect towards Mr. Moore, that I speak thus, but only in defence of the abused Americans. The elegant amatory bard of Erin's Green Isle, is, as such, an honour to his country, but he must not abuse the Americans ; and I hope he has long since regretted the publication of such harshness as the following :—

‘ I went,’ he says, ‘ to America, with prepossessions by no means unfavourable, and indeed rather indulged in many of those illusive ideas with respect to the purity of the government, and the primitive happiness of the people, which I had early imbibed in my native country, where unfortunately discontent at home enhances every distant temptation ; and the western world has long been looked to as a retreat from real or imaginary oppression, as the elysian Atlantis, where persecuted patriots might find their visions realized and be welcomed by kindred spirits to liberty and repose.

‘ I was completely disappointed in every flattering expectation which I had formed, and was inclined to say to America, as Horace says to his mistress, “ *intentata nites*.” The rude familiarity of the lower orders, and indeed the unpolished state of society in general,

would neither surprise nor disgust, if they seemed to flow from that simplicity of character, that honest ignorance of the gloss of refinement, which may be looked for in a new and inexperienced people ; but when we find them arrived at maturity in most of the vices and all the pride of civilization, while they are still so remote from its elegant characteristics, it is impossible not to feel that this youthful decay, this crude anticipation of the natural period of corruption, represses every sanguine hope of the future energy and greatness of America.

‘ That contempt for the elegances of education which the American democrats affect, is no where more grossly conspicuous than in Virginia. The young men who look to advancement, study rather to be demagogues than politicians ; and in everything that distinguishes from the multitude is supposed to be invidious and improper ; the levelling system is applied to education, and has had all the effect which its partizans could desire, by producing a most extensive equality of ignorance. In learning from them what America can be, I but see with more indignation what Americans are.’

This morsel of aristocratic eloquence was penned about twenty years since, and calls for little other answer than the present state of the western world, which is always the best confutation of reflections upon countries, when it fortunately is producible. Surely the people of America are not to be thus contemned, even when placed in comparison with many of the most enlightened nations of Europe. It were well that Mr. Moore himself now took a dispassionate view of the gigantic strides which America is taking towards wealth and power, and the consequent civilization of her people, and he would, out of all doubt, hasten to attract the lightness with which he has aforetime spoken of that extraordinary country. The building of their ships, and the fighting of them too ; the cutting of their canals, more especially the late effort of human labour, skill, and patience ; the population of their towns, the freedom of their government, the toleration of their creed, and the cultivation of their lands, would strike conviction to his breast and crimson to his cheek, for the malignity of his politics, the badness of his taste in such matters, and the weakness of his judgment in the sentence which he passed upon them.

If the manners of the greater number were a little coarse and rude, he had done well to have reflected upon the infancy of their republic ; he might have known from his favourite classics, that a nation is not less powerful, not less to be disdained, on that account, and the march of events confirms it true. Their armies, though but a militia force, are not, we know to our cost, to be trifled with ; and into their navy is introduced the Roman discipline, and that partaking of a severity not exceeded in any age or in any nation, while it is divested of the brutality of all others. Merely to ingratiate himself with so stately a beggar, with so vain-glorious a lord, as Moira, he should not have committed himself in such abuse of a people so peculiarly situate. There was then, there is now, scarcely a man in all America who was not and who is not, always except-

ing felons and outlaws, a better man than Lord Rawdon was then, Earl Moira was afterwards, and than the Marquis of Hastings is now or ever will be. In America a cruel despot, in Ireland a speech-maker to gain popularity, in England a profligate spendthrift, and in India a sumptuous, magnificent, effeminate Great Mogul. His prodigality and extravagance, at all times and in all situations, have been boundless, and his debts are enormous; and it may be truly said, that he has spent more money and to less purpose, than any man in England, alone and only excepting his royal master.

I will pass over Parkinson, Ashe, and Fearon, their abuse of the Americans being so replete with prejudice as in so far to become harmless and non-effective: not so as regards Mr. Welby, from whose travels we gather all those things of the Americans which are said to be written in brass, because they are bad. This gentleman travelled over an immense space of country in too short a time, so we never find him any where but upon the road, in boarding-houses, or in log-taverns; therefore, of choice or necessity, he appears to have declined all private society, the most valuable of all other. Mr. Faux confirms several of the coarsenesses mentioned by Mr. Welby, but accompanies it with many things which are said to be written in sand, because they are good. He did not seem pleased to paint the worst side only of the piece, but attempts to delineate all sides and to extenuate all. He is never to be found in a boarding-house or log-tavern, when he could get into private society and become an American. His diary is valuable, and would be yet more so, if we could gather from what state or city he dates and writes, as he passes through the country.

There is another traveller, Miss Wright, worth them all put together, and, until refuted by the degeneracy and falling away of the Americans themselves, will be the most consulted and relied on; for it is the conduct of the Americans only that can falsify or confirm her statements. At the first glance of them, she beheld a republic that was conceived and generated and brought to birth in the storms of civil war, nursed in Patriotism and Love of Country, and subsisting in the exultation of victory over an enemy as merciless and ferocious as the Mohawks which he employed against them, and she felt and knew what time would do for such a people. Mr. Welby,—who, by the bye, was there at the same time with Miss Wright, as was Mr. Faux also, though they do not appear to have met,—expecting more than he found, fell foul of all, with little exception, and reduced the scriptural phrase of our being children of wrath into practice, to the utter astonishment of all his friends. He took a dislike to everything,—the men were rude, the women were nothing; the meat was tasteless, and the drink insipid; but the horses were good, and the hewers of wood and the drawers of water walked upright and erect, as conscious that they were men, not worn down, bended-kneed, and stooping labourers, as in England. Mr. Welby's friends have always known him to be a man of strict veracity, and give him credit for putting down upon paper only what he saw, and what he felt, and what he believed to

be the case : but the prejudices of the aristocracy of England distorted his vision, and fettered his once much-admired understanding.

Volney, who was so liberally given towards all nations, charges the Americans with being foul feeders, but I must say, when he particularizes it, he makes one hungry. He was a Frenchman, but an Englishman who looks over the bill of fare will not fail to pronounce it to be damned good-living, and to heartily hope he may never fare worse. Had Volney but reverted to what the Germans were in the trencher way but a short century before he wrote, he would have held that the Americans were but eating hasty pudding with a pin, in comparison with them. Not to rise from the table until they had consumed all that was set before them, was a sacred custom of their country never to be departed from. That they should not be too long about their meals, in some of the principalities it was provided by law, that in their feasts they should not sit more than five hours at table ; during which time, if by intemperance, either in eating or drinking, a man disgorged his foul stomach in his fellow's lap, or pissed under the table, it was no disgrace to him, nor at any time taken notice of to his reproach. This humour of gormandizing, continueth mine old unsophisticated authority, was not only cherished among the vulgar, but by their greatest princes. Now I deduce from this, that Europeans should look about them a little at home, before they abuse the Americans, and they will not be unprofitably employed.

Even in our own all-complacent, self-lauding country, aye, as late as the commencement of the sixteenth century, our most powerful and wealthy barons fed grossly enough. The household book of the great Earl of Northumberland, of that period, states the diet of my lord and my lady in particular, and their large establishment in general, which confirms the asserted facts of the coarse, indelicate manner in which our ancestors eat and drank, were they never so grand and princely. As low down as the reign of Elizabeth, the highest rank of her subjects were gross feeders, not in matter only, but in manner. For example we will instance the queen herself, as she describes it in a letter written from Kenilworth Castle, when there feasted and entertained by the Earl of Leicester. 'A mornings,' saith old Bess, 'I rise ordinarily at seven o'clock ; then redy I go into chapell : soon after eight I get me commonly intoo my lord president's chamber. There at the cupbord, after I have eaten the manchets served over night for livery,—for I dare be as bolled, I promise you, as any of my friends the servants thear : and indeed could I have fresh if I would tarry, but I am of woont jolly and dry a mornings. I drink me up a good bol of ale ; when in a sweet pot it is defecated by all night's standing, the drink is the better ; take that of me ; and a morsell in a morning with a sound draught is very holsome and good for the eyesight.' Now if the Queen of England fed so grossly, it is reasonable to conclude that her nobility ate no better, and her people worse ; and in this reign we are told that the manners of the court and castles of England were polishing into splendour, which, from the access to the

continent, and interchange of the arts of civilization which the Reformation afforded, it probably was so. Then what a hoggish diet, and yet more hoggish manner of it, must have preceded this era of boasted improvement ! In Elizabeth's reign, be it also known, that herself and subjects, from high to low, fed with their fingers, not only off their trenchers, but not unfrequently out of the dishes, unless at great tables a carver was appointed to officiate for the company ; when he having no fork was compelled to hold the meat with the left hand which he carved with his right : but at all times throughout that reign, they put their meat into their mouths with their fingers.

Hence it was that our ancestors, when cleanly inclined, always washed before and after dinner ; which custom gradually declined as the use of forks prevailed, which in England was not until the reign of James the First, and introduced from Italy by Coryate, of which that traveller gives a very curious account. Surely, when such swineishness was luxury in England, an old royal establishment, in the most learned reign, and one remarkable for great deeds and distinguished personages, it little becomes our splenetic travellers to ridicule and malign the infant republic of America on the score of diet and regimen. Look at home to our rack-rent open-field farmers' kitchens of but yesterday, and, thanks to legitimacy, perhaps to day, where 'lumps of pudding and barley bread,' seasoned with fat bacon six inches thick without a hair's breadth of lean ; and look to the cottages where there is scarcely that. Then let them turn their eyes northward to the wretched crowdie of Scotland, and westward to poor Ireland, where the filthy, disgusting diet of her millions, the nasty stir-about, turns an Englishman's stomach, though he be not splenetic, but on the contrary is most friendly disposed towards the partakers of such nastiness. The reverse of the picture in America is, that the whole population live substantially well, some very well indeed, and others, whose wealth and means will meet it, most sumptuously.

Mr. Faux regrets the leaving of the hospitable roofs of New York and Pennsylvania, 'where at almost every meal rich and precious fruits garnished the ever-tempting table and sharpened the failing appetite. At Philadelphia,' he says, 'I find the roasted beef equal to that of Old England ; and everything at Judd's good hotel, fair, sweet, and cleanly—just what an Englishman loves and deems indispensable to his comfort.' Mr. Welby does not once make mention of a dinner party at a private gentleman's house, leaving us to conclude, if given to form hasty conclusions, that such things are not ; whereas Mr. Faux's makes one's mouth water in the perusal of his account of American convivialities. It appears to have been his happy fortune to have revelled in a continual round of them, and he dwells in relation upon the rich wines and their plenteousness, as he seems to have done in the actual enjoyment of them : and one man's authority is as good as another, until confuted and contradicted. The mode of spending the evening among the polished Americans, would do honour to the fashionable circles

of haughty, self-sufficient England. 'No cards,' says Mr. Faux, 'nor any species of gaming, are introduced; but the ladies, as all are connoisseurs in music, take in turn the grand piano, and play and sing delightfully; while conversation goes round in tête à tête groupes, as though the voice of music were not heard.' Miss Wright confirms these statements, and speaks of several other refinements and most enviable comforts, the which our Tories, legitimates, parsons, and fools, serviles and blockheads, and almost all our women in genteel life, angrily deny or disdainfully turn a deaf ear to.

Upon reading Mr. Welby's book, I enquired of a lady, by birth an American, but who resides in England, if there were no well-educated and accomplished women in America? when she promptly replied—'NOT ONE! Mr. Welby has truly portrayed them.' This lady, though educated in England, had since crossed the Atlantic to the place of her birth, one of the largest cities in America, respecting her property and fortune, so cannot stand excused as only seeing her native land in infancy. A gentleman who had perused Mr. Welby's account of the Americans, said to me, that he 'rejoiced that at last one Englishman was found to paint in true colours the brutality of those ruffians.' I made no observation upon it, for 'who can decide where doctors disagree,' as do Parkinson, Ashe, Moore, Fearon, and Welby, with Faux and Miss Wright.

The English, when they speak of the coarseness of the people of other nations, will always do well and wisely first themselves to look at home. The men of Kent and the Kentish men are as blunt towards strangers, as coarse and as conceited and self-sufficient as you please, but I have never heard them abused for it, as the Americans are abused. The rustic of Derbyshire is wantonly rude to people of quality and condition when he finds the least opening, and is quite an insolent fellow; yet he is never so abused as the Americans are abused, for whom a few excuses might be found in their republicanism, if it be true, which I do not believe, that democracy brutalizes the manners of a people. Is the atrocious Lancashire kick so entirely done away with, that the rude rough and tumble, and the brutal gouging of America, are to excite more general disgust? Are our infamous hordes of trained pick-pockets, burglars, cut-throats, sodomites, felons, rogues, and vagabonds of every description, in London and other great cities, to be paralleled in America? Has America any plunderers of wrecks, as on the coast of Cornwall, or is she disgraced in such a generation of vipers as the Deal boatmen, whose daily hopes and nightly dreams are, that tempest-driven ships may strike upon the Godwins, that they may plunder them: and who, appealed to in this emergency, extort from the poor mariners of every country a shameless sum of money, to pilot them safe into the Downs, which if not agreed to, will lie upon their oars, until the dreadful catastrophe takes place.

No nation is considered by Europeans to be refined in its manners, until distinguished for its politeness to women, and in this, if Miss Wright and Mr. Faux are to be credited, America is remarkable to

the very extreme. Husbands to their wives, brothers to their sisters, and every man with any pretensions to civilization to every woman. This, to be sure, is not much like ruffianism ; but, with a small measure of inconsistency, Mr. Faux turns short round upon his reader and tells him, that ' an American, considered as an animal, is filthy, bordering on the beastly ; as a man he seems a being of superior capabilities. His attention to his teeth, which are generally very white, is a fine exception to his general habits. All his vices and imperfections seem natural,—those of the semi-barbarian : he is ashamed of none of them.' This is such a clencher to all the fine things which he says of them, that Mr. Welby may throw his hat up in the air, and send a second edition of his book into the world, and dedicate it to the manes of Castlereagh and the muse of Anacreon Moore.

We need not in England be so conceited and so vain-glorious of ourselves, our manners, and our ways. 'Elegant cleanliness' has not so long been a virtue among us, as to bear out the vituperation which we are so prone to bestow upon the rest of the world, and more especially upon America. France, Italy, Spain, and Portugal, have never been spared ; but it were just as well that the manners of an infant republic as that of America, were scanned with some little indulgence by the aristocratical travellers of an ancient monarchy, like that of England. It can be evidenced in the person of one of the most accomplished men of the courts of Charles the Second, James the Second, and William the Third, splendours of but yesterday,—that elegant cleanliness was then and there unknown. The court is considered in relation to the people over which it presides, as

'The glass of fashion and the mould of form ;'

and this Grandison of his time was no other than Sir William Temple, ambassador to the States General of Holland, and the personal friend in succession of three English monarchs. He relates the anecdote himself. 'Dining one day at Monsieur Hoefft's, and having a great cold, I observed every time I spit, a tight handsome wench that stood in the room with a clean cloth in her hand, was presently down to wipe it up and rub the board clean. Somebody at table speaking of my cold, I said the most trouble it gave me was to see the poor wench take such pains about it : Monsieur Hoefft told me, 'twas well I escaped so, and that if his wife had been at home, though I were an ambassador, she would have turned me out of doors for fouling her house.' This so unconcernedly related by himself, marks well, that the beastly habit of spitting in a lady's elegantly furnished room, prevailed in England then,—a period of the old and much-lamented school of politeness and scrupulous good manners. I will not be so invidious as to understand by the expression of the board, the table at which they sate, because Sir William says that the wench went presently down to wipe his nastiness up ; and quite sufficient it is, that the floor only is meant, which the neat Hollanders kept polished and beautifully clean, without carpets. The laconic and unconstrained reproof which the Dutch

gentleman administered to the British ambassador, is worthy of observation ; and let an American ambassador congratulate himself, for the honour of his country, that he has at no time so committed himself in England, and be mindful that he never do ; for it will not be left for himself to tell, so long as there is anything to be gained in reality or in hope, from those who have to bestow for so grateful a service as that of reviling the Americans.

Before the last war, such publications to provoke it as that of ' War in Disguise,' were very attractive ; after its commencement, every acrimonious newspaper paragraph and review effusion, furnished ways and means to carry it on ; and when peace returned, the logic of contrast and comparison, conveniently drawn by the Treasury scribes, combined with banter and ridicule, the legitimate test of truth where reason and justice are inadmissible,—were resorted to, to impede emigration. The pensioned Quarterly has continued to be the favourite vehicle of this commodity, from then to now. As a specimen take the following, which was handed about in the circles of subserviency, as excellent in its kind :—' The glowing descriptions of trans-Atlantic paradise, the bright and alluring visions of American happiness and liberty, with which the restless, the miserable, and the idle, and the unwary, amongst the lowest classes in Europe, are entrapped into the voyage, may be best conceived by a reference to those seducing pictures of Lubberland which used to charm our infancy ; where, among other satisfactory particulars, pigs running about the streets ready roasted, with knives and forks stuck in them, inviting, as it were, the hand of the hungry, or the luxurious to carve them.'

These excellencies of their kind were succeeded by the publication of such travels as those of Mr. Fearon. This gentleman was deputed by forty save one, to spy the land and ascertain the Utopian happiness of America. The result was most unfavourable and discouraging, to the great exultation of our Lubberland gentry of the Quarterly and elsewhere. Mr. Birkbeck's flowery description of the western territory now drew the attention of the British farmers, who were groaning under every evil that fleecing taxation never fails to bring upon the cultivators of the earth, when Mr. Welby proposed to personally examine the truth of things, and settle there if found satisfactory. This gentleman also returned, equally disgusted with Mr. Fearon, and published an account of America, east and west, north and south, yet more forbidding to the meditating emigrant. This statement was met by those of Miss Wright and Mr. Faux, who were in like manner engaged, and were across the Atlantic at the same time with Mr. Welby, but whose ' evidence of facts ' are so diametrically opposite to his, that our Lubberland gentry of the Quarterly and elsewhere, are in a mighty quandary ; and it is said that their laureate is to go out and most loyally counteract the effects of these disloyal ebullitions, by producing a book made entirely to suit their legitimate intents and purposes. This audacious apostate never lost sight of the intimation which a certain secretary of state dropped at the feet of Peter

Pindar, but which that entertaining satirist never stooped to take up. 'There are certain sums,' said this legitimate statesman, 'there are certain sums, Dr. Walcot, floating in his majesty's treasury, for those who defend the cause of the government : ' and the abuse of America is the cause of the government, it should appear by the manner in which Southey and other treasury scribes do continually abuse America.

This disgraceful, undignified hostility towards America, is bottomed in her republicanism and the practical freedom of her institutions ; while it is rendered yet more rancorous by the recollections of wounded pride and vexation of spirit which grew out of the loss of the finest colonies in the world. This causticity remains with Toryism always, and pervades every member of it. This sore place called forth Skelly's base ingratitude to those Americans who had befriended him in the day of misfortune ; which shameless man, with his magnificent bow in London, very narrowly escaped a hanging in America, as a suitable prizal for Lord Rawdon's butchery of Colonel Hayne. Mr. Garden relates the fact :—' Fortunately for those British officers who had been designated as the proper objects of resentment, no one of equal rank with Colonel Hayne was ever after made a prisoner. I well remember,' continues he, when Major Skelly of the 71st regiment was taken ; report had given him the higher rank—he was called Colonel Skelley. When it was ascertained that he was really a major, General Greene, whose mind was evidently extremely agitated, said, " I rejoice at the circumstance, as he has the reputation of having always conducted himself with humanity, and like a gentleman ; had he been a colonel, he must have suffered." ' Had General Greene been as little scrupulous, and had been no more troubled with niceties, report had been believed and Skelly had been hanged ; nay, were he never so nice and scrupulous, could he have foreseen the impudence with which the caitiff CUT his American acquaintances, now no longer of convenience, to a dead certainty the ingrate had dangled outright, without further enquiry.

It followeth not, because an Englishman prefers his own country to another, that that other is a bad one. Early habits, family and friends, the sod of his nativity, and many fine feelings in concatenation with Patriotism and Love of Country, may and must induce the preference : but there let it rest—one step further leads to nothing that is good. Every man returning from his travels, sets foot upon his native land with unmixed delight, be that land what and which and where it may. Dr. Clarke's extreme eulogium of late upon his own country, in preference to all others, was, like all other extremes, very tasteless : from the style, it was evidently addressed to those who have good things to give, by the same token, that as he grows old he becomes less independent. I remember, that, when his large volumes of travels appeared, he gave into some very honest sentiments upon Russian rule and governance, which were frowned upon by the serviles and corrupt partisans of things then doing: for at that time the autocrat was our magnanimous

ally, and nothing true was to be said about him and his barbarians. Now the case is a little altered, but not much ; but such as Dr. Clarke has availed himself of to read his recantation by giving ' the powers that be,' on that and every other question, to understand, that he is their most obedient humble servant to command, in all things.

In like manner, Mr. Welby returns from America and woos the good graces of his native land in language that well becomes an Englishman,—but that he should also woo, and in strains legitimate, the notoriously corrupt and rotten rule and governance of that same native land, speaks more to his friends True Blue, than does all his book ; and compels them to say, with Tiberias Cæsar to his slave, so busy in watering his garden when it in no manner required the watering pot :—' Hark you, friend, you might have employed your time better elsewhere ; and therefore we must be so free as to tell you, that you have mistaken your men, and that we cannot afford you a box of the ear at so low a price as you bid for it.'

PADDY LEVINGSTONE.

A soldier of General Marion's brigade, named Levingstone, an Irishman by birth, meeting with an armed party on a night profoundly dark, suddenly found a horseman's pistol applied to his breast, and heard the imperious demand,—' Declare instantly to what party you belong, or you are a dead man.' The situation being such as to render it highly probable that it might be a British party, he very calmly replied,—" I think, sir, it would be a little more in the way of civility if you were to drop a hint, just to let me know which side of the question you are pleased to favour." " No jesting," replied the speaker, " declare your principles or die." " Then," by Jesus, rejoined Levingstone, " I will not die with a lie in my mouth,—AMERICAN to extremity, you spalpeen, so do your worst and be damned to you." " You are an honest fellow," said the enquirer, " we are friends, and I rejoice to meet a man so faithful as you are to the cause of your country."—GARDEN.

EVERY reader of this anecdote will, I think, rejoice in the escape of poor Paddy, and delight in his heroic coolness and unflinching honesty, while he will scarcely fail to condemn in the highest the brutality of the fellow that put him to the extremity. Himself, ten thousand to one, if placed in the like situation, had betrayed the blubbering unprincipled coward, and had recreantly gone down upon his knees, begging for mercy. Were I Paddy Levingstone, and had been happily so nerved and had done so well, nothing on earth should have induced me to have been upon so far from friendly terms ; I would not even have held civil acquaintance with the man that had so wantonly put me to so cruel a trial of my courage and faithfulness : for flinching here, a man's character had been ruined.

Without using intimidation, or any undue influence whatever, I would that it were to-morrow put solemnly on oath to every man in England, Ireland, Wales, and Scotland, the decisive question—Legiti-

inacy or Reform? Declare your principles in the name of God! This would elicit everything that now hangs in suspense upon the minds of men; for the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, must, of conscience and necessity, be told. Every man so pressed, if honestly given and with the fear of God before his eyes, would out of all doubt declare decidedly, without any mental reservation, his inmost principles; and if fortunately they were those of Root and Branch Reform, even though he were in the trammels of all or any of the host of

‘Princes, Placemen, Pittites, Priests, and Peers,’

he could save himself and family from ruin, by giving them his vote at their bidding, but nothing more; and while he publicly did the cause no other harm, he privately might do it much good: thus would he stand well in our esteem as a friend, to be sure unhappily circumstanced, but as one ever upon the watch for a favourable change, and ever upon the alert to avail himself of it.

We, the friends of Reform, we that have so long experienced the insolent selfishness of the usurping great, and have seen it all times with ineffable disdain; and have seldom failed to denounce their high pride and misdemeanour against the small, and lash unsparingly the creatures that creep and crawl around them, screening their meanness and defending their outrages by subterfuge and chicanery;—we that so scorn their cant and effrontery,—we the abused, the maligned, the proscribed,—we have not to fear the result of such a solemn and unreserved declaration of principle: for it must be in our favour TWENTY to ONE; for God is with us, and only the legitimates and the unconstitutional laws which they corruptly enact, are against us. A short sentence, to which one of our stern advocates for equal laws and impartial justice, gave utterance the other day to one of the learned judges of the law, ought never to be forgotten. Scowling from under his huge big wig, the judge rebukingly asked the patriot, how he dared to presume that the laws of his country were not agreeable to the laws of God? ‘My lord,’ replied he, ‘at the bar of Heaven, it will be of no avail to plead an act of parliament for your wrong doings!’ His judgeship, struck home to the heart, silently gathered himself up in all judicial dignity, and conducted the proceedings of the day in a tone and manner which evidently shew that he had been chastened by a better man than himself.

The middle rank of men, of which this gentleman was one, are now recovering from the self-wrought thralldom of the last generation, and that now verging upon three score years and ten and fast declining to the grave,—both of which have been the most rotten and corrupt of all that have existed since the Revolution of 1688. They threw themselves into the clutches of the great families, under the pretence of alarm at the French Revolution, for the filthy lucre of appointment only, in reality and expectation; and became voluntarily enslaved, shameless, and unblushingly. Thus Birth and Family and Parliamentary Interest, in adherency to Toryism, filled up all the offices of trust and profit under the Government, all the

high ranks and dignities in the Church, the Law, the Navy, and the Army, not giving a chance to merit without interest having the benefit of any or of either. The best of these the great knaves took to themselves and their kindred, and doled out the remainder among their subdued trainbearers. It was this domination of corruption that created the host of subserviency that has so long oppressed and degraded us as a free people, but which cannot subsist much longer, if all English history may guide our judgment; for in every page it is there written, that Britons will never be slaves while resistance to tyrants, foreign or domestic, will make them free: and the future historian will have to record the silent work of Resistance which has some time since commenced, is in progress, and which will end in the resumption of our rights and liberties.

I well know how angry these subservients and dependents are with us who will not bend the knee as they do;—saying, ‘What manner of men are they, that these things cannot be submitted to by them as well as by ourselves? It cannot be thought that we find it very pleasant to be subject to the caprices and meannesses of the great, but as we make them yield us worldly compensation, we endure the mental affliction as one of the evils of life which are inevitable, and get on in peace and quiet as well as we can.’ This is the eternal argument of all voluntary slaves; and the world has always been full of such. It was but yesterday, that I heard the factotum of an insolent Tory lord, whose domination over those in his trammels is most ungracious, assert, that, England never enjoyed more rational liberty than at this moment; which assertion the company of voluntary slaves around him as joyfully coincided in as it had been ‘true as holy writ.’ It was such as these that drew from the German philosopher the observation, that ‘men might very often be free if they pleased; but they forge shackles for themselves, still boast of their liberty, and render themselves ridiculous;’ and another has said in high disdain, that ‘it avails little to exclaim against slavery, for it is an evil so natural to man that it is impossible totally to eradicate it. Man will be a tyrant; and, if he possess an adequate strength, he will enslave whatever surrounds him. Even the slave himself requires to be attended by a slave. There are slaves even with savages; and if force cannot establish servitude, they employ other means to supply it. Servitude is sometimes as pleasing to the slave as it is gratifying to the master; and can anything more strongly convince us, that the greater part of men are unworthy of tasting of the sweets of liberty? It was thus when the monarchs of France were desirous of despoiling the barons of the authority they had usurped. The bondmen, accustomed to slavery, were slow in claiming their liberty. To effect this, it became necessary to compel them by laws; and Lewis Hutin ordered that those villains, or bondmen, who would not be enfranchised, should pay heavy fines.’

This sarcasm upon the votive millions who bend the willing knee, applies more or less to every nation; and let not England flatter herself in escaping it. Her despotism is no less inexorable in its

being indirect, and her slavery is equally galling though her fetters are of gold and silver : while those of her sons who presume to think for themselves, and who decline these fetters, possess just enough of positive freedom to make them feel the thralldom of their country but the more acutely. Yet God is with them, and let them ever bear in mind with the same German sage before mentioned, that ' the identical crevice which despotism leaves open, becomes the portal of liberty.' Extremes must meet or last not long, and in a few years we shall see it instanced in this country. It were endless to recite the sayings of the wise and the sentences of the learned upon liberty, but some are so close to the mark that they cannot be avoided : and the following dreadful lesson to our arrogant rulers cannot but be read, and never too often. ' However the mind may be disciplined in after years, nay, absolutely habituated to a proscribed line of conduct, it is always liable to revert to its early nature on the slightest impetus being given to it ; as on hearing the first notes of a long-forgotten tune we instantly recollect the remainder of the strain.'

This may be in England in the twinkling of an eye, while tyrants and traitors and usurpers of the people's rights, may, in confidence of their power, be asleep and dreaming of nothing but Legitimacy. Too late they may find what they have been early and repeatedly warned of, the danger of trespassing on the Rights and Liberties of the people. The Stuarts twice tried the experiment, and twice it was fatal to them, and in the last effort their defeat was irrecoverable. How willing was that last, too late, to relinquish what he had weakly and wickedly undertaken ; but there is a time, said the eloquent Curran, ' when concession comes too late to restore either public quiet or public confidence, and when it amounts to nothing more than an acknowledgment of injustice ; when the people must see, that it is only the screen behind which oppression changes her attack from force to fraud, from the battery to the mine.' Then it is that such monarchs as Charles and James, and all their kind, and all in authority under them, are taunted with the eastern proverb of **REPENTANCE COMES TOO LATE WHEN THE CITY OF BASRA LIES IN ASHES.**

It is good that Englishmen be governed by laws, and not by men. Althusius was a German lawyer of the sixteenth century, ' who maintained at that time, that all power originated with the people.' I dare answer for it, that this doctrine did not maintain Althusius, which, poor man, was his own concern, while it remains with us to reap the benefit of the excellent seed which he sowed so early in the season of dawning liberty. It enables us to combat the assertion of knaves and slaves, that the Majesty of the People is a new doctrine, brewed in America and broached in France, and greedily swallowed in England. A construction has been put upon the expression by the enemies of the people, which it was never intended to bear,—the dethronement of Kings. Had George the Third governed America with the commonest of common sense, law, and justice, the people would not have asserted their Majesty

and erected a government of their own. Had Louis the Sixteenth, after solemnly swearing at the altar of his God and Saviour to maintain the constitution, so maintained it ;—had he not have intrigued with foreign despots to restore by force and arms his despotic government ; had he not endeavoured to escape from France, the signal of foreign armies to invade France, the people of France had not cut off his head and erected a government of their own : and let me tell certain, much nearer home, that if our representative rights are not conceded in full measure, without cavil or trick or chicanery, themselves will be in danger of the judgment.

In what an age[?] we live, when a man of talent and knowledge can with impunity be hired to tell the people, in laboured periods and well-turned sentences, that an HONEST House of Commons is not in accordance with the constitution. The doctrine of the NECESSITY of CORRUPTION, once so cautiously disseminated, has of late been spoken plain enough. The pensioned pen of Cumberland the dramatist, was employed to contend for the influence of the crown to counteract the effect of republican principles of pride, envy, disappointment, and revenge ; wherein the cloven foot appears in the addition of two other dangers,—Patriotism and Love of Country. ‘ Suppose,’ says he, ‘ for a moment—some may think it a violent supposition—the members of the House of Commons to be all honest, intelligent, and incorrupt ; that no minister could prevail upon them by place, pension, or artifice ; what is the consequence ? Why the constitution is overturned : that constitution which the wisdom and blood of our ancestors were exhausted in establishing.’ My authority adds, ‘ That is, which wisely established a balance to counterpoise the effects of wisdom and honesty, and provided an antidote against the poison of virtue.’ Ye people of England, dwell upon this with more than common attention, for it is pregnant with everything that grieves, oppresses, and degrades you. The members of the House of Commons are or ought to be your representatives ; but are they not, under this doctrine, a den of thieves ? Fool as the old Duke of Newcastle was, he was knave enough under this doctrine to see, and act upon that seeing, that it was cheaper to buy the members when elected, than the electors who elected them : and is it not possible, that in this view of the case the crafty twi-tongued Burleigh said, that England never could be undone but by her parliament.

It must not be inferred that the corruption in the House of Commons has much increased of late ; it has only become more apparent, and being point blank directed against the liberties of the people, is only more seen to be more detested. The practice of Sir Robert Walpole upon the venality of men, is an old story ; but a letter, inserted in the life of the Marchioness of Pompadour, from an English minister to Cardinal Fleury, details so striking a resemblance to what is now going forward in that honourable house, that it must not be passed over. ‘ I pension,’ writes the minister, ‘ half the parliament to keep it QUIET ; but as the King’s money is not sufficient, they to whom I give none, clamour loudly for a war. It would be expedient for your eminence to remit me three mil-

lions of French livres, in order to silence these barkers. Gold is a metal which here corrects all the ill qualities in the blood. A pension of two thousand pounds a year will make the most impetuous warrior in parliament as quiet as a lamb.'

By the help of this anecdote, we are enabled to comprehend the meaning of the lamb-like quietness with which members sit and see and hear the rights and liberties, the properties and best interests, of the people, voted away; and not only sit and see and hear this, but lend their dirty hands to the work, and their corrupted breath to the voting. Their anxieties tend in no manner to the faithful performance of the trust confided to them, for that, according to the pensioned Cumberland, and all his pestilent kind, would overturn the constitution; but as that white-livered wretch Bubb Doddington recorded of them and himself in his brazen and most audacious Diary, their whole attention is involved in their tenacity to their places under measures which they not only do not approve, but abominate, and dread the consequences of them;—ALL FOR QUARTER-DAY!

It was just at the period of this minister writing this shameless letter to Cardinal Fleury, that the House of Commons was undergoing some repairs; was being white-washed, painted, and beautified, when the following appropriate epigram made its appearance:

'Our senate, like a common where,
Worn out with age and sin,
Paints and adorns herself the more,
The more she rots within.'

So very notorious had bribery and corruption now become; that many men of honour and unshaken principles relinquished their accustomed political concerns in disgust, and retired to private life. One of these in high indignation exclaimed,—'There are great moments, when every man is called upon to exert himself: but when folly, infatuation, incapacity, and profligacy, fling a nation away, and it concurs itself and applauds its destroyers, a man who has lent no hand to the mischief, and can neither remedy nor prevent the mass of evils, is fully justified in sitting aloof and beholding the tempest rage with silent scorn and indignant compassion.' This was the passionate exclamation of a man who had grown grey in the House of Commons, and was privy to most of the corruptions of it; and seeing them continue reign after reign, and feeling it was the unconstitutional measures consequent upon them which kindled the American war, and those yet worse which carried it on, he thus declared his sentiments. The angry retirement of such men is just what the corrupt in rule and government rejoice in, as in their absence can be wrested from the people their rights and liberties one by one; which are relinquished thus by peacemeal, under every delusion and false alarm, under the hope, said one of their friends, himself now retired in despair,—of saving the remainder: like the crew of a sinking ship throwing overboard the cargo.

The hideous monster, Corruption, has been reared and pampered

to the fearful size it has attained, to combat, according to the pensioned Cumberland, against republican principles, which the canting knave describes as those of pride, envy, disappointment, and revenge ! but to speak yet more plain, against the recurrence of what took place in 1688. Whether, in so far as that event is considered, the same causes will not produce the same effects, is not for me to affirm or to deny,—time will shew ; but I will venture this one sterling opinion,—that in the eye of God, an incorrupt republic must be preferable to a corrupt monarchy : be the head of that monarchy whom he may, it cannot alter the position. Let not this be taken as an argument for a republic in England, for no such thing is intended ; on the contrary, it goes to advocate a government of King, Lords, and Commons, as hath been established for ages, and which is most suitable to the habits and customs and genius of the nation : but this government of King, Lords, and Commons, must be incorrupt and incorruptible,—or any civilized government, out of the pale of the Holy Alliance, is as good, and less tantalizing and insulting to the governed, whose freedom in such case becomes a perfect mystery.

Milton's preference of a republic, went no further than revenue and expence ; he said, and truly said, that the trappings of royalty would maintain a commonwealth. To this may be traced the rancorous hatred which all courtiers bear to his memory, for among those trappings lies concealed all their loyalty. Cromwell was doubtless an usurper of the supreme power, but Cromwell's rule never cost posterity a shilling, and since the days of Alfred no prince has ever reigned better than Cromwell. Some of our kings have reigned pretty well, and with some little fear of God before their eyes, but for the sins of their people not many. The greater portion, so far from being in God's holy keeping, were evidently in the guidance and under the influence of the devil and his angels. A certain person said that ' Monarchy would not have continued so many ages, had it not been for the abuses it protects. It is the master fraud which shelters all others. By admitting a participation of the spoil, it makes itself friends ; and when it ceases to do this, it will cease to be the idol of courtiers.' This is unquestionably what Milton meant by his preference of a republic, and it applies not to kings in particular, but to ministers, and those vermin which Bubb Doddington speaks of who are ALL FOR QUARTER-DAY.

My complaisance will not carry me so far as to compromise the power of the people of England. The third share of the government belongs to them by their representatives, and this is their right from all antiquity, however it may have been abused by ' the ruffian hand of conquest,' by feudal usage, and by foul corruption. With all due respect for what is called social order, discipline, subordination, ranks and degrees, stations and gradations, I cannot reconcile my old-fashioned notions to the legitimate system of fools being put foremost in the world, and knaves placed next in preference. I am confident it is not of the British constitution to shut the people out from all power as they are shut out. I am neither

royalist, aristocrat, or republican in particular, but am all in general, and care not a straw who knows it. Were a pistol placed at my breast, as at that of brave and honest Paddy Levingstone, I would declare it. I would declare the imperative necessity of a written constitution, that we might no longer lie at the mercy of breast-law judges, crown lawyers, ambitious ministers, corrupt senators, and servile courtiers, who, to meet their own worldly views, affirm this to be the constitution, and that to be the constitution, and the other to be the constitution, and to vary from them all twice in seven years as suiting with their selfish purposes.

There is scarcely a sacrifice that I would not make to obtain a thorough Reform in Church and State; in the courts of law and justice, and the magistracy; and, more especially of all, as the soul of all, in the ELECTIVE FRANCHISE; sparing nothing that is erroneous and wrong because it is old, and no man that is corrupt and unjust because he is great. I hope, that under this reformation the government of England, of King, Lords, and Commons, may flourish to the end of time, and that the United States will for ever remain a Republic, as free as air in all her institutions, and as such becoming an eternal check upon our kings and ministers, and lords and priests.

Universal suffrage appears to be a stumbling block in the way of Reform. By universal suffrage the main body of the Reformers only mean the vote universal for the election of the Commons in parliament to be those who are freeholders, and who pay scot and lot and taxes. Assuredly it does not embrace the suffrages of thieves and cut-throats, burglars, felons, and sturdy beggars; all who prey upon the fruits of industry and live upon the property of others.—Such have forfeited all rights of citizenship in their lawlessness, and can have nothing to complain of—while every other man of lawful age has as much right to vote, as hath the King to his throne; as hath the haughty lord that would hinder him to his estate; as hath the proud priest to his benefice; the crafty lawyer to his fees, and the merchant to his wares: and, whether the knights and burgesses be elected to serve one year or three, is of poor little consequence, provided the people elect them, and have them under their controul. In this declaration be it never flinched from on any account whatever,—the paramount and absolute necessity of severely punishing peers and all other persons of power and influence, who presume to interfere and concern themselves with the election of the people.

I am fully aware of the malignant abuse that will follow upon this unreserved confession of Reform, and the danger; but what is it to the peril in which the faithful, gallant Levingstone was placed, whose heroic conduct under it should be borne in remembrance by every friend of freedom all the world over. I rest my loyalty upon my sense of liberty, and, if robbed of one, I will not yield the other. These with an Englishman are a mutual compact. Upon this principle were our ancestors dispensed from their allegiance to James the Second. He and his ministers sought to deprive them of their chartered rights and liberties, which they resisted, and drove him

from his throne. George the Third and his ministers did the same by the Americans, and they followed out the example of their ancestors ; and let any James or George, unwarned by what has been, and seek to do likewise, he also shall be resisted as they were :

‘And this is law I will maintain
Unto my dying day, sir.’

This political creed is deeply seated in the breasts of almost all men where the doctrines and principles of freedom have gladdened their hearts and enlightened their understandings. It has been seen afar off a long time since by the piercing eye of wisdom, that a great revolution was working its way in the world. ‘From a small spark kindled in America, a flame has arisen not to be extinguished. Without consuming like the *Ultima ratio regum*, it winds in progress from nation to nation, and conquers by a silent operation. Man finds himself changed he scarcely perceives how. He acquires a notion of his rights, by attending justly to his interests ; and discovers in the event, that the strength and powers of despotism consist wholly in the fear of resisting it ; and that, in order to be free, it is sufficient that he wills it.’

Attaching to the Reformers that usual odium of meanness and poverty with which the early protestants were greeted, and in the same bad spirit in which the Hollanders were nick-named when they resisted the reckless tyranny of their haughty lords the Spaniards, ‘*Les Guex*,’ or the beggars ; the legitimates think our claims are properly met, and our petitions well answered, in the charge of mischievous intentions,—revolution, ruin, and destruction. The Spaniards relied upon these calumnies until challenged to the field by ‘*Les Guex* ;’ and were by them defeated and driven out of Holland. The same insolence established protestantism instead of reforming the church of Rome, as at first proposed ; and the same produced the same in the reign of Charles the First in England, and in that of George the Third in America, and the same will as certainly bring forth the same in England again if Reform be so condemned, the Reformers so belied, and if the question be rashly left to the decision of the field. When a treasury journal is permitted to whet the sanguinary appetite of the enemies of Reform by such paragraphs as the following, no ghost need rise from the shades of death to warn us of their foul intents and purposes :

‘The rabble, when PROPERLY dealt with,’ yells the *Morning Post*, ‘is not dangerous. The inhabitants of great cities are always factious and cowardly. Louis the Sixteenth allowed his subjects to be threatened, but not struck. Napoleon fired grape among them, and secured their applause and gratitude !’ Where was the attorney-general’s cant of doing his duty when he permitted to pass unnoticed so damnable a paragraph as this ? but we will not dwell upon it, for the subject is too stale, and sufficient for the time is the evil thereof. Long before grape shot was in use, the principle of coercing by bloodshed and death, the petitioners for redress of grievances, was the policy of legitimate rulers and governors. The practice, this proper way of dealing with the rabble, is as old as

despotism itself ; and despotism began with the patriarchs, has been hallowed and glorified through all time, and chaunted in loyal strains, while the church and state chorus has invariably been—

‘Tender handed stroke a nettle,
And it stings you for your pains ;
Grasp it like a man of mettle,
And it soft as silk remains.
’Tis the same with common natures,
Use them kindly, they rebel ;
But be rough as nutmeg graters,
And the rogues obey you well !’

In the true spirit of this legitimate burden of these loyal lyrics, those organs of mischiefs, the treasury journals, occasionally treat their friends, their patrons, and their paymasters, with pleasing, acceptable, and most grateful variations. One gives out a verse, when another takes up the strain in a sort of opposing argument, only to keep the flame alive, until the devoutly to be wished for hour of the burning. One congratulates his readers that ‘Cannon cannot be used by an insurrectionary peasantry, or town populace, without long practice, scientific men, and gun carriages.’ Another, in reply, trifles with the already stirred up feelings of the people, by affirming that ‘A piece of cannon, on the contrary, is one of the simplest of the instruments used by man for the destruction of men. In how many instances have cannon been employed, perhaps clumsily but effectively, by persons without previous discipline or use of arms. The populace of Paris demolished the ramparts of the Bastile with cannon taken from their opponents ; the peasantry of La Vendee employed cannon without previous discipline ; the peasantry of the Tyrol used them as far as the nature of their country would admit ; and, to look nearer home, the peasantry of Ireland could use them in the very beginning of the rebellion.’

Such Machiavelian for and against arguments as these, were used by the treasury journals in Ireland, at the instance and under the guidance and patronage of the detested Castlereagh, in order to prematurely bring about the rebellion, so that it might with the greater facility be crushed at a blow. If such incendiaries as these journalists, such firebrands as their employers, do not choose to give intimations that will always, God knows, come quick enough of themselves, it were just as well and as wise to let these matters quite alone. The people seek Reform, not civil war ; and assuredly do not purpose by aggression to provoke grapeshot from the cannon’s mouth ; and do sincerely hope and trust that no persons better skilled than themselves will allow anything short of an actual attack to ever induce them to fire grapeshot among the RABBLE, as the scoundrel journalist so loyally designates them.

At the fearful time of the Manchester slaughter, the regular troops read a lesson to their masters, which scarcely required the comment of the late Queen’s excitement of British sympathy in her sufferings at the hands of oppression, to open their eyes. In the first instance a drunken yeomanry only could be found to draw blood, to kill and

wound an unarmed multitude, and that multitude their countrymen ! that multitude in the peaceable exercise of a constitutional right, the right of petitioning for a redress of grievances. The generous forbearance of the army made manifest what in future is to be expected in the like emergencies. In the next instance the Guards were fain to be sent out of London, because they were not disposed to musket and bayonet the friends of an unfortunate Queen, deprived of her lawful rights and privileges by a conspiracy of WHORES and ROGUES in HIGH LIFE, such as hath not been paralleled in any christian country.

If the officers of the army remain stedfast with their men,—and who so recreant as to think they will not,—all will end well ; a few of the breed of the Bobadils and blood-red loyalists of the American war, who may yet remain among them, will doubtless fall into the intervals of the drunken yeomanry and all their kind, and seek to fire grape upon the people ; but who in turn will, so surely as there is a God in heaven, take the hint which the treasury journals so kindly gave them, will provide themselves with cannon, and return the compliment : nor will they fail to copy the impressive inscription which Oliver Cromwell engraved upon HIS cannon—‘ O Lord, open thou my lips, and my mouth shall shew forth thy praise.’





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